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INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF AN ITALIAN:

PRIEST—SOLDIER—REFUGEE.

BY

LUIGI BIANCHI.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LIX.

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PREFACE.

THE history of an obscure individual can lay claim to little interest in itself ; but much importance may be derived from the external circumstances of his life. This is the case of the present author. He was a priest, little known ; but as such, his education was commenced in his own province, and concluded in Rome ; and thus he became a spectator of the actions of two Popes—Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. He had under his eyes all the abominations of the modern Babylon, and was compelled to see manifest oppressions practised by Gregory, and oppression masked as liberality under the rule of Pius—both Popes being rendered cruel by the Papacy. He had to see the evils of the clerical system as they really are, more conspicuous in the centre of Catholicism than elsewhere. He felt bound to make known the narrative of his acquaintance with the truth, his first cause of disgust with Rome ; and then the light of grace which wakened his heart to the knowledge of the plan of salvation in all its clearness.

He was the witness of events which must be memorable in history—instances of human virtue, errors, and heroism, at the epoch of the Revolution of '48. Thus the subject is important, and most important as the root whence must proceed the regeneration, civil and religious, of Italy.

The events of his life of exile will not be regarded as uninteresting by the reader, who is capable of admiring the ways of Providence, in calling man to the knowledge of God.

For these reasons the author is induced to publish his life. It is a useful work, as unmasking the evils of the Papacy; it is a Christian work, as the account of his conversion is written for the glory of God. In it the individual is held in the shade, but the subject gains in importance from leading to an exalted end—the resistance of error, and the triumph of evangelical truth and its object.

And God, who out of small things makes great arise, will deign to regard the intentions with which these poor pages were written; and put into human hearts a desire of appreciating them, for no reason but that they tend to His glory, who, not for human merit, but out of His own benignity, is pleased to diffuse the blessings of faith, and by faith, salvation to all His creatures.

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CHAPTER I.

THAT the following narrative may be intelligible to the English reader, I must be permitted to devote this chapter to a detail of the causes which induce so many young Italians to swell the ranks of the clergy in Italy.

The vast numerical superiority of the clerical class in Italy over every other must often excite a stranger's surprise ; I shall endeavour to explain the cause of this, by shewing the immense influence exercised over the public mind, and all the relations of private life, by the great religious institutions, which are the principal characteristics of the country. My little book, as the faithful record of the somewhat eventful experience of a priest, will afford an apt illustration of my statements.

The traveller in Italy meets, at every step, crowds of priests and friars, who seem to swarm around him ; and when he reflects on the privations and

restraints imposed on the clerical orders by the tyrannical rule of the bishops, who, although possessed of an irresponsible authority, consent to degrade their high office by acting as the voluntary spies of the government, he cannot but wonder that so many of the clergy adhere to the profession, especially as every town in Italy affords too abundant proofs of unfaithfulness to the vows assumed.

The clerical body being the most numerous in Italian society, I frankly admit that many good and zealous men are to be found in the circle ; and having done so, proceed to inquire into the reasons which have led such a crowd of unworthy servants into the Church.

Under the mixed despotism of the Papal system, the civil career is open only to young men who bind themselves to implicit obedience by joining the ranks of the clergy. However fair the promise afforded by a youth's character and talents, without this salvo he is sure to be marked with suspicion by the authorities ; and if he shews a generous zeal for the best interests of his country, loses all prospect of employment,—nay, is exposed to a vile system of espionage, sure to bring down on him condign punishment, if he gives a colour to the doubts entertained of him by any unguarded expression of opinion.

As he has no suitable field of exertion, he has

no motive for self-cultivation, so that his mind is prepared to sink easily before the temptations offered by a life of vicious indulgence, as the only mode of expending the activity natural to his age and character left open to him ; and this too often proves the resource of those among us whose ardent temperament cannot submit to the life of suppression called clerical ; so that many young men, whose noble character and fine talents fitted them to aim high in life, fall into a degrading dissipation, because there is no other outlet for their natural warmth and impetuosity.

And to this fatal resource of powerful natures the young Italian is forced by his loving father the Pope, the maintenance of whose despotic rule demands a continual watchfulness, lest a gradual improvement of manners, consequent on energy of character and virtuous occupation, should rouse that enlightened resistance which must lead to its overthrow.

Some young men, recovering in a degree from the degradation of vice, are so debased in mind and heart that they are contented to drag out life, utterly careless of themselves, in petty offices, freely bestowed by the government on such persons to secure their subservience ; and thus offices become multiplied and subdivided into such mean and paltry rewards, as can only be proposed to the miserable satellites of a despotism.

Free States afford suitable means of education to the young, so that cultivation has prepared them to rise in the world and render themselves useful in the community, while happy in the active discharge of duty ; but in Italy, no public means have been adopted of placing education within reach of the poor, and no private methods of teaching being in use, youths of high intellectual promise find themselves reduced to labour as copyists or clerks in the chambers of lawyers, in order to obtain the means of procuring bread. The sacerdotal dress alone can open the door of preferment to any man. And for this reason young men of good families frequently subject themselves to the same drudgery, from which influence may speedily deliver them by setting them in the road to wealth, power, and fame. Too many of these men become the ready tools of the government, but we must not attribute such infamy to all.

Very many Italians, whose fine intellect and love of study have promised high distinction, find their only hope of eluding suspicion to lie in assuming the religious garb, submitting their heads to the tonsure, and taking part in all the ceremonies of the Church, advertising in this way their vocation. After this the government has no anxiety regarding their conduct ; relying on the strict alliance between the Popish Church and despotism, it thence-

forth protects these ingenuous youths, and gives them every facility for a brilliant education, bestowing ample pecuniary aid on the poor, that a course so praiseworthy be not hindered. Bishops and private persons often subscribe funds for such purposes, but always under the eye of civil authority.

The Church is the direct road to office and riches, and it is no wonder that ambition alone leads men to take the religious vows in order to secure the prizes the State has to bestow. Some of these men, however, become enamoured of the study of theology, as a science affording food to the intellect; and the Roman clergy are often distinguished by a profound knowledge of their theology and vast dogmatical learning.

The Church is proud of her celebrated preachers, and those who possess the gift of eloquence prize it as a great help to advancement in the Church. Among the Jesuits, many learned and able men are to be found possessing the talent for intrigue so useful to the order.

There is a class in the Church deserving compassion, being composed of those who have assumed the clerical functions under the pressure of domestic tyranny, which has compelled them to renounce the world to promote family interests. Parents having several sons devote one or more to the Church, in order to prevent a great subdivision of the family

estate and honours ; as each son is entitled to an equal share of the patrimony, by forcing some of them to adopt a life of celibacy, their fortunes must necessarily return to their families at their decease. And, indeed, it is by no means rare to see Churchmen renounce their claim on the family inheritance, as they find that their profession amply supplies their wants.

No words can convey the zeal with which parents urge their sons into clerical life, as a profession affording unbounded means of gaining money. The strongest incentives to ambition are applied, and the most artful representations made to entangle them in the net by every temptation. If such means fail, cruel persecutions are resorted to, involving bodily and mental torture ; the young heart is wrung by the basest suggestions to induce obedience, and if these engines fail to goad the children to yield, the parents do not hesitate to abuse their authority, by exercising force to compel them to the altar.

Not a few, again, finding that their social position is obscure, seize with avidity on the recognised method of rising, by swelling the ecclesiastical crowd. To a peasant or artisan, it is a great elevation to lay aside the spade or leave the shop, to live on terms of equality with the lesser gentry, enjoying a position which reflects honour on their families and connexions, who find themselves elevated in the social

scale by the influence of their clerical relative, in whom they glory, while deriving solid advantages from the patronage he has to bestow upon them all.

There are those who, educated from infancy in priests' houses, are taught to fulfil the minor clerical functions, such as bearing candles and censers, ringing bells, great and small, and carrying about large purses around the churches to collect the alms of the faithful. They serve as fledgeling priests, clothed in the white tunics of neophytes, to enhance the show when the more imposing ceremonies of the Church require a crowd of actors to fill the scene and heighten the illusion. To them, all connected with the Church is holy, her system and thousands of ceremonies are dear to their hearts, and the clerical functions seem a second nature; and without regard to poverty or riches they early declare their vocation, and generally remain true to their purpose. The education of those possessing fortune is conducted at their own cost, while there are always pious devotees ready to aid the poor aspirants, as a meritorious act on their part.

We may still add a number of young men who seem naturally prepared for a religious life by a leaning to retirement, submission, and meditation, which renders them so devoted, that they actually succeed in divesting themselves of human passions, and only live for their vocation. We pay all the re-

spect due to their sincerity, but must deplore the blindness with which they seek to serve God by means He has nowhere commanded. In as far as it is possible for piety to exist amid a mass of superstition, we may concede to the Church of Rome some zealous men of this class, whose simple goodness, reverent humility, and moderation, do her infinite credit; and the Church may glory in such sons, as occupying far higher moral ground than those before mentioned. To enlightened Christians it must appear a strange anomaly, that men so respectably religious should sell indulgences and rosaries, and exercise all the petty traffics of the Church;—but custom has sealed their eyes.

Our degrading panorama is not yet closed, for there is still another large class of parasites in Italy.

Naturally incapacitated from exertion by apathetic indolence, any sort of labour alarms them—the effort needed for advance in life is a call their energies are unequal to meet. The enjoyment of bodily ease, to eat and drink well and sleep soft, comprise their desires. But if poor, what resource have they, since labour is contrary to a nature prompting an eager desire for all the conveniences and pleasures of an easy life? The Church holds the door open to such characters, and many who, from utter laziness, have avoided all taint to reputation, find them-

selves welcome to the arms of a loving mother, who is willing to take their virtues on trust. Apathy is called moderation, prudence, and self-denial, till the young men believe themselves born for the clerical condition, because only there can a man be revered as a saint while leading a life of absolute idleness. Among the secular clergy, many instances of this occur; but in the regular orders of friars their name is Legion. White brothers and black, yellow and gray, mixed and unmixed, in every possible variety of shade, according to the orders to which they belong, afford a vast testimony to this assertion; such persons abound in the cities, and conventual life fosters them into a host; in the religious houses they are counted by thousands.

The traveller in Italy cannot fail to meet them; and on every occasion of processions and festivals, the eye of the spectator is fascinated by band after band of them, with astonishment that such a string of lazy parasites should be allowed to veil from the ignorant their hypocrisy under the garb of religion. By men of this description the clerical mob becomes augmented *ad infinitum*.

There are families who, once rich and distinguished, have fallen to decay, partly from too lavish a piety and the vicissitudes common to human affairs. The father, in his pride of illustrious descent, is anxious to retrieve the honours of his house, and sees no

means open to him but that of devoting a son to the Church ; and, often sorely against his will, the youth yields at length to paternal authority. His natural bent may be quite opposite, his mind weak, or his passions wild and turbulent ; it is no matter—unfit for the service of God, he may help on the interests of his family in high places, so a priest he must be. Entreaties, flatteries, threats, are used alternately to bend him to the will of his parents ; those in whose advice he has confidence are secretly prompted to counsel on the right side, and the clergy are brought around him to influence his mind with pictures of their life. Should he prove obstinate, a system of harassing persecution is resorted to, comprising actual bodily inflictions, to enforce obedience to the paternal will, which has decided that a priest he is to be ; and he takes the religious vows, for no higher reason than that so his family wills. How many of this class bring deep disgrace on the Church ! But still the tide is daily swelling from this source.

There are others whose minds are filled with religious melancholy, and so wrought upon by a gloomy fanaticism, that they cannot shake off a slavish fear of damnation, and to save their souls become priests, or still more frequently plunge into conventual life.

The rough and rude—savage in mind and man-

ners—instead of trying to amend themselves, embrace the universal resource.

The victims of unhappy passions, who may have been betrayed, or unfortunate in affection, with hearts still writhing in unsubdued pain, stricken with a sudden desperation, the fruit of the desolation of spirit caused by disgust of the world, become priests or monks, in the vain hope of escaping from the bitterness of their own hearts.

Among women, such motives lead, continually, to the convent and the veil, and fill the religious houses to excess.

Having passed in review the various causes which lead so many young Italians to take the vows, and seen how rare a true vocation is, and how little looked for, we shall no longer wonder over the disorderly crowd of celibates that people our cities, concealing, by the gown and shaven crown, the base and worldly motives that actuate them.

Surely, after this long exposition, no one will deny my assertion, that in the Italian world the largest class is composed of priests, monks, and nuns.

For myself, educated almost from infancy by my uncle—a parish priest—and seeing only what it pleased him to shew me of his profession, I ima-

gined that a flowery path was to conduct me to distinction in the Church, and consented, in early childhood, to become a priest, in submission to the wishes of my kind relative. My motive had no Christianity in it, but was at least free from the debasing taints we have seen too often affect the motives of those who adopt a clerical life.

CHAPTER II

I AM a native of Gagliano, a town in the province of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples ; but, as my parents destined me for the priesthood from the cradle, I was committed to the care of an uncle, a Roman parish priest, to be educated, from my tenderest years, according to the mould of the Church, and for no higher reason than the immutable decision of my family.

Passing my first childhood under the care of one devoted to the duties of his calling, I was easily and pleasantly inured to all the employments and habits peculiar to clerical life ; and these soon engaged and impressed my mind so deeply, that inclination and destiny for once coincided, and I entered with all my heart on the course chalked out for me.

Indeed, it is found that the surest way of attaching a boy to clerical life is to place him in the house of a clergyman, where all he sees and hears tend to incite him to pursue the rich reward promised for a faithful fulfilment of his duties, in rapid and high advancement in the Church. Youths who reside with priests, especially if relatives, are early

initiated into the thousand little services these holy men may require of them, are conducted daily to assist in the ceremonies at different churches, and, during the intervals of leisure, find, in the boys who meet in the sacristy, congenial companions ; so that the sacristy seems a second home, where similar habits and occupations afford constant subjects of lively talk. They are permitted to vary their life by little offices rendered to devotees, who delight in encouraging their good dispositions towards the Church.

In the canonical houses sometimes many priests reside—often only one ; but the hospitality exercised is unbounded, rich and well-served repasts being always ready, not only for the inmates of a priest's residence, but for any number of friends who may favour him with their company. The conversation, during dinner, turns almost exclusively on the merits of the dishes, or on past feasts at which the epicures have been present ; but with still more exquisite relish they enlarge on great banquets offered them by dignitaries of the Church or wealthy parishioners ;—and thus the children, who are always partakers of the priest's repasts, learn both to enjoy and highly to value good living.

The other subjects introduced are the various ceremonies all take part in ; and these are so handled as to impress the youthful hearers with the

deepest reverence for benedictions and miracles—indeed all that priestly ordination enables the happy possessor to perform.

In the evening, card-tables are set out, while a whole array of bottles of the most exquisite wines encourages the reverend men and their numerous guests in lively, nay, joyous discourse; and the fine flavour of the wine being freely discussed, affords another item of the instruction in the art of enjoying the good things bestowed by the Church,—that is, given to the aspirants by precept and example. The evenings, on days of festival especially, are always passed in the hospitable reception of friends by the priests; cards and all games are admitted as pastime—people come without invitation, and the time is often agreeably spent.

To the boys all this is most inviting; while the easy, comfortable life of the priests, and their own habitual routine of duty, not only render the prospect of entering the clerical profession desirable, but make it, as it were, a second nature to them. The very children in the sacristy steal in constantly to these houses to secure a share in the material good things and amusements abounding there, as is surely befitting the abodes of the well-endowed clergy. The higher clergy hold in their hands strong temptations to the aspirants, in the numerous offices they have ready to bestow on all who wear the sanc-

tifying dress. When certain ceremonies are performed, an immense crowd of assistants, in every variety of clerical costume, is necessary to dazzle the eyes, and add to the illusion in the mind of spectators. Boys arrayed in tunic and vest carry candles, censers, or ring bells in the towers ; some sing, others perambulate the church, collecting alms from the faithful in large purses. In short, the directors of the scene know well how to diversify the brilliant display, by throwing them into the most effective positions. These occasions have, to the children, the additional attraction of affording them sometimes a small share in the gains that these solemn rites are sure to bring the Church : small copper, or even silver pieces of money, being often bestowed on them, which are the more prized from the pleasant means by which they have been acquired. As a testimony to their industry, too, these presents exalt them in their own esteem, being substantial evidence that they too are good for something. Thus everything tends to bind the hearts of these little ones of the Church to her service, and I would by no means deny in them a certain species of devotion. It seems almost impossible, that, wearing from infancy the dress, and copying the habits and manners of the religious persons with whom their lives are passed, they should fail to find satisfaction in the ceremonies and devotions to which they are dedi-

cated. In after life, churchmen of this character manifest much zeal and devotion to their duties; but in their Church, this zeal is apt to be purely selfish—the zeal of a tradesman to promote his particular branch of industry in public opinion. But we may ask, What part has the gospel in the minds of the young men we have described? And this question may be still more emphatically repeated in regard to the priests; for where, in their system, is the gospel to be looked for? The answer is, alas! too easy; for God is not in their thoughts, and pupils and teachers are alike destitute of faith and love towards that Lord to whom they profess devotion: a defect resulting from the false and unchristian worship in which they have been educated.

Having become thus early the pupil of a man so earnest in his devotion to the duties of his office, I easily accustomed myself to love my excellent uncle and all the services appointed to me. No wonder the poor man believed that the attractions presented were sufficient to dazzle my imagination and lead me to consent to his wishes as to my future disposal, for the daily impression of his happy life naturally grew deeper in me, and he became, in his own perfect contentment, conscientiously convinced that to guide his nephew into the priestly office was a good and meritorious work alike towards God and his nephew; and that as the boy's

habits were entirely clerical, his only legitimate and natural occupation must be in the Church, where also he could secure his eternal salvation. In so far he was not mistaken, as he who lives in retirement is less exposed to temptation than they who pass their lives in the free use and enjoyment of the world and its pleasures ; at least, if he sins it is not after the manner of the world, but of the Church, and the world of the Church differs widely from the profane world. My worthy uncle, simply and piously sincere in his anxiety to fulfil all his duties, and accustomed only to country life, had nothing either of the refinement or astuteness of the clergy in towns : for even in the Romish Church, examples of honest zeal are not rare among country priests ; rural districts having generally a population who enjoy greater purity of morals and simplicity of manners than exist among more crowded communities.

My uncle detained me in his house till I had attained my sixteenth year, from the desire to prepare me fully for the career he judged most favourable both to soul and body, by confirming me in the habits and ideas suited to my sacred calling. From this training my whole being was imbued with the conviction that the profession was the best possible for me. As yet I knew nothing of the passions which so often prove obstacles to vocations in the Roman Catholic Church ; and as my whole manner

of life confirmed the assertion of my family, that my vocation was a reality, I found no difficulty in believing it.

At sixteen, then, I went to Rome, to pursue my studies in philosophy and theology. Some days after my arrival were passed in admiring the novelties around me, particularly the works of art, and the monuments of ancient glory and modern devotion, the former pagan, and the latter little removed from paganism. At that time these melancholy contrasts did not strike me, as heart and understanding were still alike dead to all sense of real religion. The splendour and the wonders around me roused astonishment and curiosity, but failed to reach a mind too uncultivated to appreciate their merits. Indeed, so much had my intelligence always been confined to one peculiar walk, that modes of worship and all appertaining to them alone possessed any interest for me.

The brilliant ceremonies, the rich clothes, the continual ecclesiastical reviews, enchanted me, (and surely I may well call them reviews, since a whole army of churchmen possess the state,) beginning with the highest sacerdotal rank and descending to the lowest — cardinals, bishops, prelates, canons, generals, subordinate and superior officials, of every class and name, religious and secular—all moving in unceasing procession.

All I saw—the stir and evolution presenting themselves in all the things that attract the young aspirant to office—absorbed my attention and exercised my fancy, and it was only natural that so many ecclesiastical spectacles should inspire at first a delighted surprise ; but when accustomed to the glare, no feeling was left me in regard to them but a blind reverence, the fruit of my education. After a few days had been spent in looking abroad on the wonders around me, my mind was calm enough to apply earnestly to the course of study proposed for me in Rome. My studies were to be pursued under the eye of a director, whose business it was to guide me through the intricate subtleties and artificial speculations of the two courses I was to undertake. Both of these were taught by men eminent in the branches of knowledge they professed. This second ecclesiastical training, following on that bestowed so carefully by my uncle, should have made of me an admirable churchman. Years of study only confirmed my veneration for the prelates, and my absolute adoration of the Head of the Church ; in each of the former, I beheld a saint, but the Pope was invested with a character still more exalted, and my Pope was Gregory XVI. At length I became a student of “The Moralities ;” but what morals are there displayed ? The works put into the hands of young men set forth, under the name of instruction in

morals, every form of licentiousness ; vicious suggestions are expounded with the most shameless arguments ; descriptions of fearful and debasing crimes, and sins the most unnatural, are presented in these holy books—horrors that the most dissolute might seek in vain in works written for the worst class in a profane world. Our object in the study was not profane ; the wrong lies with the Church herself, who, under the specious veil of a holy desire to save souls from the committal of sin by shewing all its avenues, really teaches licentiousness ; and such works, because dignified by the title of “Theological Morals,” are prescribed by all bishops, in their schools of theology, as the peculiar study of those intended for the sacerdotal profession. The utmost reverence for the authors of these books is inculcated by the bishops, as zealous and devout men, who have been in many instances canonised in consequence of a well-earned reputation for piety, like Alphonso di Liguori. Being a son of Adam, I could not fail to see the vileness of these works, and thus found myself engaged in a continual conflict, from the conviction that my mind ought to remain insensible to this dangerous reading, and the human sentiments it excited in my breast. At times I shrank in horror from myself, because I detested and mistrusted the books, and at others I shrank from them. Sometimes I cried aloud to God, that

He would deliver me from this temptation ; then a doubt would arise, that it was impious to deny the truth of such works, remembering that the Holy Church only put them into my hands to teach me to detest sin, that I might more strongly enforce the same detestation on others : for in the confessional, every priest is compelled to put questions revolting even to fallen human nature ; and many a youthful mind may trace its first temptations to questions asked by the priests in confessing them. From this mental struggle arose doubts concerning the religion which sought to teach morality by methods inconsistent, not merely with good morals, but with decency, and I remained a prey to doubts and fears on every hand, perplexed in my faith and uncertain of myself. At times I conquered myself, and seemed to regain my simple trust ; but then, again, the terrible proofs my studies afforded overcame me. Then I hated the career I had embraced, as affording occasions to sin ; but most frequently I suppressed inquietudes and doubts by a resolute effort of the will, and returned to the blind old belief and persuasion, that everything appertaining to the Church must be sacred ; and with this firm conviction, I believed at length all internal struggles conquered, and consented to receive priestly ordination as the final and irrevocable step, though, in truth, my ordination as a deacon already bound me

hand and foot. Being under the legal age, I was obliged to obtain from the Pope a dispensation for eighteen months, entitling me to act as a priest; and this is the highest favour permitted by the canonical law, and, be it understood, cost me a large sum of money; for the reader must know, the court of Rome is all-powerful or utterly paralysed according as money is applied in these cases. At the age of twenty-two and six months I was finally ordained, and entered on my functions with a fervent zeal, good faith, and devotion, not to be expressed or forgotten. I then believed, and am still sure, that no celebrant can, for the first time, perform mass without a profound sense of the high honour derived from his office, and deep humility and repentance in regard to himself; for he sees himself, not merely a participant, but the actual worker in producing the tremendous mystery of transubstantiation. I did believe that the few solemn words pronounced by me for the first time in very deed changed the bread and wine in my hands into the flesh, blood, soul, and entire divinity of our Lord and Saviour, as the Romish dogma sets forth; and with this persuasion, the depth and earnestness of my feelings, during the ceremonies of my first mass, may be conceived. After a first mass, it is considered by the Church a meritorious act to kiss with reverence the palms of the hands of the new celebrant, who is placed in an

arm-chair before the altar, with his open hands resting on the arms of his seat to be kissed by every man, woman, and child present, in succession. Afterwards, felicitations and gifts are showered on him, accompanied by words of the most tender spiritual consolation from the seniors. As is usual, I was the object of a fête given by my family to conclude the solemnities of the day, when a magnificent banquet, prepared in honour of me, connected me again with a world I had been renouncing in profession.

Thus I assumed the office towards which my whole education had been directed, and was well pleased with my new position ; not once suspecting that an hour would come when I should bitterly repent the transactions of this day. The due examinations being undergone with credit, I received, at twenty-three, the diploma of Preacher—a privilege much valued by the Romish clergy, as it is considered a requisite to obtaining any high office ; for a preacher may quickly and honourably advance in the ecclesiastical career, as would certainly have been my own case, had not events frustrated the plans of my family, or, to speak more truly, had not Divine Providence deigned to call me to a knowledge of the pure gospel, through trials, doubts, and fears. But of all this I shall have to speak afterwards, and must return to my narrative.

As I was not prepared to deliver a discourse on each day of the week during Lent, my bishop, on the occurrence of that season, appointed me to preach every Sunday in a little town not far from Aquila. It was a pleasant duty for me to go into the country, where I met with much respect and kindness, and good entertainment, besides being handsomely paid for my course of sermons. From this early commencement, I was able to prepare a course of sermons for the whole season of Lent, an undertaking which required study and some experience in the art of preaching; but at twenty-six I could boast of one, carefully composed and finished, which I delivered during Lent,—according to the custom of Italy, of calling the people to penitence and prayer, as a corrective or antidote to the dissipations and gaiety of the Carnival, during which the faithful of the Roman Church, as all know, increase the burden of their sins, apparently that they may be delivered from them during Lent, thereby greatly augmenting the commerce of the priests in absolutions, indulgences, and all the other sources of gain freely opened to them by their careful mother, who keeps them very busy with these tricks of trade during Lent.

The reader will permit me to give a short description of the Carnival:—Every species of amusement and dissipation is permitted to the Roman Catholic

world ; gluttony, debauchery, intrigues, and amusements which too often occasion every form of vice, are authorised by custom. Very few, if any, even remember religion ; dinners, plays, concerts engage all minds, and the very air resounds with songs, music, and joyous cries. The churches are deserted at this period, no one confesses, and few hear mass, and these are only bigots, who get priests to gabble over the service quickly, that all may return to their diversion. Having so little to do, the priests enjoy their Carnival too ; the soul is entirely forgotten, all, all being bent on pleasure, and indulging to the utmost in the licence of the season, which is like a general intoxication, in the mad desire for diversion.

No wonder the priests are seized with the universal malady, when, by putting on masks and changing their dress, they can partake in the revelry ; leaving behind the staff of the shepherd, they act the part of the wolf, and enter into the spirit of the scene, by going to gaming-houses, public banquets, theatres, and even into scenes of still coarser debauchery. It is enough that, though their sin may be public, their sacred character be not recognised, to render every indulgence in excess safe for them. I must be understood as speaking only of the worldly priests ; but, alas ! the small number of pious men in this class, affords but an insignificant

exception to my description. Even the few moderate and well-disposed of them contract a portion of the infection of the Carnival, and, profiting by the season, enter into the quieter and more modest amusements; but even these prove too often the beginning of evil, and many a man may date his ruin from a gay Carnival. But the laws of the Church sanction this amusement and variety to all, and custom adds her warrant.

Can there be anything beyond this? Yes, for the friars themselves hold Carnival in their convents. They also dance, sing, and divert themselves, assuming the dress of nuns, of women of the world, laymen, and soldiers, and enacting all the scenes presented in the world they have quitted, always surrounded by bottles of generous wines, of which they freely partake, without regard to the piety they profess. But how is it possible to speak of these unhappy women shut up in convents, under the rule of some gross priest or friar? but even they, poor things, enjoy their Carnival, have masquerades, in which they disguise themselves as men of the world, priests, friars, or soldiers, while others wear the dress of ladies in society, and, masked, they are thus free to take part in the general madness.

From such facts it is evident, that without the corrective supplied by the season of penitence, the Carnival would plunge these countries into irre-

claimable wickedness ; but Lent arrives opportunely to bring the cure. In an hour the whole aspect of things is changed ; it resembles nothing so much as the shifting of the scenes in a theatre, from a gay and gorgeous spectacle glittering with lights, in which luxury and tumultuous joy prevailed, to the stillness of sepulchral desolation. The sudden reverse seems overwhelming to a stranger, but the natives seek to gain absolution for past sins, and freedom to sin again, by renouncing their splendid attire, joyous meetings, and happy looks, for a sober and even sad demeanour, and tread with slow pace, clothed in black, streets so lately the witnesses of their wild revelry. Countenances pallid from nights of dissipation, are ready to play the part of penitents exhausted by fasts, and the slow gait of these late votaries of pleasure adapts itself well to the self-concentration and compunction they now profess, and so far experience as to move solemnly under the strong contrast of the two causes of their depression—the first, springing from the fatigues of pleasure, serving to give pungency to the religious impressions produced by the second. In all the streets, lately resounding with riot, a profound silence reigns, all places of amusement are closed, but the churches have opened their portals, and the crowds who, a day before, spread themselves abroad in search of gaiety, now spend their time in peni-

tential devotion. Thus Lent seems to spring out of the Carnival. Church services and sermons, abhorred of the past insanity, are now eagerly frequented; and each year renews the same strange contrast, afforded by authorised and unbounded licence, followed by authorised and habitual penitence; and the comedy will still be repeated, as sin seems permitted in order to give work to the clergy, that the coffers of the Church be always full.

Thus they oppose the apostle, who reproves sinners because grace abounds, Rom. vi. 1; but, on the contrary, the Roman Catholic world sins during the Carnival because grace abounds, and thus violates the rule.

The course of sermons for Lent being concluded, the preacher presents himself to the bishop, to give an account of the town in which he has been preaching; and he finds himself in a condition to report exactly the tendencies of the people, political and religious, as, during his stay, he has confessed almost the entire population—receiving confession being an integral part of his mission.

The confessor, therefore, knows who are faithful to Pope and King, &c., and is able to repeat everything to the bishop. The preacher is the spy of the bishop, and the bishop the spy of the government; so that confession is the most subtle engine of espionage.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the human understanding has been imbued with error from the first development of the faculties of mind and body, and all the cultivation bestowed has been purposely adapted to exercise and confirm it in this error, the mistaken impression becomes as an irrefragable truth, from which no body of evidence or course of argument seems able to deliver the unhappy man who has fallen under its fatal influence. He has no power to discern an argument or proof opposed to the ideas which have become part of his very being; and to this cause we must mainly attribute the credulity, not merely of the vulgar, but even of cultivated and enlightened persons in the monstrous superstitions of a false religion. The root of this is to be looked for in the obstinacy with which the mass of the people support, in perfect good faith, the system of lies by which the holy gospel is disguised and robbed of its divinity and celestial power of conveying to man that supreme law of love illustrated in the redemption of the race of

man, wrought out by our God and Saviour in our human nature.

A training necessarily infusing suspicions and doubts, inseparable from the misapprehensions which have become the inheritance of ages, confirms the Romish clergy in all their fatal errors ; and in this deadness and embarrassment of the reason, no ray of truth can reach the understanding, though supported by the most powerful arguments drawn from the Word of God. Lessons designed to change man's nature and renew his heart, glide over the minds of these men like water over smooth marble, not even rousing them to the fear that mistakes exist.

With such an education, it is no wonder that a few of the Roman Catholic clergy still remain immovable in their belief in the fearful errors of the Church ; and, though possessed of vast learning and much intelligence, and with the Holy Book continually before their eyes, as the subject of their thoughts and sedulous study, yet they never discern the truths clearly set forth, so strong are the habits of thought, which pervert and corrupt their whole minds. So utterly blinded are they, that, rather than renounce their convictions, they would endure privations and tortures inconceivable ; and, misled by a pernicious teaching, perverting the purest and holiest doctrines into abominable corruptions, they

instruct the people entrusted to their care in falsehood, with zealous good faith, which might have proved most profitable to the cause of truth, had their minds not been obscured by absurd dogmas, which teach little but idolatry and impiety.

This is a faithful description of the best portion of the clergy of Rome,—most sincere in a blind trust in that Church which usurps in their hearts the place of God.

This condition must excite the deep compassion of true Christians, and lead them to pray earnestly to God that the eyes of these wretched idolaters may be opened, to see Christ in all His perfections. Many believers would arise in Italy, were the true faith permitted to enter there; the seed-time would be followed by an abundant harvest. The chains of error once broken, the Spirit of God would pour forth rich showers of grace, to inundate our plains with a new regeneration. Such marvels of divine grace occurred in many countries at the commencement of the great European Reformation. We confidently expect that in Italy the same effects may be experienced, when the light is permitted to shine forth unveiled; and, in the great mercy of our God, we may trust for the speedy arrival of the most glorious illumination.

But what generally happens in the Catholic world does not happen, according to my experience, at the

fountain-head of Catholicism, the seat of the Head of the Church. In Rome, I assert, the clergy are generally infidels, and I can bring positive proof of my assertion ; for the reverence paid to the Church, which induces a blind obedience to the ordinances of her Head, and a respect for his person, is not to be found among the clergy at Rome ; on the contrary, irreligion and infidelity prevail among them.

While the rest of the Catholic world maintains the old veneration for churchmen, the clergy in Rome itself too often not only disbelieve the errors of the Church, but, under an appearance of a most rigid piety, deny altogether the true gospel. The gospel is presented to them veiled by so many absurdities which they cannot believe, that their minds become confused, and unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood, until, in the end, they lose faith in all religion.

I shall now endeavour to prove this assertion by a personal narrative.

I have already said that strong doubts had arisen in my mind with regard to the unchristian Romish dogmas ; and, to add to my perplexity, the holy gospel was presented to me with so many Papal sophistries, that I could not understand it. Common sense was sufficient to make me refuse credence to many doctrines of the system of which I was a priest. And surely it was divine grace

alone that enabled me to suspect these errors without doubting the great work of redemption wrought out by our Lord. It was a marvel of grace, that, while doubts concerning my religion entered my breast, God never permitted me to lose sight of my faith in the great facts of Christianity themselves.

I could not then discern it, but I had the blessing of faith, so to speak, without being aware of the treasure I possessed. What followed? My doubts with regard to the dogmas of Rome appeared to me derogatory to the gospel. Not being instructed and enlightened, it seemed as if they might be presumptuous and displeasing to God. Had I had recourse to the glorious Book of God, I should have found the solution of all my doubts, and perfect satisfaction to my disturbed conscience; but it was closed for me. Nay, I was even persuaded that if, under these circumstances, I could have had recourse to it, my soul must become more confused and perplexed, so that I referred myself to the counsels of men as the safest guides; and the counsels of men nearly led me to infidelity.

I set myself at once, in the distress of my conscience, to question priests of advanced age and high reputation for wisdom and piety, disclosing the unhappy state of my mind, the loss of peace and fluctuation of spirits, the sleepless nights and miser-

able days I endured, from the terror of the Lord and the fear of His punishments; the incessant struggle to silence doubts, and the continual temptation of the enemy, which subdued my will, and rendered such doubts stronger than ever, and made all the prayers I offered up to Heaven without effect. Then I implored them to teach me how to purge my mind of these doubts, to confirm my faith, to answer my objections, and enlighten me from their knowledge, so superior to my own—to be my fathers and guides. Fool that I was, not to address my prayers to God, instead of man, for light, comfort, and faith; had I in spirit and truth prayed unto God with all humility, He had sent me away abundantly consoled.

What are men, when such as those I consulted led me to the very brink of the pitfall of infidelity, and only bestowed a contemptuous compassion on me, instead of Christian tenderness? But being utterly ignorant of Christ, how could they act in His spirit? They shewed me pity, but mingled with scorn and irony. All whom I consulted and implored for aid, answered me saying, How can a young man instructed as you have been, and possessing your power of discernment, be still so simple? Do you really believe there is anything in these absurdities? Thus, instead of receiving information, I must have imbibed their infidelity had I listened

to them, for they disbelieved the Romish dogmas, and at the same time denied our Lord as our Saviour: and this must be viewed as the necessary consequence of the education described above; and yet, by the divine mercy, I did not so much hesitate concerning faith in Christ, as concerning their opinions, which were decidedly opposed to mine, while their infidelity not only confirmed my doubts, but entirely convinced me of the falsehood of the Papal dogmas. I do not mean to assert that those earnest and learned men were all infidels; they did not profess incredulity, yet I could not but suspect many of them of holding infidel principles in private. It is some consolation to remember that one and all of them rejected the doctrine of Papal infallibility, as a pretension impious in any man; they saw how utterly contrary to reason and Scripture that doctrine must be considered, and that no Church professing to believe the holy writings can maintain it. It would be throwing away time to enter on a metaphysical discussion, but I shall consider the subject under the material form in which it presents itself to our eyes.

The Pope is seen openly by the people in Rome, and especially by the priests, as he really is—as a man and nothing more than man. What, then, is the Pope to the Romans? He is not the august and sublimely mysterious personage he is considered

by the Roman Catholics in other countries. To them, he is not the Pope adored by the credulous Austrian, the gloomy Spaniard, the ignorant Levantine, the excitable Frenchman, the fantastic Irishman; but a man in body and bones like their own. To their eyes his countenance bears no seal of celestial inspiration, is not illuminated with divinity, as those may picture it to whom he is still the Vicar of Christ. They know his mouth is not filled with the sweet words of gospel consolation, which should inspire faith, sobriety, watchfulness, and temperance; but is full of vain-glory, folly, and dishonesty, far removed from evangelical simplicity. He calls himself the successor of the chief of the Apostles, while his life is opposed to every apostolic precept.

While subject to the basest passions of our nature, and acting on these impulses, he yet sets himself in the place of God, to be worshipped as God. Men, ambitious of power, lovers of wine, licentious, and accomplished actors, perform the part of Pope, utterly disbelieving the divine commission they profess to have received; some, in defiance of all decency, have impudently avowed their unbelief, nay, openly professed atheism.

The Romans have been compelled to know all these characters in the long line of Popes; examples of almost all vices being united in one Pope are not wanting in history, and he who has committed fewest

crimes is the best in the lengthened catalogue. Can we, then, imagine that his own native subjects reverence the Pope, or the system sustained by his person? The bigots themselves behold him divested of the mystery and divinity that distance still lends him in foreign countries ; seeing hourly evidence of his weak human nature, no idea of the supernatural, as connected with him, enters their minds, and therefore his own capital alone of the Roman Catholic world denies his infallibility. Those who have free access to him feel least reverence for his person—Cardinals, Bishops, Priests have no faith in him. The clergy in Rome are less prejudiced and zealous than those of other countries, even while preserving a greater apparent devotion and more external respect for the Papal system than are exhibited elsewhere.

It was only a consequence of this state of things that, when I questioned my superiors in age, station, and learning, concerning my doubts in regard to our religion, one of them replied in these remarkable words, “ O fool ! do you still find anything to believe in it ? ” The whole dogmas of the Church rest on the doctrine of infallibility ; so that these men, having no faith in the Pope, had lost all credence in the doctrines of the gospel itself. Thus I, too, began to regard the Pope as an ordinary mortal, and, losing all belief in him, considered myself free to reject every dogma he had authorised that was repugnant to reason : henceforth

he appeared to me as an impostor or a visionary, either cheating the world, or a prey to the most stupid illusions—like lunatics who in their madness fancy themselves kings or emperors, nay, sometimes even divine personages. Having fully accepted as a fact that one or other of these views contained the truth, I began openly to reject the dogmas the Popes had declared, without much resistance from my own conscience. First I refused confession, as placing myself in that position seemed to me assuming a right and power not pertaining to man. When seated in the confessional, I had often been overwhelmed by a sense of inferiority, and found it difficult to maintain that superior tone which I believed essential to the fulfilment of my duties as a priest. This office had seemed one of the greatest and most essential proofs of my vocation ; but now I could not imagine myself entitled to lord it over my fellow-sinners ; and when, even in the beginning, I heard my voice utter these haughty words, “Ego te absolvo,” I felt that never again must I obey the rule, and on future occasions always encouraged the penitents to turn to God for pardon as our common Father. After confession, all adoration of images, belief in purgatory, indulgences, relics, benedictions, was quietly rejected, till I was delivered from almost all the dogmas of Rome. I would here again remark on the great mercy of God towards me, in not permitting me to

lose my faith in Christ Jesus amidst this wreck and confusion of mind, so that I became Protestant without being aware of it, for of Protestantism I knew nothing.

But still one stumblingblock remained, in transubstantiation. My reason rejected this doctrine also, but my heart clung to it, and it was my greatest happiness to hold it inviolate in my secret soul. This absurd impiety is enveloped with such solemn rites—such awful circumstances attend the presence of the Host, which is always surrounded by the pomp of reverential ceremonies, that youthful fancies become impressed and entangled, so as to find it almost impossible to forego this worship.

Transubstantiation is an integral part of the Roman Church; faith in it is the corner-stone on which she rests; it is associated in the minds of the people with so many marvels—presented with such trembling gratitude as the highest miracle of divine grace—that the sacrament is adored with indescribable fervour. Priests and laymen follow the Host with full hearts; prayers, groans, and tears of gratitude, sighs of tenderness, break from the faithful on meeting it; and the ceremonies which surround and exalt the tremendous mystery conspire to spread a dazzling veil over the hearts of those who from infancy have been accustomed thus to view it; rendering it almost impossible for them to recognise

the absurdities contained in the doctrine. Thus, even persons of the most subtle intellect shrink from denying its truth. And, indeed, the thought that the God-man presents Himself as God and as man, in His entire divinity and humanity, to mortal sight—in the very essence of the divinity in which He appears in heaven, combined with the very humanity He assumed on earth—is a conviction that may well exercise the deepest influence on the human mind ; and the still more awful idea, that the God-man gives Himself to be eaten of men, in the consummation of His sacrifice, is truly marvellous, and rouses the imagination to such madness that no power of the understanding can conquer this belief. And I also remained for a long period convinced that no argument could avail to shake my belief in this dogma ; but, by degrees, reason triumphed, and, by divine grace, I recognised the attributes of the Divine Godhead in their effulgence. As spirit, He is omnipresent ; but to conceive of His body continually under profane hands, is merely a solemn blasphemy for any man who will reflect on the subject.

A circumstance at length delivered me from the last remnant of reverence for the doctrine of transubstantiation.

When we consider the views of those among whom it occurred, the relation seems almost too

shocking, because so offensive to the Divine Majesty; but, nevertheless, it must be given, as affording a clearer demonstration of the errors of the Church of Rome than any chain of reasoning could offer; and, also, because the scene I am about to describe broke the last link of the fetters which had bound me to falsehood. To render my story distinct to Protestant readers, I must begin by stating the dogma of the Church with regard to the Holy Sacrament, which is simply this—that, by the words used by the priest in consecrating the wafers during mass, each wafer is transmuted into the Body, Blood, and Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, and assumes the very essence of His Divinity.* The priest, by uttering a few mystical words, compels God to descend from heaven and present Himself under the form of the wafer. The communicants in very deed eat their God. The Host *is* God, though to sight and sense no change in its structure has occurred. It has the same appearance in form and size as the wafers used for sealing letters; those administered to the clergy, or placed in shrines for adoration, are six times larger. The dogma further teaches, that the real presence of God only remains in the wafer till its particles begin to yield to the universal physical law, and fall into dissolution, when God withdraws Himself as

* Council of Trent Confes., 13, cap. 16, can. 13; Bell. de Euch., lib. iii., cap. 3, 4; cap. 6, 3.

from a habitation unworthy of Him. The law of the Church distinctly commands each parish priest to change the wafers contained in the *pisside*, or little vase inclosed in the shrine or tabernacle, in due time; the time prescribed is within fifteen days in summer, and a month in winter. Is it not insulting to the human understanding to lay down maxims so contrary in their character? But to my narrative. It is well known that the Church of Rome renders divine honours to the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God, and wrests all the most exalted titles and attributes applied in Scripture to God the Most High, to her use; those appertaining to the second and third persons of the Trinity, and even the lower distinctions of the angels, are bestowed on her, that she may appear as having a claim to the most exalted worship. On the 15th of August, the day consecrated to the celebration of the Ascension of the Virgin Mary, I was to pronounce the panegyric at noon, and therefore performed the first mass, that I might break my fast early, in preparation for the discourse. I went into the sacristy and put on the sacred vestments, and then went to say mass at the altar, where many communicants already knelt. After the preliminary ceremonies, I turned towards the kneeling penitents, and then opened the tabernacle to take out the *pisside*, containing the wafers which were consecrated, and therefore no longer flour, according to

Rome, but God in person. On approaching the circle to administer the communion, I opened the *pisside*, and, to my horror, beheld nothing but corruption: the Host was corrupted, and the people had been adoring this as God! Filled with disgust and horror, I closed the *pisside*, and excused myself to the people as I best could, by saying the wafers were exhausted, and that the penitents should communicate when the next celebrant had consecrated fresh wafers; for it is only during mass the priest consecrates. I quitted the church hastily, and ran, full of angry confusion, to describe this horrid occurrence to the parish priest. He saw at a glance that his careless neglect, in omitting to change the wafers within the prescribed period, had put him entirely in my power, as a complaint from me to his bishop would have brought him to disgrace; and, judging me by himself, he imagined me capable of so base an act. He was a man of advanced years, and, like all priests, cunning and sophistical; for when a man's life is passed in maintaining falsehood, he must have recourse to cunning sophistries. The disgraceful scene of the morning had sunk him in my esteem, and his first words destroyed any remnant of respect; for they were these—"Oh, you mistake; the enemy has gained power over you and deluded your eyes, so that you saw what has no existance; the wafers were fresh, and you have been

the subject of a diabolical illusion." I did not think it prudent to urge the matter further, and he departed, taking with him new wafers, to be consecrated during the mass he was about to perform, that the penitents I had left might communicate. Is not such a scene as this calculated to give a darker shade to the guilt of the Roman Church and her ministers, in regard to the Eucharist, than anything hitherto disclosed in this narrative? The effect on my mind was stronger than the most lengthened and acute argument could have produced. In consequence of a priest's negligence, instances may be continually occurring of devotees, in agonies of contrite worship before putrid wafers, believing all the while that they are blessed in adoring God present in body as well as spirit. The priest even is deluded into worshipping the unclean. The veil fell at once and for ever from my eyes, and I abandoned all idea that the words of a man could bring the Divinity into a form subjecting Him to such unheard-of degradation, and detested thenceforth the dogma which thus abased my God, as the most hideous blasphemy.

Thus, without once doubting or denying the truth of the incarnation and redemption, or the divinity of Christ Jesus, I found myself freed from the corruptions with which Rome has overlaid the holy gospel. But even after this period I had not suffi-

cient knowledge, faith, or courage to declare the change which had taken place in my opinions ; and I remained a priest in externals, playing out the comedy of Popish ceremonies in absolute indifference. What could I do ? The slightest hint of my views in regard to the dogmas of the Church must have consigned me to the dungeons of the Inquisition for life ; or perhaps to death itself. So I continued to act my part, as compelled by my office. And how many thousands of the clergy of Rome are in a similar condition !—playing the part of priests to maintain a position.

To illustrate how powerful, even then, were the chains that education and habit had wound around me, I must say that I still regarded the laws of the ecclesiastical state as peremptorily binding, and would not, in the extremity of thirst, have drank a glass of water, though unseen by human eye, before celebrating mass ; for it is a peremptory rule of the Romish Church, that neither priest nor layman may eat or drink before communicating.

Every day I read my breviary for the hour appointed, with a thousand little external ceremonies, and even the few passages drawn from Scripture failed to touch or even reach my soul, because, confused by being mixed up with the abominable portion invented by Rome, I babbled over the office,

as enjoined on all priests, with utter indifference, and no idea of merit in the act. Habit led me to observe the most absurd minutiae ; and this, the result of the education she gives her clergy, is the great stronghold of the Roman Church.

CHAPTER IV.

AT the death of Gregory XVI. the Conclave of Cardinals proceeded to the election of a new Pope without any delay ; no time was given to organise an opposition, the foreign Cardinals were not even waited for ; and this quick decision was an unexampled sight in Rome. Cardinal Mastai was elected. His family had the reputation of liberality, and, as a Cardinal, he himself professed liberal opinions, so that his good intentions were universally relied on ; a placable disposition, patriotic ideas, exemplary life—all these were ascribed to the new Pontiff. What was not to be expected from such a man ! What expectation waited on the first acts of the new Sovereign ! At first these hopes did not seem delusive, for Mastai, as Pius IX., began his reign by acts of clemency and the reformation of the laws ; political prisoners were released, those condemned to exile for political offences were recalled ; and, most striking change of all, power was in a great measure withdrawn from the hands of the priests : the world looked on in admiration, and the hopes of Italy rose to an extravagant height.

It is impossible to convey on paper an idea of the marks of affection lavished on the Pope at this period by a grateful people; cries, acclamations, songs of joy, tears, every possible demonstration of unbounded happiness and affection, greeted his appearance in public. His portrait was worn by young and old with delight, on handkerchiefs, brooches, and other articles of dress; no woman appeared at ball or theatre without his likeness as her most precious ornament, and among men it was equally common. Every dramatic representation closed with hymns in honour of the Pope. No house, whether rich or poor, was without his picture. In all assemblies, whether of learned or ignorant persons, the mention of his name was hailed with cries of joy. People trusted in his sincerity as a man sent of God—the liberator of Italy. Ecclesiastical reforms, involving discipline, were commenced. The Jesuits, and all the adherents of the old system, became the objects of a universal and authorised hatred, and seeing no means left of breasting the waves about to engulf them, they retired; some concealing themselves in private life, while others could only evade general indignation by leaving the country.

The press was almost free; articles were published in the journals and books in favour of liberty, by the patriots; the fear imposed by the system of

espionage was removed, for the spy was no longer a recognised official. Other Italian States felt the influence of the impulse given in the States of the Church; people became excited, and governments took the alarm, and not being able to struggle against the waves of popular commotion, they were compelled to second and guide the movement; some few entered on political reforms in their own States, in imitation of the Romans.

Through the whole extent of Italy the ferment was indescribable; the patriots declared themselves for the Pope, because they trusted in his professions, and saw in him the future saviour of his country. The devout Papists, taken by surprise, renounced the idea of resisting progress, and followed the steps of a reforming Pope. The Cardinals and Prelates, well aware of all that was going on, followed the example of their chief in professions of liberalism. What is most surprising is, that the clergy in general, believing that free institutions were really established, set themselves openly to follow the reformer, and preach in support of the new doctrines, wherever they could with safety; and with caution, but still effectively, where danger existed. Their discourses moved the populace to an extraordinary degree: there were no means of restraining them—for the Pope himself, who had apparently encouraged the political and ecclesiastical

reforms, could not retrace his steps ; the flood of popular zeal was irresistible, and he, willing or unwilling, was carried forward by the waves, which met with no opposition. All the essentials of a constitutional government, if not legalised, were at least permitted, and the speedy establishment of the constitution was expected, at the motion of the Pope himself.

Meantime, the Austrians strengthened their army and reinforced the garrison of Ferrara, and an invasion of the Roman territory was expected, which was to be bravely and unanimously resisted ; a civic guard had been organised to aid the defence, and surely such a unanimous spirit of resistance seemed to authorise the belief that liberty was already consolidated.

I had taken part in the general excitement ; and, though rejecting the errors of Rome, the habits of a lifetime bound me to a clerical state, so that I had gone on in the routine, from year to year, almost as if unconscious of the great truths involved in my own actions. From mere force of habit, I had contracted a liking for my duties, and would have shrunk from any other occupation, as not agreeable to what had become a second nature in me. It was my profession, and I felt myself an accomplished priest, while I knew myself utterly ignorant of any other mode of living. Therefore, the idea afforded

me heartfelt joy, that, under the new order of things, I might maintain my office, and yet hold liberal opinions. Free in thought and speech, and yet a priest! I felt that my condition promised much happiness; a host of new hopes and ideas crowded into my mind. In accordance with the reforms already effected in government and discipline, the Pope would be obliged to proceed to the revision and entire renovation of the dogmas of the Church, and I persuaded myself that Rome was on the point of a solemn renunciation of her errors, and about to conform herself to the pure gospel; and I expected her to repudiate the doctrines I had already rejected as contrary to the truth of God. I actually believed that the Papacy had the power of self-revision and correction, sufficient for the removal of the accumulated mass of absurdities, superstitions, impieties, and abominations, which were eating into the system, and so might become Christian, in the true sense of the word.

This idea occupied me day and night, filling my fancy with the brightest hopes, and leading me to conceive projects full of life and zeal, in the joy of my heart. I might then have exercised my ministry in sincerity, unmasked, without concealment, which was a falsehood, but hitherto absolutely necessary to one who could not believe in the doctrines he felt himself compelled to teach—to pro-

claim as true what he knew to be false—to inculcate dogmas abhorrent to his reason and conscience.

Such is the inevitable condition of hundreds upon hundreds of the clergy in Italy, and it was mine; my ideas were bounded by the narrow range of the priesthood. Not yet regarding Christ with the faith of a true Christian, but believing on Him only as Rome believes, I could not know that I was bound to set aside all my personal interests, renounce every earthly tie, and subject myself to persecution and privation, even to imprisonment and death, rather than belie my own convictions; and, weighed down by human weakness and considerations, I felt myself unequal to so many sacrifices.

Rome was the centre of a great religious movement, as well doctrinal as active; priests from every corner of Italy hurried thither. And what brought them there but a desire to assist in the religious reformation? Whoever entertained doubts, or was convinced of the corrupt state of the Church in doctrine and discipline, or held principles exposing him to punishment at the hands of his bishop, came to Rome, hoping that the time had arrived when the supreme Head of the Church would support and sanction reforms. The loud applause bestowed on the new Pope by the universal voice of Italy was echoed through all Europe, till everywhere the reformation of the Church was considered secure.

It was one of the most powerful arguments used, that the Papacy must fall for ever in the esteem of the people, if to the ameliorations in government already conceded, the correction of abuses and errors in religious matters were not added. Fools!—to suppose that the Pope had the power to alter laws and institutions consolidated by the effusion of rivers of the blood of saints! How is it possible for the Pope to alter the dogmas of his Church? What would become of the Papacy in this case, and where would be his temporal power? That has also been fed by Christian blood, and established in the overthrow of the gospel.

We see Pascal II. exciting Henry, son of the Emperor Henry IV., to rebellion against his own father, in the name of that religion which enjoins filial reverence and obedience. And also Honorius II., who excommunicated and deposed Conrado, King of Italy, and so excited a civil war. Adrian IV., a monster of iniquity, who entered in triumph over the smoking ruins of Rome, surrounded by Barbarossa's northern barbarians—who, after having sold the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to William the Norman, and spread the horrors of war and oppression among the people, when he had no longer need of Barbarossa to oppress his own subjects, excommunicated and deposed him, and excited civil war in Germany and Imperial Italy. What shall we say of the wars raised by the ambitious Innocent III., the

obstinate Gregory IX., the demoniacal John XXII., and of the infamous Boniface VI.? It is enough to say that to support their own ambition, Popes have used Italy and Germany as fields of slaughter, obliged subjects to turn against their rulers ; and, by dividing cities and families, roused sons, in a frenzy of zeal for the Papacy, to murder their own parents, and fathers to sacrifice their sons to the Papal ambition. Thousands in these times were destroyed in the continual wars of the Popes, who saw without remorse rivers of the blood of their own subjects shed to sustain their throne ; while at the same time, by their command, the blood of the faithful followers of Christ Jesus was poured forth in torrents. Foremost among these is the false Innocent IV., who gathered, in the name of that religion which forbids the shedding of blood, many thousand soldiers, and sent them to exterminate the servants of Christ who dwelt peacefully in their own country, living in the observance of the gospel law. The solitude of the valleys at the foot of the Alps was not sufficient to hide the poor remnant of the Waldenses, seeking refuge there from Papal persecution ; they were sought out, and many when taken were subjected to torture and death by fire ; others, having concealed themselves in caves, were suffocated by all openings being closed up, by order of the magistrates. The executioners were compelled to invent

new modes of torture, more terrible if possible than the old ; and for many centuries, the Waldenses endured persecution and martyrdom at the hands of the Popes, because they lived according to gospel truth, and would not renounce their faith in Jesus Christ. The circumstances of the horrible massacre of St Bartholomew are well known to my readers, but I pray them to bear in mind that Charles IX. only obeyed the commands of the ferocious Pius V., in ordering and conducting that barbarous and treacherous murder *en masse* ; Charles obeyed in a spirit of mad fanaticism, and Pius V. has been enrolled by the Church in the catalogue of her saints.

We must pass with hasty mention only, the massacres of the Protestants in Germany, Flanders, Italy, and France ; and also hurry over the fearful scenes of the Inquisition, which, for its own safety, held always in readiness every species of torture, and destroyed thousands of victims by the rack and the stake. To sustain their temporal and ecclesiastical power, the Popes have bathed themselves in Christian blood for ten centuries.

At the commencement of the reign of Pius IX., those who really desired reformations in the Church believed, from his professions and actions, that the Pope had already decreed the destruction of the Papacy. Crowds of Liberals, full of hope, flocked to Rome, which thus became in fact, though not avow-

edly, the centre of reformation. Many like myself waited in eager expectation the result; but there was a class among the priests who had no faith in marvels to be wrought by a Pope. These were men of deep wisdom, well read in the human heart and the conduct of affairs in such a mixed government as the Papacy, and they said in confidential conversation—"Let us not forget the history of the past: What can you expect from Rome and her Pope? How blinded must your minds have become! as well might you expect the soil of the arid desert to send forth trees bearing fruit rich to the taste and beautiful to the eye. Can good ascend from the regions of the lost? If so, you may expect reformation at the hands of the Pope. But believe it not; sooner shall you see the mountains remove, rivers flow upward, the sun become the fountain of darkness, than find virtue and liberality in a man who calls himself, and is in all his character, a Pope. From such a man deeds of cruelty alone are to be looked for. Should an angel himself become Pope, he must yield his power, as utterly incompatible with innocence, and see himself compelled to renounce his purity or the Popedom." These sentiments I often heard at this period, and was much scandalised by them; but I fancied that those who held them were rendered gloomy by the long years of mental oppression they had undergone, or regarded them as trai-

tors, malignants, jealous in nature, and viewing all that is beautiful and splendid with perverted mind and jaundiced eye. Such blindness excited my compassion for a time ; but, alas ! too quickly the conviction was forced upon my mind that they had judged wisely and soundly. In common with the rest of the patriots, I had long believed that the Pope was to effect great changes ; but all proceeded in the old manner, though he could surely never have found a better field for his first steps than Rome, where hardly any belief in Papal infallibility exists. What other spot of earth has been forced to stand a witness to the human infirmities of Popes ? What nation has seen their cruelty, licentiousness, avarice, and ambition exposed to the day, but the Roman ? What Roman Catholic people has so little faith in the pretended holiness, inspiration, and divine mission of the Pontiffs ? In no city of the world shall we find so strong and reasonable a disgust of the vices of Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Friars, as in Rome.

From Rome, as the seat of power, the correction of religious abuses ought to emanate ; but when at last the oath taken by all Popes on their coronation recurred to my mind, I began to doubt the power of Pius IX. to perform his promises. He might descend from his throne, if conscience bade him break his vows ; but as Pope, he must observe them. Having

sworn solemnly on the Gospels, calling to witness the Most High God, His angels, saints, and the whole celestial court, he had proceeded to invoke on his own head all the thunders of divine wrath, denouncing eternal perdition on his soul, in the fulfilment of the justice of the Lord, if he should violate this oath ; and this oath binds him irrevocably before God and men to preserve for his successors the chair of St Peter—to transmit the dominion, spiritual and temporal, unimpaired, nay, more, consolidated to them. And has the world ever yet seen a Pope violate this vow ? No, never ; and Pius IX., who was considered good and sincere in the Romish faith, could he violate it ? Yes ; for he had already broken it by his first reformatations ; and till then, being inexperienced in the tricks and diabolical cunningings that are hidden under the purple, I believed that this fair-seeming constitution was a reality. But the current saying in regard to the Pope, *Omnia papa potest*, consoled me ; for I thought, since his authority is so absolute that he can absolve others from the most solemn vows and promises addressed to God, who has delegated His entire power to the Pope, the Pope must certainly have authority to absolve himself, as well as release others from their vows.

The Romish Church maintains as a point of faith, that the marriage tie is indissoluble in any case whatever ; but, to please crowned heads, she has

often contradicted her own invariable dogma. The divorce of Charlemagne affords a memorable instance: he, at the instigation of Stephen III., and to promote the Papal interests, repudiated Esmengarde, and espoused Ildesgarda. Philip I., King of France, divorced, in defiance of the Pope, his lawful wife Bertha, and wedded Bertrade, the wife of Folco. Urban II. threatened to excommunicate Philip, and refused to sanction this union; but after a time, from prudential motives, bestowed his benediction. Eugenius III. looked on in silence, and his council approved, when Louis VII. divorced his wife Eleanor, after she had borne him two sons. Alphonso, King of Leon, espoused Berengaria of Castile with the sanction of Pope Innocent III.; but after they had children, Innocent cancelled the marriage, and compelled poor Berengaria to enter the monastic state at Borgas. John XXII. refused to grant a divorce to Charles, son of Philip, while he was prince; but when he mounted the throne, the Pope not only gave him the divorce, but allowed him to take as his second wife, a professed nun. Boniface IX., requiring aid from Ladeslas Durazzo, King of Naples, against the rival of Pope Clement VII., though he had recognised his union with Constance of Chiaramonte, granted a divorce, and also ordained that the divorced wife of Ladeslas should be constrained to marry Andrew of Capua, during the lifetime of her

first husband. Clement VIII. agreed to the divorce of Henry IV. of France. But why inquire into the history of past ages to prove the prostitution of the Papal power, when we have ourselves witnessed the divorce of the Emperor Napoleon, with the consent of Pius VII., who also, in 1815, permitted the divorce of the Princess Caroline, wife of Frederick William, Prince of Würtemberg, in order that she might become the Empress of Austria? We should never close our record if obliged to enumerate the facts which prove that the Papal Church has rendered herself the willing servant of all the tyrants of the earth, and has in every situation sacrificed to her own ambition and interests, her laws and all sense of religion.

Partisans of the Popes have always existed, and still exist. Cardinal Wiseman's "Reminiscences of the Last Four Popes" has just been sent me, and I must be permitted a short remark on the book. The author gives a glowing description of the characters of the four Popes, as men pious, wise, and learned, of irreproachable morals, admirable as Pontiffs, and excellent in the capacity of kings; without any distinction, he ascribes to all four the same good and noble qualities; and among the many proofs adduced in support of his assertions the highest and most striking is, that all four were well known to him—expecting in this way to impose his own opinion on the public, as though only Cardinals and Bishops

could know Popes, and see their private and public conduct. I have no desire to say one word against these four men, who are already judged of God ; but Cardinal Wiseman's fine account of the last scene of the life of Pius VII. must be noticed, for he tells us that this Pope in his last hours commanded that the holy bread and oil should be brought, and that orders should be sent to all the priests in the city, that when celebrating mass, they might pray for the Holy Father. So then the fear of death denuded him of inherent sanctity, since he had need of other men's prayers. I had almost expected to see that Pius VII. had made abjuration, before dying, of the crime he had committed against the Church in allowing one man to marry two wives, to the scandal of all Europe, and giving to one woman two husbands, thus transgressing one of God's positive commands, confirmed by Jesus Christ, and recognised as a dogma of faith by the Council of Trent. His partisans may plead that Pius yielded to despotic power, which is true ; but surely divine infallibility should set its possessor above any earthly power. Claiming to be the heirs of St Peter by direct succession, the Popes have never shewn his zeal and constancy in supporting the gospel ; his sin in denying his Lord is the only characteristic they have inherited from him. St Peter repented and confessed his sin, and his Lord restored him to the apostleship ; Pius VII., on

the contrary, shed no repentant tears, confessed no error, but died as he had lived—obstinate !

Cardinal Wiseman says much about his holy death, but no word of confession. It is grievous to speak severely of the dead ; but Wiseman must bear the blame, since he disturbs the dead, to screen, by a picture of their failures, the more guilty survivor of this line of amphibious sovereigns.

In church history we find only Gregory XIII. denying his own infallibility. At the extreme hour of death, when interest and habit seem as nothing to a man whose conscience is not utterly hardened, truth forces its way to light ; and at that awful moment Gregory, weeping, declared—“ If in consistories or councils, or anywhere else, I have maintained aught contrary to the Catholic faith, I hereby condemn the same ;” and he inscribed the words in his testament, as a last memorial of his repentance. In direct opposition to this trait of Pope Gregory XIII., we may recall the voluntary degradation of Boniface III., in pursuit of power. He abased himself before the impious and sanguinary Emperor Foca, in order to procure his recognition of the superiority of the Roman See over all other bishoprics and ecclesiastical orders whatever.

To return to myself. I believed, according to the canons of the Church, that a conscientious Pope could never renounce the prescribed faith, and that

was some consolation. But why, if really possessed of the power to unloose other men from the most solemn vows, he could not exercise the same right towards himself, was a question I could not solve, and gave rise to new doubts.

History represents Popes too often as sinful men, but records no instance of one of them renouncing the charge laid upon him when the awful dignity of the Popedom was entrusted to his hands. We see the reason of this in the previous circumstances of the men. The sons of peasants and artisans have often found themselves promoted to the Papal throne; and at any rate, one step carries a man from a private station to a position exalting him above all royal degrees—himself a king, but superior to emperors, as grasping the spiritual dominion of the whole Roman Catholic world. By virtue of this authority, Popes have been the masters of the civilised world, and the fiat of Rome has divided kingdoms or alienated them altogether from the hereditary rulers, at the caprice of a Pope. Kings and emperors have made pilgrimages to Rome, and, clothed in sackcloth, have come as penitents to the Papal court to implore pity and mercy from him they regarded as God's vicegerent on earth; and they have been received with contumely and ferocious abuse, as abject mortals who had dared to resist the representative of the Divinity. Sometimes the

angry Pope has planted his foot on the neck of the kneeling suppliant, as in the case of the Emperor and the Kings. This arrogant spirit has been displayed most strongly by Pontiffs who have mounted to their elevated seat from the dregs of the people ; puffed up by power and dignity, attended by the obsequious reverence of nations and their rulers, they imagined that the right inherent in their throne set them over all earthly dominions. And what wonder they were dazzled ? clothed sumptuously, surrounded by gold, silver, and precious stones—a luxury to which art lent her enhancing hand, till the glory of their riches surpassed any the most sumptuous kings of the East ever knew—while the divine honours they received elevated them to heaven. Wealth, applause, honour, dominion, every earthly good was theirs, till they became drunk with power ; and no scruple of conscience could force them to renounce it. No ; rather a Pope in such circumstances would retain his grasp of glory and power with the frenzy of the possessed. Popes have doubtless laughed in the secret of their own hearts at the credulity of mankind, have been indifferent to the obligations they have incurred, nay, stained with every conceivable crime and weakness, utterly disbelieving God the Redeemer of men, and having no faith in themselves ; still they have never failed in their mission as Popes, or broken their vow to convey intact the spiritual

and temporal rule of the Holy See to their successors.

But perhaps Pius IX., I thought, as a conscientious man, may be less of a Pope than others, unless indeed the fumes of pride have mounted to his head, and he is intoxicated by the power men have entrusted to him, and cannot persuade himself to renounce the delights of supreme authority now safely within his grasp. Power must ever be the highest good to a Pope's apprehension ; but even if he does not lend himself a prey to this unbounded ambition, can he, in cool blood, be false to the awful oath taken at his accession ? True, it is already broken by his formal acts, but he does not yet discern the fact ; and woe to him when the truth dawns on him ! He will then retract in terror every principle of freedom avowed, and annul all his reforming acts, and will declaim loudly against the folly of men, which has misinterpreted his intentions into a form alien to his mind. He will recall the benediction he bestowed on the banner of the Italian army he sent against Austria, and be a Tyrant, a true Pope.

It was impossible to escape such thoughts, which filled me with disgust and suspicion. As a man I loved Pius, but could not fail to dread the Papacy in him, and already he shewed signs of vacillation

and tergiversation, and evidently wished to recall his concessions.

He removed patriots from posts of honour, men glowing with zeal for their country. Jesuits or semi-Jesuits gained access to him, and he became timid and lukewarm. He began to meditate on what he owed to his office and the conflicting duties of Patriot and Pope. The partisans of the old system saw the struggle in his breast, and turned it to account. The means used can never be known ; but certain it is they frightened him horribly, by shewing him the dangers of the road he had entered on, by sounding the threats of the anger of God and eternal perdition to a soul too susceptible of such impressions, in case he did not contradict his professions. In fine, the object was gained, and Pius IX. was no longer an Italian, a freeman, but a Pope, with all the characteristics of his predecessors.

CHAPTER V.

PIUS now proved his repentance for all his concessions in favour of freedom, in contradistinction to the dignity and power of the Papacy, by failing in the most signal manner in his duties as an Italian ; so that the people clearly saw that the species of excitement roused in his mind by the public acclamations and attachment had subsided, and that the recollection of his oath, and the interests of the Roman See, had gained supremacy in his thoughts. The popular feelings changed, and, in this alienation of spirit, some were convinced that, instigated by evil counsellors and his own tendencies, he desired only to retrace his steps, and regain the time-trodden path of the Popes, while others trembled at the risks incurred for the country in attempting such a return, in the midst of free institutions, solemnly granted, and all but consolidated, and foresaw only, from the restored Pontiff and his adherents, dark machinations against Italian liberty.

The most ardent patriots dreaded fatal consequences ; they feared the restoration of the Papacy

in its worst horrors : furious and implacable in the vindication of the laws and rights, set aside for a time at the voice of the people, and reviving the atrocious suspicions and consequent ferocities which had characterised the system ; bringing back, with the firm determination of maintaining its harsh regulations, the Swiss guards, and mercenary satellites belonging to the despotic allies of the Pope ; they expected to see the Papacy revived, in all the abominable wickedness and cruelty belonging to her. And what obstacle could they oppose to this imminent danger—how secure themselves against the malevolence of the evil counsellors to whom the weak Pius lent a ready ear, as pointing a way of return for himself to plans that suited his own inclinations, and promised him the quiet his selfishness coveted ? The people were not sufficiently enlightened to recognise in the Papacy an obstacle to liberty, but still superstitiously imagined that its destruction would involve a breach of the divine law ; though I hope and believe they now discern more clearly their own duties. In words the Pope still avowed himself for freedom, and many trusted him. I could not believe that he was about to betray his country ; the love of his people was too deeply rooted to turn at once to deadly hate.

In this disturbance of the popular mind, a resolution, not new in Rome, was proposed and seized

on, as solving all difficulties—that the Pope should be stripped of the temporal power, but maintained in the exercise of his spiritual rights.

Napoleon had curtailed the power of the Pope, and yet the Papacy had existed. What hindered the consummation of the great work conceived by the acute Emperor? The temporal power has always proved a hindrance to Italian liberty, and has no part in the dignity of the Pope. Surely the Romish See, which claims for its Head spiritual supremacy in the Christian world, can subsist without the regal crown.

In common with many patriots, I saw no means left to us of stemming the tide of evils about to overwhelm the country, but this of depriving the Pope of his kingly office; and we resolutely set our hands to the work. In the resolution to effect this object, the ultra-democrats consented to unite with the moderate party. The different factions held secret meetings to consult on the measures to be adopted, and after much discussion, all agreed that the temporal power of the Pope must cease, and all faithful Italians were summoned to lend a hand to effect this great end.

The first step we proposed to take in this bold and perilous enterprise was to alienate the troops from the government; and we set about gaining them over with ability and earnestness, mingling

with the soldiers, and inflaming them by descriptions of the condition into which our beloved country had fallen—of the hopes excited, to be treacherously extinguished—of our liberties endangered; and called on them, as citizens, to be vigilant in defence of freedom, to resist all machinations against her, and be ready to do battle with her enemies. Among the first of these enemies we reckoned the Pope, because his policy shewed a tendency to despotism, by retracting his reformation and forgetting his promises, as if about to renounce all the principles he had so solemnly promulgated. So that we still trusted the soldiers would join every other good Italian, in prompt defence of the rights of the country, even against the Pope himself (if indeed he failed us); and the necessity for this resistance was the more urgent, that despotism, once restored, would be exercised in a spirit of vengeance, and, consequently, more vindictive and bloodthirsty than ever. We reminded them that they had already shewn themselves the champions of freedom, and bade them be true to their consciences and country. We acted on the resolutions laid down, by appointing rendezvous, and shewing our entire sympathy and brotherly feeling. The soldiers, in fine, were almost persuaded to an open stand for free institutions.

The secret meetings became daily more numerous,

and new adherents continually declared themselves. The great doctrine of the separation of the spiritual and royal powers seemed on the point of establishment as a truth in the minds of the people. Among the active leaders in the movement were many citizens, but a crowd of priests, like myself, were zealous in the cause, and knowing how discontent and disappointment had irritated the public, we felt sure of the support of three or four thousand men who awaited with eager longing the moment of action. The two parties stood openly in opposition the government assuming daily a more hostile attitude, and the people shewing a firm determination to resist the re-establishment of the old tyranny.

Since the appointment of Rossi as minister, Rome, to her sorrow, beheld at the head of affairs a man whose eager wish was to bring the country under the Gregorian despotism, which seemed displaced for ever; and suspicion of the government intentions was changed to certain conviction, when the open acts of the Pope and his minister contradicted the professions of Liberal principles with which they had deceived the nation, especially when the destruction of the liberals as individuals was attempted. Utterly ignorant of the deep-rooted animosity existing among the Romans, Pius and his minister thought to jest with the people, as one might tease a dog; but the Roman people, when roused, is a lion.

After receiving power, Rossi prepared and entered into a treaty with the infamous King of Naples, by which he bound his master to deliver up all the political refugees who had sought shelter in Rome—a league contrary to all international laws; but Rossi proceeded to make arrests in virtue of it. A certain Carbonello, and another, whose name I forget, were seized and sent to Civita Vecchia, where they remained, expecting every hour to be embarked for Naples, to meet the tender mercies of Bomba. The treaty was concluded on the 15th of November, and entrusted to a courier, who, however, was intercepted in the Papal States, and his despatches examined, when full proof of the duplicity of Rossi was obtained. The treaty set aside the public as a nonentity. Rossi seemed in Rome to regard the inhabitants as puppets, to be placed and displaced at his pleasure, and finished by reposing his confidence in the Carabineers, whom he had brought in great force from the provinces, to overawe the city. With this view, a great review took place on the 14th of November, in the large piazza before the Vatican, after which the force proceeded through all the streets in battalion. The official Gazette published articles complaining of the popular deputies, irritating the people by their incendiary speeches. While, on the opposite side, the cafés and the Circoli resounded with the accusations of all

men of sense and honour against Rossi, on account of the causeless alarm excited by his machinations.

On the 15th November, the Chambers held their first sitting; all the deputies had assembled, and the time appointed for the duration of the meeting had elapsed, when Rossi's carriage entered the court of the palace with such impetuous haste, that the crowd collected there with great difficulty escaped being trodden to death by his horses; this heightened the irritation against him, and sharp hisses were heard. Rossi descended from the carriage, and faced the people with a sardonic sneer on his countenance, shaking his glove at them with a gesture of contempt; the rage of the populace burst every barrier, and Rossi fell a victim to the fury his own headstrong violence and insolent scorn had roused. Even among the crowd, many were indignant at his death, but the greater number remained quite silent, as if nothing unusual had occurred. Up to this period, the person of the Pope had not once been threatened.

On the evening of the 16th, the city presented an imposing spectacle, for the National Guards, in full uniform, but unarmed, the Carabineers, and the regular troops, joined by a body of citizens amounting to thirty thousand, proceeded to the Quirinale surrounded by a crowd of persons, whose continual movement reminded one of the waves of the sea;

but no cries or clamours, no disturbance of any kind, took place during the march. At length we reached the Quirinale—to a man, all moved by the same thought and purpose—to demand a secular ministry and constituent assembly. The Pope with his court stood ready to receive us—all doubtless in great agitation, and full of projects of vengeance and a thirst for the blood of those who dared to oppose them. A few among them heartily desired to see an amicable termination of the struggle, and thought that the wishes of the people should be consulted; perhaps the Pope himself longed to yield, but his terrible oath forbade the encouragement of such a thought, and his duty as Pope seemed paramount.

The faithful mercenaries the Swiss, who, themselves the sons of a free country, yet sell their blood to every despot, guarded the palace; but their threatening aspect did not intimidate the people, who held firm to their purpose of obtaining a hearing from the sovereign. From the immense but orderly assemblage, five deputies were chosen to represent the opinions of their companions—the ex-minister Galletti was one of them—during the republic, General of Carabineers). The Pope refused to give the deputies an audience; and then arose, as with one voice, a universal cry of “Give us a secular ministry and a constituent assembly.” Galletti strove to calm the tumult, by saying the Pope might consent;

and when the deputies again demanded an audience, they were admitted to the presence of Pius, who surely imagined that the age of Gregory VII. had returned, for he replied to the demands and representations of the deputies in an imperious and insulting manner, positively refusing to grant a secular ministry and free parliament.

In vain the deputies urged the benefits that must accrue to himself and the nation from the measure, and implored him to condescend to the desires of his people. The Pope persisted only more obstinately; fresh cries from without served to exasperate him, and he exclaimed, "What more can this people expect at my hands? Have I not made them free, and permitted them to bear arms against their enemies? And now they require me to despoil myself of dignity; to betray myself and the world, by making base concessions, weakening the power God has committed to His vicegerent, so belying the divine rights with which my office invests me. If false to my oath and my duties, what shall be said of me in the present and future ages? Shall not the Christian world and my successors call me to account, and my name be execrated as the first violator of that tremendous oath by which the Pope binds himself before God to transmit his authority undiminished? Must I forget all that is sacred, and my own conscience?" The deputies argued that the

pontifical power must be strengthened by the concession of reforms demanded by the times ; that he would bind the hearts of his subjects to him, who would ever regard him as a benignant and clement sovereign ; and surely no better means could be devised of establishing the foundations of the Holy See in the hearts of the people, than surrounding her with free institutions, and removing abuses degrading to the real dignity of the Papacy ; and as the regenerator of his country, his name would be revered and blessed by present and future ages. No arguments were of any avail ; the presence of his bad counsellors confirmed the resolution of Pius, who demanded how the ungrateful people dared approach their Sovereign and Pontiff with signs of outrageous violence, which could not intimidate him or turn him aside from his duties. The deputies, in reply, without anger or threats, maintaining the respect due to the Pope, entreated that he would listen to the voice of the crowd, and permit the populace to express their own demands in the name of the country.

Prayers and representations were addressed in vain to Pius IX., during a lengthened discussion, and his answers were always the same in spirit and tone. Meantime the multitude lost patience, and began to use threatening language, while the cries were terrific. The deputies pressed the Pontiff for a

favourable reply, to quiet the populace, already fearfully excited, lest the threatening aspect now assumed should end in some deed of violence. But Pius was slow to give any sign of consent. They implored him to save the country and himself by an act of benignity, and fresh confusion prevailed in the square; but the higher the excitement rose without, his obstinacy seemed to rise to meet it. At last his anger broke out, and he called aloud, flushed with rage, "No, no, I will never yield;" and the yells from the people became more appalling, and then he and his dear Antonelli commanded the Swiss to fire on the unarmed multitude; many were wounded, and a shout of scorn and execration arose in reply to the discharge. The scene was indescribable, and yells filled the air; when—what has happened?—as if by some enchanter's touch, the scene shifted—the square was empty and silent—all had vanished by a simultaneous volition, as if of one man. What! do they fly? are they afraid? have a few wounds and the sight of the Swiss overpowered them? But a whisper ran among the surrounding crowd, that the petitioners had only retired to arm themselves and return; and the crowd, which before had not joined the tumult, determined to follow the example of their friends.

It was, indeed, a marvellous spectacle when the mingled crowd of citizens and soldiers returned

without confusion; but roused to concentrated fury by seeing the blood of peaceful petitioners shed, their advance was rapid and combined; no hesitation or clamour attended the movement, and every moment fresh numbers poured in, while the attitude assumed became formidably threatening. Nothing can now restrain or stem the fury of men knowing how to curb themselves to obtain their object. They press forward to receive the attack of the Swiss; the Swiss perceiving this, closed the palace gates, while the troops and the people surrounded the Quirinale. The Cardinals had not ceased to send messenger after messenger to the Trasteverens, entreating them to come to their aid and disperse the crowd, in order to avert the horrors of a civil war from the very centre of the city. But these good folks were wise enough not to heed the invitation, and left the infallible Head of the Church and his Cardinals to try the power of their own arms. My heart bled at the prospect of a hand-to-hand struggle in the narrow streets of a crowded city, maintained by the inhabitants themselves, and I called on God to calm the spirits of all those who surrounded me. At this critical moment, a prelate, holding office in the household, approached a window; whether urged by a desire to use some means to avert the storm, or sent by superior authority to see and judge the extent of the danger, or merely

coming to brave the multitude, has never been known, for as he shewed himself, a ball from the piazza struck him on the forehead, burying for ever all knowledge of his motives in his sudden death.

As night drew on, Pius began to quail. An irrepressible dread struck his heart ; a selfish fear for his own person, for his friends and the Papal dignity exposed to risk, revealed to him with awful distinctness all that was to be apprehended from an open and general rising on the part of the people ; and from a base weakness he agreed to grant the secular ministry, yielding after having allowed his opponents to learn he could not long resist if they made the assault.

The happy news spread with the speed of light among the generous and confiding crowd, which, laying aside all anger and violent purpose, quietly dispersed, and peace was at once restored to the city.

We cannot deny the truth of the universal opinion, that Italian nature is enthusiastic ; but the rest of the world has not cared to search beneath the surface to discover the depth and force of character combining with this more evident quality.

The inhabitants of Italy, at the period of the great barbaric invasions, had more of eastern and southern elements in the national character than of the western ; and though the mingling of races after this

time produced various modifications in the disposition of the people, still we find the fiery enthusiasm derived from the first race continue as a feature distinguishing the Italian. In a large portion of central Italy especially, we find the ancient type of character retained almost in its purity, though mingled with Spanish and Greek characteristics; the Spanish element, in particular, being congenial to the original constitution of the Italian, has only still further exalted the enthusiasm of the native race. The whole influences of the scenery around him act on this quality of mind. The clear skies, glowing climate, with the ever-varying aspects of his country, must influence a susceptible organisation. We see the loftiest mountains and green hills divided by rich and fruitful plains, to which succeed vast tracts of sterile or marshy land: here cultivation elaborately carried on, there the land so utterly neglected and savage, that one is tempted to wonder if man has ever cultivated it. Populous cities, which in their construction bear testimony to the mighty genius and refined art that planned them, stand out in contrast to other towns built in a rough, almost rude style, displaying entire ignorance of the rules of art. In remote parts of the country we find the rich inhabitants sometimes living in the refinement of luxury, and practising an unbounded hospitality; though, indeed, the poorer classes are profuse in their

hospitalities, which are constant, while the wealthy remain in the country only for the summer. Science and civilised learning are found in abundance, accompanied by an almost primitive rusticity and ignorance. Varieties in customs and manners, seem almost marvellous among inhabitants of the same country, occur constantly in the remote districts. Everywhere melody asserts her power over the hearts of the natives by songs and music in profusion. And above all, as an exciting agent, we have a religion disgusting to the enlightened mind, but captivating the fancy of women, and impressive to the vulgar from its gorgeous ceremonies and practices, addressed directly to the senses, subduing and entrancing the imagination—combined with the fantastic appearance of the privileged sacerdotal class in various-coloured garments, each of separate form and signification, white, black, gray, or yellow, according to the order to which the wearer belongs. Magnificent prelates revelling in profuse luxury proper to princes, close beside austere monks and rigid authorities, present a contrast sufficiently picturesque—memorials of the noble past of the past ages, enduring amid a people subject to the most degrading servitude.

All these contrasts tend to render the Italian character fantastic and enthusiastic, but it is impossible to attribute to him a remarkable power of reasoning, in combination with these weaknesses. Possessing many

ments of character common to other nations, there is an apparent exclusiveness, (springing from the natural fear of exposing himself to repulse inherent in the oppressed,) which those foreigners who have resided longest in the country well know to be only external; for the crust once penetrated, the Italian is found the truest and most unselfish of friends, while his qualities of head and heart convince his foreign friends that Italy not only deserves, but is prepared for better destinies. A vivacity reminding one of the Gaul, but without his volatile levity—Spanish gravity, devoid of its native heaviness—the profound reasoning of Germany, unalloyed with the abstruse and fantastic illusions of her metaphysics—English reserve, without stiffness; all are found in the natives of Italy, but involved and crushed by the political and religious systems of the country. Let these be ameliorated, and all the various characteristics we have enumerated will bear rich fruit, making Italy once more great among the nations.

The conclusion I would deduce from this preamble is, that it must not be supposed that, after the victory gained over the Pope, the Romans gave themselves up to immoderate joy, not calculating the consequences of their own actions. The satisfaction and happiness were striking, but always mingled with anxiety. Men suddenly rose from the lowest positions to the highest posts, but with-

out losing sight of the uncertainties which ~~sur~~^{sur}rounded them, or forgetting in their own rise ~~the~~^{the} high ideas of national freedom which, to ~~them~~^{them}, lay at the root of all things. These men proved themselves neither ignorant nor imprudent in ~~affairs~~^{affairs} of state.

Meanwhile, many questions agitate the public. If the Pope had fled, would he not attempt to excite a reaction? Would Italy be content to see her Pontiff despoiled of his temporal authority? and would the Roman Catholic world endure it? We could hardly expect the other European nations to remain inactive spectators of these great events. The diplomatists, who were in general devoted to the Pope, were likely to use every means for his restoration; and in the States of Rome, might not parties arise more violent and eager in their contentions than ever? Would the great boon of liberty soothe the consciences of the devout, under the recollection that threats had extorted it from the Holy Father? And surely we might expect to see Roman Catholic sovereigns thundering at the gates of Rome, to avenge, by his violent restoration, the insult his dispossession might offer to them and their faith. These thoughts were present to all minds, and not only the more prudent, but the most excited democrats found their breasts invaded by fear, which the flickering fire of enthusiastic joy

vainly strove to master and swallow up. Anxiety spread abroad, till no means remained of soothing the public, and some new remedy must speedily be applied, to cure the growing evils and avert future and serious danger.

With this view, the patriots met frequently, in great numbers, to propose and discuss schemes and mature their plans of action. These rendezvous were public, and hundreds of citizens frequented them; and at last special meeting-places were fixed, which were each entitled *Circolo Popolare*, or *Democratico*; and from 1847 to the middle of 1849, these *Circoli* subsisted. Much was said, and many plans proposed and discussed, to be approved or rejected, but no conclusion was ever arrived at—no one saw what would most conduce to the public welfare. It was too evident that all obtained by force brings with it a whole train of irremediable difficulties. Our greatest risk, in the flight of the Pope, had now become a certain danger; and all my fears and gloomy prognostics seemed on the verge of fulfilment. The step that the Pope might take would prove his readiness to retract his concessions as extorted by impious violence, to withdraw every franchise and privilege, and overthrow all the new institutions, by calling in the aid of the kingdoms acknowledging his supremacy. Perhaps he was prepared to unite with Austria in her

unlawful league with the King of Naples, who had broken faith with his subjects, annulled the constitution, and resumed his course of tyranny more ferociously than ever ; and thus the fate of our unhappy country might be on the point of consummation.

My mind was made up as to my own duty in the position affairs had assumed, so that personal considerations had no influence upon me. I was prepared to make any sacrifice for my country ; and if called to engage in movements hostile to the Pope, I had already weighed the advantages the country must derive from them, and my duty, as an Italian, was to promote her interests.

The question was no longer one of party spirit, but whether Rome, and with her all Italy, was to fall back under the Gregorian despotism,—whether we might not see so many costly sacrifices, and so much bloodshed, prove unavailing—if, indeed, they might not prove forerunners to the ultimate assassination of Italy. Filled with these gloomy thoughts, I presented myself at the *Circolo Popolare*. I went there eager to expose my suspicions of the Pope's intentions, and fears of the disastrous result to Rome if he effected his retreat ; and surely, it must be admitted, I was right to warn my fellow-labourers to stand on their guard. As an institution, the *Circolo* was good, affording a scene for open discus-

sion of all questions ; but the Circoli speedily degenerated into hotbeds of faction, which proved fatal to liberty. Each political sect had its Circolo,—the democrats, the constitutionalists, and the formalists,—the two last under the mask of liberality, without which they could not exist. In each Circolo, different principles were advocated, and the actions of the members harmonised with the principles laid down ; and thus the Circoli divided citizens into parties, and fomented party spirit, to the great increase of disturbance. The Circoli were called either Circoli Popolari or Democratici, according to the political tendencies of the different cities.

In Rome, during the disputes between the Pope and the nation, the Circolo was openly democratic, both in name and character ; but in a public assembly, it is necessarily impossible to prevent the intrusion of some persons inimical to the principles avowed, and in the Circolo Popolare of Rome, the members of which counted many hundreds, the retrogrades easily introduced themselves, either openly or covertly ; and as the concealed were most numerous, the danger was heightened, as they came as spies to report the plans of the opposite party to their own friends and to the government, with every remark which might injure the utterer. They reported the names of all who spoke warmly in support of the new institutions, and the govern-

ment kept a list for use at the longed-for restoration of the old authority. Besides these masked enemies of the country, others opposed with violence all the propositions of the patriots, with pretended zeal for the public good and love of their country; and hence arose discord and the most violent discussions among the patriots themselves.

I had all along suspected the Pope of an intention to fly from Rome, which had excited many fears in my mind for the public safety; and, therefore, I frankly stated them at the *Circolo*, not for the purpose of exciting suspicion or anger against Pius, but simply to warn the members of the possibility of an event which could only tend to the injury, if not the destruction, of the country. To my astonishment, my suspicions, which bore to me an aspect of such danger, were met by cool replies, such as—“Well, if the Pope desires to leave Rome, let him go; we have no need of him here.” These people, little comprehending the past or present times and circumstances, judged everything by their own standard of ultra-liberalism, which is not less fatal to liberty than the doctrines of the Papists. Some few approved of my warning, and partook my anxieties as to the Pope’s intentions and their probable results. But one said one thing and one another. Some declared that a mere hint of such a step was dangerous; and, for this reason, my pro-

posal of watching the Pope's movements, instead of being accepted with applause, was rejected. Still I maintained the absolute necessity of having a guard always on the Pope, that he might not escape us, but was interrupted by one, who shewed his true colours as an adherent of the Pope in time, by rising impetuously to oppose my motion, treating it as absurd and contrary to the public weal. I answered by repeating my opinion, on conscientious conviction, and he hotly exclaimed, "What greater sacrifices can you demand from our Holy Father, in proof of his zeal for liberty? What has he ever done or said to excite suspicion of his intentions?" He had done nothing openly, and yet every movement shewed how his mind turned. "Who shall dare suspect the good faith of a man who has, from the first moment of his exaltation, shewn himself a true, generous patriot—a great prince? Did he not bless the Italian banner against Austria? His enemy must indeed be counted the enemy of his country." I answered boldly, that we might accept this statement could recent facts be erased from our memories; but these proved that the Pope repented his reforms, and wished to annul them, and to withdraw his concessions in favour of liberty; that he had called the enemies of the country around his throne; and that the events of the last few days, especially his yielding to the just

and reasonable desires of the people from a selfish timidity, and accepting dangerous counsels, shewed his baseness ; and therefore I again urged my motion, that he should be always kept in view by persons we could trust, who might warn us if he shewed any intention of effecting a retreat most dangerous to the interests of Italian liberty. My opponent made an insulting reply, but I maintained my ground—on which, losing all command of himself, he became insolent. Naturally my indignation was roused, and the quarrel was on the point of amounting to personal violence, but those present threw themselves between us, and a scene of angry confusion ensued, which closed the sederunt, for the meeting separated without coming to any resolution.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE said in the previous chapter that I had expressed my suspicion of the Pope's intended flight in the Circolo Popolare, and explained the dangers to which liberty might be exposed if he effected his purpose, and pointed out at the same time the methods proper to be adopted for his detention. The event speedily proved that my fears of his good faith were too well founded. The Pope no longer consulted with the liberal ministers of state, but with strangers holding unconstitutional principles. Pareto, the Piedmontese minister, had no influence, because he was zealous in the Italian cause, although attached to the person of the Pope, and obliged by the orders of his government to support him, by every possible means, against any excesses on the part of his subjects; and had personal violence been threatened, he would have favoured his flight; which could not have proved injurious to the cause of liberty had Pius thrown himself on the protection of Piedmont. Bagagli, the Tuscan minister, was unfavourable to the Pope, because his government at that moment professed democratic principles;

but the Pope allowed himself to be directed by the envoys of France, Spain, and Bavaria, the last acting also as the representative of Austria. Thus foreign ministers had taken the place of Italians near his person, and they only sought to protect the Head of the Church, not to aid Italy; for what was Italy to them? The Bavarian, Count Spaur, was opposed to all liberal principles, and strongly attached to Austria; therefore, ever ready to destroy liberty by all the intrigues and double-dealing in his power. The Duc D'Harcourt, the French minister, and Martinez Della Rosa, the Spanish, both, from a sense of duty, combined with a religious veneration for the person of the Pope, proposed to favour his flight. It was said that Pius IX. was disposed to seek the protection of France, and take refuge at Civita Vecchia, where, in case of violence, he might have gone on board one of the French ships; but Count Spaur, with the assistance of Cardinal Antonelli, prefect of the palace, arranged another plan.

On the 24th of November, Count Spaur had a carriage in waiting, outside the gates; the Pope, Monsignor Stella, and Cardinal Antonelli, all disguised, issued from a back-door in the Quirinale, opening on a dark street; they traversed the streets in a shabby hired carriage, and reached, safely, the place indicated by Spaur. The Pope ought there to have entered a certain carriage, and, without being aware

of it, found himself in another; he meant to take the way to Civita Vecchia, and was carried towards Gaeta. He was brought out from the Porta Maggiore, and driven round the walls to the gate of San Giovanni. The postilion heard in the carriage behind him a lively altercation going on, and listened to such purpose, that the gentlemen bought his silence at the cost of ten scudi. Meantime, the French minister, D'Harcourt, believing that the Pope had set out in the carriage he had sent for him, drove to the Quirinale, and remained there some time, as if engaged in a long conversation with his Holiness, that the suspicions of the guards might not be excited. For the same reason, the lights in the palace were kept burning till the usual hour, and nothing betrayed to those without that an event of any moment had occurred; the Duc D'Harcourt left the palace at a late hour, and posted to Civita Vecchia, secure of finding the fugitive there; while the Pope was hurrying along the road by Terracina to Gaeta. Arrived at Civita Vecchia, the Duc was furious, declaring himself betrayed by the Pope. Each diplomatist wished to have the Pope in his own hand, for reasons purely political; but the interests of each not being the same, some would have carried him to the east, and some to the west, but craft gained the day; and he who had been most confident of success became a laughing-

stock to the world. At Gaeta, Pius declared he had not followed his first intentions in going there at all—and the journals of the day published this as a truth; but I, as an eye-witness to all these intrigues, maintain that Pius went to Gaeta, not only to please King Bomba, but to satisfy his friend, the Emperor of Austria, who has always regarded the King of Naples as his own representative. It was untrue that he would have preferred the protection of the French, seeing that the then French government was diametrically opposed to the mind of the Pope. The foreign journals, meanwhile, did not cease to protest against the imprisonment of the Pope in Rome, alike as Pontiff and as Prince. The journals were shamefully misled by their correspondents, legitimists and adherents of Louis Philippe, and the turn-coats, the wicked or the weak, proclaimed a crusade against the Roman people without mercy, and probably believed that the movement had been excited by a handful of demagogues who desired licence and anarchy, while the Pope opposed them; whereas the question was between Pius and his people—whether he was to overthrow the constitution he had himself granted and restore absolutism, or leave them their liberty. The people would have been satisfied with seeing the constitution, to which he had sworn, honestly acted on.

Pius IX. fled because he repented the oath which

He had taken in favour of liberty, and hated the idea of Italian nationality; likewise he desired to detain the Austrians in Italy, and would not make war upon them; he meditated treason against his people, endeavouring to withdraw from them rights guaranteed by his own hand. The press in favour of the Jesuits and Cardinals, exhibited him to all Europe as a victim, when in reality he was a violent and faithless despot; as a martyr equal to Pius VI. and Pius VII., who had suffered persecution in the cause of religion, when the French revolutionists overthrew the altar and the throne. Pius IX. had always been worshipped and applauded, for no merit of his own, by the people, who considered him as united with them for the vindication of liberty in connexion with religion. He was, then, no martyr, but a Pontiff, and, like his predecessors, guilty of worldly ambition, being ready to sacrifice his spiritual power to secure his temporal authority. And thou, Rome! hast surely learned that thou hast nothing to expect of the Papacy.

At last we see Pius safe in Gaeta, in the very dress he wore on quitting Rome. It is said that on his arrival he was displeased at not finding the Spanish ship which was to carry him to the Balearic Isles. Count Spaur arrived at Gaeta with the Countess, and immediately departed to carry a letter to the King of Naples from his Holiness, demanding

hospitality for a short time. The King flew to Gaeta, and, with his usual double-dealing, paid his devotions to the Pope. At the meeting much was said, many things discussed, and concessions made, till the Pope decided to remain at Gaeta, and thus was sealed the ruin of our country.

At that time, as I was full of enthusiasm, I regarded the flight of the Pope as a treason; but now that my mind is calmed by the experience of many years, I can say no less than that the Pope had the full right to make his escape. As a sovereign his will was free; but if he only sought to exercise his own rights, by withdrawing himself from the risk of popular vengeance, surely he would have done wisely had he taken refuge in a country where he might have remained master of his own actions. And was he free in Gaeta? His own partisans declared he had no intention of going there, and remained almost without his own consent. *Poor little boy!!!* But once in Gaeta, why not resist? why not declare firmly and aloud, that this was not his chosen asylum? why did he make no attempt to seek a more congenial refuge? why, above all, accept hospitality from a Ferdinand of Naples? He surely knew his character, and that his name had become opprobrious in the ear of all Italy, and in that of all the world. But no; the Pope knew well whither he was bound, for he had arranged his retreat with his Cardinals. The

Bourbon expected him to clasp his hand, and to be absolved of the oath by which he had solemnly sworn to maintain the constitution he had bestowed on his people, but which he had broken by exciting the revolution in Naples, to obtain the right of making war upon the people—sacking cities and shedding rivers of blood; all that he might have a reason to withdraw the oath he had so solemnly given. At Gaeta the king was absolved from his oath by the Pope; and the Pope having the same sin on his conscience, who was to absolve him? King Bomba, through the mediation of St Gennaro! And this proves the existence of the league which Rossi was believed to have made with the Bourbon, as mentioned above. The mask was forever torn from the face of Pius, and the world will perceive that he had never in thought deviated from the system of his predecessors, but had yielded the constitution, on the advice of Austria, to avoid a revolution throughout Italy, which he knew was on the point of bursting forth. He published the amnesty, recalling the exiles, and opened the prison doors to political offenders, but despatched secret lists of their names to Austria. He blessed the Italian banner, and the citizens who bore it to make war on Austria, while he protested in secret against that war. In fine, all that he promised publicly to the people, he forbade in private. The people called

aloud, Give us reform. He promised the railway, and secretly forbade the work; he ordered the public instruction of youth, while a secret command prevented the system from being established; he summoned a meeting of the provincial deputies, and when assembled refused to listen to their counsel; every principle of reform he yielded in public to the people was counteracted by a secret order, destroying the effect of his promises.

Flight is the usual resource of despots, who hate the popular will, and endeavour to evade their oaths in favour of liberty—a method very injurious to the people when it occurs; because tyrants, when left to their own caprice, or blinded by their passions, invariably end by recalling, as extorted, the liberty granted, and appealing to force. It appeared to me that the temporal power of the Pope was at an end, and, what is more surprising, not terminated by a popular revolution, but by the Pope himself. Pius IX., in basely abandoning Rome and his authority, expected to throw his people into the disorders of anarchy; but the dignified conduct of the Romans, truly a model people, being imitated by the entire population of the provinces, frustrated his wicked design, and instead of anarchy, such peace, tranquillity, and order reigned as had never existed under previous governments. During the republic, thefts, riots, and insults were unknown, and a man could walk safely

through every part of the city by day or night, which could not have happened under the Pontiff.

The people manifested to all Europe, by their dignified deportment, that they were worthy of better rulers. But will not the Roman Catholic diplomatists find a reason for defending the Head of the Church, by saying that he has been expelled from Rome? But where were the diplomatists to find means of reinstating the dethroned idol of despotism, either as a matter of right or as a matter of fact? We all know that it is false to say that the Pope was driven from his seat. He fled from Rome, abandoning his country to the greatest dangers, immediately after he had agreed to the reasonable requests of his people; whilst they, even in the excitement of a revolution, expressed, if not love, at least respect for his person. He had always shewed himself hostile to their wishes, and replied to the peaceful requests of an unarmed populace by the volleys of his Swiss; yet the people, though thus provoked, still testified their respect for him. He fled when all was tranquil and he had nothing to fear. How, then, can any one dare to say that the Romans expelled their Pope? The Romans were utterly astonished at hearing of his nocturnal flight in disguise, unable to comprehend his reason. The people, on being assembled to take counsel regarding their condition, by their first decree engaged, in the face of the world, to guarantee the

liberty of the Pope. As to the matter of right, I do not wish to examine the question politically whether the Pope is or is not the legitimate sovereign of Rome ; but examining it from a religious point of view, as to his being the Head of the Church, I say that it is false to assert that Rome is by right the seat of the Poppedom. Not to go into the theological question, I will disregard for one moment the absurdity of the thing, and admit that the Pope is the Head of the Roman Catholic Church ; still there is no proof in this that Rome ought to be the seat of his headship. Our Lord Jesus Christ founded His Church in Jerusalem ; and if there must be in the Church a Lord Bishop, superior to all others, surely he should be the Bishop of Jerusalem, and not of Rome. If Rome must be the seat of the Vicar of Christ, why has not our Lord said one word in the Gospel concerning it? The diplomatists expected that, in returning to Rome deprived of his temporal power, he must be for ever a slave. This remark involves in it a blasphemous assertion, for it implies that civil power is requisite to secure the liberty of the Head of the Church. The Lord Jesus Christ was, then, mistaken, when He reproved His disciples for desiring worldly power ; and when He said, " My kingdom is not of this world," He forgot the safety of the Church ; and in sending out His apostles, when He said, " Go ; behold, I send you forth as

lamb among wolves," He erred again, and should, perhaps, have bade them go out as wolves to devour and tyrannise over the flocks. For several centuries after the Church was founded, it retained freedom ; no possibility of temporal dominion had then occurred to churchmen.

Pius IX. seemed to personify the highest ideal of the Papal character, desiring to exercise both his spiritual and temporal power aright. And what was the result of attempting to blend duties continually in opposition ? The Priest-King discerned the rights of his subjects, and their interests, which demanded various reforms in the State, and these his *royal* heart was willing to grant ; but in putting his will in effect, he found himself entangled in the net of the so-called apostolic canons and constitutions, which, as Pope, he was bound to observe and maintain ; and in trying to fulfil his duties as Pope, neglected the claims of his regal office on his conscience. The populace did not comprehend the difficulties of his position, or despised them, and so rushed headlong on, carrying with them the King-Priest, who had been the pioneer, till his Papal conscience awoke. And now arose the contest : the popular torrent was too strong to be resisted openly, and Pius fell back into the old Papal track of falsehood and hypocrisy, (from sheer weakness,) in the hope that, by dividing the force of the current, he might

be able to stem it. He called himself the common Father of the Church and of all Christendom ; therefore the Croat was as dear to his paternal heart as the Italian ; and so stating his position, he declared not only his alienation from, but decided opposition to the war of independence, and began to devise mean and dark schemes to reduce the concessions he had made to nothing. But contemporary history will remain as a solemn monument to posterity of the impossibility of a Papal government fulfilling its duties even tolerably. Ten years of exile have taught me better to understand in what the benefits conferred by the Papacy on the Church and the people consist.

The Church, after being corrupted in principle, has been still further debased by hypocritical ceremonies. The gospel has been rolled from its foundations, and all worship reduced to mere formality. Despotic tyranny, under every form, is inculcated, and receives benediction. The benefits the people have derived from the temporal dominion of the Popes, may be briefly stated in a few words, comprising volumes of description. The Popes desire freedom for themselves—the freedom of the wolf, who would rend the flock at his pleasure.

O beloved Italy ! the hour shall come, when thine eyes shall be opened to see all the oppressions and humiliations to which the Popes have subjected thee ; and then thou wilt raise thy voice to cry aloud

against the wrongs thou hast undergone. Let us unite ourselves in spirit with Dante, Petrarch, Machiavelli, Campanella, Savonarola, and Guicciardini, all the master souls of our once glorious country, in proclaiming, "The Papacy has been the ruin of Italy."

I have read in Machiavelli a sentiment every Italian should bear deeply impressed on his mind—"That the destinies of Italy depend on the Papacy, and are therefore unhappy." I select two out of many arguments which might be adduced in support of this sentiment. The first is, that the bad conduct of the Popes, as individuals and as rulers, has been the cause of infinite disorders, by depriving Italy of all religion, or even sentiment of piety. Wherever true religion prevails, prosperity is to be found, even in temporal affairs; but when religion no longer rules the hearts and minds of a people, misery is the unfailing consequence. So that the debt Italians owe to the Papacy is, that she has dragged us into every conceivable form of corruption and irreligion. To her we owe the dismemberment of Italy; for the Papacy, though herself unequal to the occupation of the whole country, has exerted spiritual authority, as well as political influence, to prevent any other power from possessing the right to govern the land, as the head of a united people. And the result has been that Italy has

never re-established her nationality, but continued divided into little States, each ruled by a separate master, who has exercised unlimited sway over the minds and interests of his people, in so far as his policy did not affect either the Pope or the other despots. This division of interests has been productive of discords and weakness, that have not only reduced Italy to be the prey of barbarian enemies, but lay her, even now, at the mercy of any who may assail her.

If Popes have ever stood forth as defenders of Italian liberty, they have been influenced by selfish policy. When some of the Popes constituted themselves leaders of the Guelphs, no love for Italy impelled them, but a desire to gratify personal rancour, and secure vengeance on the Emperors for private wrongs. The details of history must prove to an attentive reader that I have given a mere sketch—drawn, as it were, only the shadow of the wrongs the Papacy has heaped upon Italy. To the Popes Italy sacrificed her nationality; and because the Popes promised to raise her to the first rank among nations, she completed her sacrifice. But have the Popes fulfilled their part of the treaty?

O Rome! Rome! thou hast called thyself the centre of religion since possessed of thy Pope. But canst thou tell me in what consists thy religion? Is the gospel, that divine law of peace, charity, and love, to be found in the hearts and hand of thy sons?

Has it not, on the contrary, been inscribed by the pretended Vicars of Christ on the Index of Prohibited Books, and thrown into the flames? Do thy priests proclaim peace, as the ambassadors of the God of peace? do they resemble their great Master, who came to console the poor, and break the chains of slavery over the world, not knowing Himself where to lay His head? No; they have in every age sown discord and confusion, and riveted thy bonds to perpetuate thy slavery, and insulted thy misery by their extravagant luxury. But let us draw a veil over individuals, while we make a few brief remarks concerning facts. Indifference and superstition prevail all over Italy, but especially in Rome. Of the pure religion of Christ nothing but the name is left. The spiritual worship ordained by our Lord, and which, instead of debasing reason, elevates her, is exchanged for a worship entirely material and false, derived from pagan Rome; and this substitution the Popes have effected to promote their own interests and those of the priests. The reasonable worship taught by St Paul has been overloaded by one which puts philosophy to the blush, and only adapted to the ignorant and vicious; but it fills the pockets of the priests, though in direct opposition to the spirit of the gospel. This Church has multiplied the sacraments, to make gain of them; mocking at once religion and the credulity of the people.

The result of this grinding injustice has been that the people have not only been crushed under the yoke of the Popes into political slavery, but have fallen into a stupid superstition or indifference to all religion. And it could not fall out otherwise : an infallible Pope of the nineteenth century could not retract that which another Pope, endowed with the same inherent infallibility, had established in the middle ages ; but the people of the nineteenth century having detected the credulity of their ancestors, have lost all faith in dogmas whose apparent falsehood makes them doubt even the fundamental truths of Christianity. While over a few timid and excitable minds superstition still holds her sway, it will be found that in regard to the mass of the nation my picture of Italy is too correct. How then can the Papacy be restored ? God has reserved to Himself the right of destroying this His enemy by the word of His mouth and the brightness of His appearing, and if she still is permitted to subsist, it is because He permits it in His own inscrutable wisdom. But had the people firmly protested against the restoration of the Papacy, except under such restrictions as must have crippled her power for evil, she might subsist, no longer the tyrant of the laws, but under their direction, and would be at least comparatively innocuous. Let there be a Pope, but let him be confined to his episcopal functions, like the holy Bishops

of Rome in the first three centuries of the Christian era.

The Italians can never be united as a nation, while the Pope holds one foot of land in the soil. There can be no hope of our seeing the religion of the gospel revive while the Papal intolerance endures, as the reader will clearly perceive, if he will kindly accompany me in a slight historical investigation. I maintain that the Papacy in every age has been, not only the instrument of despotism, but a tyrant in herself. And a glance at history will convince that the Papacy and a cruel despotism are synonymous. Facts prove that her most faithful and submissive subjects have been the most cruelly wronged by her oppressions. What people has evinced greater fidelity to the Pope than the Polish nation? and yet when they arose against the power of the Czars, striving to reconquer their lost nationality at the cost of generous blood, what did the Pope? Did he aid them? No; he stood by and saw Polish heroism beaten down, and the soldiers of the Czar extinguish their ferocity in the best blood of the country, while riveting fresh chains around her. And the Pope closed the scene by a malediction on his oppressed and faithful adherents; and Rome has witnessed the cordial embrace of the Pope and the Czar within her walls. Portugal, always faithful to the Popes, renounced her allegi-

ance to the dissolute and cruel Duke of Braganza, and demanded a constitution to guarantee her safety from future despots; but the Pope supported the cause of tyranny.

Mary's reign presents a brief but blood-stained passage in the history of England. The Inquisition was again in full force, exercising every species of torture, and under these, and in the fires of Smithfield, one hundred and seventy-six persons of rank lost their lives in the course of one year, without attempting to reckon the number of persons of inferior degree who perished for the same great cause. And the Inquisition, with a diabolical cruelty out of the pale of humanity, actually cited before her tribunals the bodies of those long dead, which were tried, condemned, and publicly burned. At length England cast off for ever the authority of Rome, and won for herself freedom and prosperity. Since England renounced Rome, she has been great and powerful, and shall she again bend her neck to the destroyer? Let her beware how she lends an ear to the wily serpent, even now gliding through her fair land, veiled under the form of the more august mode of worship and regular system of doctrine, by which Pusey pretends to improve the Church of England. Shall England renounce her sacred mission as protectress of humanity all over the world? Since she first held aloft the gospel, that all nations might

see and know her rule and guide, God has blessed her with innumerable privileges, in which I rejoice, in common with exiles from every other kingdom. She has gone forth to destroy slavery by example and by open resistance to tyranny ; but let her remember that her strength was given in recompence of openly acknowledging God as her King and Saviour, and abolishing idolatry at home ; and let her be vigilant lest the sting of the old serpent of Eden be not already in her vitals. Think well, O England ! on thy past history, and reflect that liberty in temporal affairs and matters of conscience came not to thee as the conquest of thine own right arm, but because the Lord hath blessed thy bold avowal of His name and assertion of His rights. The blood of thy best and most noble children was poured out in times of persecution, for the sake of Christ, but now, thy past calamities forgotten, and ignorant of the horrible evils of a despotism ruling soul and body, thou art in danger of falling back under the dominion of the Man of Sin. But I, who have just escaped her snares, can warn all England how evil and bitter is the bread Rome bestows on her children. After seven years' residence in England, I can bear testimony that Jesuitism walks abroad in the garb of Puseyism ; that the followers of this doctrine are the Pope's best propagandists—dear to him as the open and avowed Jesuits ! When a

clergyman of this sect leaves the Church of England by avowing his Roman Catholic belief, the Pope is much displeased, well knowing that he could be a more effective servant of the Church in the garb of a Protestant teacher than in that of the Romish Church. The doctrines of Pusey are concealed Romanism, and the constant conversions from this division of the Church of England to Rome prove my assertion.

We find the common adage verified in the Papal succession—viz., that the most wicked are sure to gain the highest posts; for there we find a Pope, and one venerated as a saint—Pius V.—who on the day of St Bartholomew, knowing the massacre to be in action in Paris, shook his fist in angry anxiety lest Charles IX. should hesitate in the ferocious purposes to which superstition had urged him. The Pope had taught this king that no other means of appeasing the wrath of God remained to him than shedding the blood of his subjects without a touch of remorse, who only asked the free use of the gospel; and this he was to do in the name of religion, which bids us forgive as we hope to be forgiven!

But Gregory XIII., the successor of Pius V., went greater lengths; for he publicly returned thanks in the French church of St Luigi for the execution done in the massacre—(oh, how horrible does such vindictive fury appear, when poured out as prayer in the ear of the God of mercy!)—and, that the

memory of the massacre might be perpetuated, as done in the name and by order of the Pope, Gregory caused a medal to be struck, bearing the fearful motto, "Hugonatorum Strages," and to be distributed to his faithful people.

The history of Italy is deeply melancholy, considered in relation to the effect the Papal authority has exercised on the Italian nationality. One Pope rent Rome and great part of Italy from the Roman Emperor, who had removed the seat of empire to Constantinople; not that by withdrawing her from the dominion of a despot, plunged in Eastern voluptuousness, her good might be attained, but to sell her to the Goths, in promotion of his own selfish ends and interests, regardless of the slavery of the people. And if a Pope placed himself at the head of the Lombard League, he did not in this seek the freedom of Italy, but the means of imposing on her his own yoke, that he might crush her into utter subjection, and then abandon her after having compromised her.

Venice alone upheld the honour of the Italian name, and she is well entitled to claim the praise of all Christendom for her gallant resistance to the power of the Popes, when left to contend single-handed. Venice was the sentinel of the seas, and opposed to Mohammedan invasion an unyielding barrier; Venice, honouring Italy, and preserving the

poor remains of Italian independence, could never be the friend of the Popes. A Pope, styled in the flattering language of the Roman court the very ideal of a Pope, the vindicator of Italian union as one nation—Julius II.—while embracing Naples, oppressed by the Spanish yoke, and extending his hand to Lombardy, torn by a thousand factions, regarded with envious anxiety Venice free, and conspired to overthrow her, and uproot the detested name of liberty from Italy, by entering into a league with Turkey. Venice, heroic Venice, still resisting, even after this blow, in three centuries of a glorious death-agony, saw herself compelled to succumb. There was no barbarous nation to whom the Popes did not hold unhappy Italy to barter—Goths, Vandals, Longobardians, Burgundians, and Huns; Austrians, and at length the French, came at the call of the Popes, or, if not invited, unopposed, to lacerate and destroy Italy, bleeding from perpetual wounds. It is enough to cite, in example, how often the Popes have sold the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the Normans, the Arragonese to Austria, Spain to him, in fine, who offered the highest price. In the sixteenth century, Florence maintained her freedom; but Clement VII. came at the head of a foreign army and enchained her for ever.

But why has this malignant genius infested our beloved country? Who can point out a means to

deliver the holy soil from this monster? O ye dear Britons! I have recalled these facts to your minds for two reasons: the first is, because I would ask your sympathy and aid for those groaning in the bitterness of bondage; and the second is, that you may see deeper cause than ever to loathe and detest this portentous iniquity, which the powers of hell have shaped to their use; for, if by chance some Papal shadow shall brood over your land, believe me, freedom, civil and religious, all your boasted institutions, must fall, and in their stead arise slavery, ignorance, and superstition.

CHAPTER VII.

MEN are apt to yield to some passionate impulse, which urges them into ill-considered measures, and which reason finds herself unequal to control. The mental vision being confused by sudden surgings of sentiments and feelings, people run blindly along the path to the goal their wishes seem already to have attained. But within their breasts they bear an unyielding monitor, and a stern judge, who speak with tremendous power, however men may strive to repress and silence them—reason and conscience.

And thus, reason uplifted her voice in Rome, the day after the flight of the Pope, prognosticating fatal consequences to us all from such an event. We felt that Pius might appeal to all Roman Catholic nations for aid to regain his throne,—following in this the example of some of his predecessors,—and that, like them, he might return in triumph over the dead bodies of his conquered children. Like the voice of a trumpet, reason seemed to proclaim the host of dangers against which we must prepare ourselves, and warned us of the ruin Pius, out of Rome, would too surely bring on the Italian cause.

The first announcement of his departure was received in profound silence, as if a stupor of fear had fallen on the populace, lately so excited. No cries of joy, or happy auguries, were heard from the democrats, or the agitators in the city. The first emotion was that of fear and discouragement; no one spoke to his neighbour of the event that occupied the thoughts of all, but every countenance bore traces of internal agitation. The boasters even were silenced. The most bold and forward hung their heads; the most adverse to Papal dominion testified no joy, and shewed no inclination to display or triumph in their principles; and the most ostentatious liberals became suddenly humble. An ill-boding tumult—a questioning of one another as to what was about to happen was heard; on all faces one read a deep anxiety. This memorable news excited no surprise in me, as I had always expected the event, and did not in the least regret that Pius had deprived us of his presence, because I felt no tenderness for Pope or Papacy, but nevertheless I apprehended the most fatal consequences.

The ministry issued a proclamation inviting the Romans peacefully to assume their new position and duties. This was a mere form, since the Romans, either from self-respect or patriotic sentiments, had maintained throughout order and tranquillity. The ministry promised to practise great

vigilance in the exercise of power, that peace might not be disturbed in consequence of the hasty retreat of the Holy Father from his seat of government, and announced entire confidence in the good conduct and moderation of the Romans. Count Mamiani, who had refused to accept office under the Pope, at this critical juncture, when the country so greatly required counsel and direction, was persuaded by the earnest entreaties of the parliament to accept the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, moved by a generous zeal to disregard the difficulties and perils to which he exposed himself. After the first shock of surprise was over, the patriots of all shades of opinion met to discuss the questions arising out of the new posture of affairs, and decide on the steps to be taken. The necessity of keeping alive the enthusiasm of the people and encouraging confidence in all minds was very evident, and it was resolved that we should avail ourselves of every means within reach ; which we accordingly set about with energy and courage.

Meanwhile, the parliament assembled frequently ; and on the first occasion, Prince Canino, with his usual frankness, declared openly that the *Costituente Italiana* must be proclaimed. Mamiani, with more matured wisdom, maintained that the best remedy for the extreme evils into which the country had fallen, and the only method of saving her from ruin, would be found in a Confederation of the Italian

states; but no resolution on this subject was arrived at—only a motion was made to recognise the sovereignty of the Pope, which passed unanimously, and a proclamation to that effect was published by order of the assembly. Meanwhile the project of Mamiani for an Italian Confederation was presented to the council of deputies, and received with favour, so that some prospect of saving the country still remained.

The plan followed by the ministry was to act strictly in accordance with the laws; and with a legitimate sovereign, their zealous efforts might have succeeded, for he could have understood their patient loyalty; but a man like the Pope, who had ascended out of insignificance to his throne, could not appreciate their motives. He had attained his position as king by means of that religion whose great Law-giver declares, "My kingdom is not of this world;" how then could he appreciate an observance of law on the part of others towards himself?

As an edifying instance of lawful authority, there arrived at this time from Gaeta one of the Papal briefs, protesting against the violence exercised on him, as he said, in Rome, in the customary solemn and swollen style of the Church, annulling all his acts from the 16th to the 24th of November, dismissing the ministry, and nominating a council composed of men professing principles directly op-

posed to freedom, to whom he confided the direction of public affairs. Had this ordinance been acted upon, universal disorder must have ensued; but the chamber of deputies declared it an illegal and unconstitutional document, proceeding from an absent sovereign, and being without the signature of a responsible minister. Thus, this attempt on the part of his Holiness to excite disorder was foiled, and the people remained tranquil.

Meanwhile, the leaders of public opinion came forward, manifesting hope and joy, recommending firmness to the citizens; though, in reality, they themselves were anxious and depressed. Mamiani, in order to avoid the collision that now seemed inevitable, appealed to the powers of Europe to interpose their influence in favour of the Italian cause, in conjunction with the already established laws of the country; and the two chambers chose a deputation to send to Gaeta, in order to represent to the Pope the difficulties his absence threw in the way of a peaceable termination of the dispute, and to prevail on him to return and make the necessary provision for a suitable system of government, and so supply the deficiency in the executive power caused by his absence; or, failing in this reasonable request, they were to urge his Holiness to establish his residence in some city within his own States. The senator of Rome was present, and joined the

other deputies in this appeal to the sovereign. The deputies sent to Gaeta were men who enjoyed the highest reputation, and were bound to no party, and honestly believed that their representations and entreaties, supported by powerful arguments, might move the sovereign to adopt better measures—forgetting his other character of Pope, and so misleading themselves.

The deputation left Rome, carrying with it the good wishes of the moderate party—and even those of some of the ultra-liberals, whose intentions were good. They reached the frontier of the Neapolitan territory without any suspicion, but at Portello, in that kingdom, they were met by an inspector of police, who, on learning the object of their journey, commanded their immediate return, as he had positive orders to prevent any deputation from Rome approaching the presence of his Holiness, or even entering the kingdom of Naples. Rejected with such contumely, the deputation shewed much displeasure, but, anxious to fulfil the mission entrusted to them, wrote to Cardinal Antonelli from Terracina, desiring him to find means of obtaining access for them to the Pope. The reply at length arrived, announcing that the Holy Father, in the declaration of his will, given at Gaeta the 27th of November, had already promulgated the reasons which had led to his temporary abandonment of his

capital; and that these reasons must prevent *his* giving audience to the deputation. The Cardinal added, that his Holiness continually directed his prayers to God, that He would shew mercy to Rome and the whole States of the Church. How should these prayers, offered in the very spirit of the sacrifice of Cain, find acceptance at the throne of the Most High? And thus the Pope closed every door of reconciliation against his people. The government had despatched the deputation composed of men eminent as good citizens, but holding no extreme opinions, that they might appear as suppliants, and soften the heart of the obdurate sovereign. No other opening was left for promoting a good understanding between Pius and the Romans, to avert the threatened storm from the country; but perhaps Pius was blind to the inevitable consequences of thus cutting off every hope of accommodation, which must of necessity drive the Romans to desperate measures, and a positive breach between him and his States must follow. They might proceed at once to throw off their allegiance and deny him as their king; while, on the other hand, he would find himself constrained to exercise the same cruelties as his predecessors had practised towards unhappy Italy.

He knew well the consequences that must follow when he sent back the deputies; the step had been

Well weighed ; and he rejoiced, as Pope, at the evils in prospect for the country, as a revenge for her rejection of his authority.

But the fire of revolution had now burst forth in Rome, and on the Pope the responsibility must rest for ever ; for he had fostered the love of knowledge and of liberty in the people, and then cheated their just expectations ; and now was ready to involve Italy in all the horrors of civil war, unless Rome consented to give herself bound to the Priest-King, prostrating herself as a slave at his feet to cry for mercy ; thus restoring his power, and leaving him to add weight to the chains which, after centuries of such ineffable bondage, the people had nearly severed at last. To obviate the risk she must incur from the tremendous collision now imminent, must the sweets of liberty be renounced, and Rome be silenced by the fulminations of the pretended Vicar of Christ ? None of the eminent men who guided the public mind and affairs were capable of conceiving such ideas ; but had it been so, the mass of the people, whose minds had been awakened to the value of liberty, and been trained in the exercise of the duties it imposes, would strenuously have resisted the reaction. The most distinguished orators and patriots had exerted all the powers of their eloquence to excite an eager longing for freedom ; and the dignity with which the people asserted their

rights shewed how skilfully and conscientiously the leaders, including priests and friars, had exerted their influence. The people had seen the Head of the Church recognise liberty combined with religion; the Cross was planted as a standard amid free institutions; and now the Pope would have them embrace slavery of mind and body, by returning to the religious superstitions he had taught them to despise. The people would never consent to receive him back on these terms. Never! So affairs must proceed in despite of Pope and Cardinals, and Rome took up her stand in opposition to the Pope.

The government was obliged to act with the people; in the various *Circoli*, fervid orators poured forth floods of eloquence, exalting to the utmost the popular enthusiasm. Ambition prompted some men to join in the proposed overthrow of priestly power, expecting high posts in the government; while the hopes of sincere lovers of their country were raised to the highest pitch, believing that the Pope's obstinacy might lead to an entire emancipation. They pictured to themselves Rome renewed in glory, rising as mistress of the world, the only rival of the ancient Rome, and by stirring appeals to the people, gained their sympathy and concurrence; while the monuments of ancient splendour and renown lent their aid to the excitement. The very walls found words, and all the facts of history recorded in the

grand Latin eloquence reminded them of the deeds of their fathers, struggling to obtain or uphold their liberties.

The evils done by priests spoke still more loudly, and the lively nature of the southern Italian lent fire to all these arguments ; so that a conflagration, as it were, of ideas, resolutions, and declarations arose in the assemblies, and thence flowed like a river of fire among the people.

The men of the Campodoglio were no longer devoted to the Pope, in adoration of the man-idol erected by human superstition ; their real descent proclaimed itself—sons of Marius, Camillus, and the two Brutuses ; their fiery zeal promised to bear down all obstacles, heightened by the stern joy bred of the despair which had bound the breasts of many during years of exile, who, dreading a new and still harder banishment, eagerly united with the people in their determination to resist. The Pope's refusal of the deputies sent by the government had produced a project for depriving him of his temporal dominion, and for a provisional government. I, seeing in the person of the Pope only a traitor and a despot, both in public and private, with all my power urged this project, and proved from historical facts that we must renounce and sever all ties which bound us to the Papacy. Had the members of the Circolo Popolare listened to me when I foretold the flight of the Pope, Pius could

not have effected his escape, and I should not be in exile. A motion was brought into parliament for a committee with ample powers to conduct the government. After much discussion, no resolution whatever was arrived at.

The populace became more and more inflamed, being continually excited by demagogues, the foremost among whom was the well-known Cicero Vachio, who became a powerful and useful agent. A tumultuous crowd constantly filled the streets and squares with uproar and confusion; some ran through the streets with cardinals' caps on their heads, and then threw the caps and other trappings, with contemptuous vociferations, into the Tiber. The popular frenzy could no longer be restrained, for the carabineers were more disposed to unite in this demonstration than to resist it. The civic guard in general stood aloof with indifference, though a few partook the popular excitement.

I regretted all these disturbances, being inexperienced in revolutions; but such movements are inevitable while changes in government are in progress.

The Chambers voted that a Junta di Stato should be formed, to act in the name of the absent sovereign; and thus was constituted a sort of provisional government, which, bearing the appearance of dependence on the Pope, exercised in reality the regal power. This was a dangerous, but inevitable step, as no other

means could be devised to meet the difficulties of the position. The members of the Junta di Stato were wisely chosen—Orsini, Camerata, and Zucchini, being able statesmen. The council of ministers published the list, and empowered them to act. In a few days the Pope protested, through Antonelli, against the junta, as impiously and irreligiously usurping the power of the Sovereign Pontiff. The democratic party, very numerous in Rome, and powerful with the people, was not opposed to the junta; indeed, crowds of democrats poured into Rome from all parts of Italy, full of zeal for the revolution. At this juncture Garibaldi arrived, and was received in triumph, both on account of his bravery and his liberal principles.

The Circoli at every meeting listened to discourses of the most inflammatory nature, which added new fuel to the always growing flames. The *Costituente Italiana* was decidedly proposed; but Mamiani opposed himself to the measure, determining to maintain the rights of the Pope inviolate in connexion with the constitution; for the good Mamiani actually believed the Pope meant to be faithful to the constitution. At length the people, after repeated vivas in honour of Garibaldi, traversed the city, demanding with loud cries a republic and the *Costituente Italiana*. Mamiani called out the civic guard to repress the tumult, and the commander, Gallieno, posted patrols about the city, in

order to put down the demonstrations of the people ; but in vain, for the civic guard itself, after an inflammatory discourse delivered by Sterbini, determined almost to a man to take part with the people. This news flew over Rome, and was received with shouts of applause. Mamiani renewed his resistance, but the Junta of State issued a decree declaring itself dissolved, since the *Costituente* was decreed and established, upon which Mamiani retired from the ministry.

In the midst of all these agitations I found my position very painful. My principles were liberal it is true, but not ultra, so that I was compelled to withdraw from the tumult, and stand as a simple spectator, but still ready to give my labour and my life as a sacrifice for my country. It was at this moment that we received from Sicily the alarming news, that the perjured Bourbon, on depriving his subjects of the constitution, like Pius IX., had sent a fleet to Sicily, which bombarded Messina. It is not for me to describe the memorable defence of that city, where men, old and young, women, children, and priests, exposed their breasts against the cruel Bourbon. The condition of the wretched city cannot be told, after the destruction inflicted by the unsparing cannon of King Bomba. So fearful were the effects, that the English and French admirals summoned the Neapolitan fleet and the citadel to

desist from the atrocious massacre. I can only say, that the account roused me to the highest pitch of rage against Pius IX., who could remain the guest of such a tyrant, rejoicing with him over atrocities committed on Sicily, and insulting the God of mercy by singing together a hymn of thanksgiving for the overthrow of that unhappy country. From this moment I renounced Pius IX., and regarded him as a true Pope, in no respect differing from his predecessors.

The document in which the Junta of State decreed the *Costituente* was signed by Camerata, and by Galletti, the successor of Zucchini; for the latter had already resigned along with the new ministry; and Orsini refused to subscribe.

In the provinces the constitutionalists began to give way to the partisans of the *Costituente*, some with good intention, and others from purely interested motives; and certainly the last were the most noisy, and made ostentatious displays of their patriotic zeal, like a wheel which makes always more noise as it becomes more defective. In this emergency, the conduct of the clergy is worthy of remark. With a few exceptions, they were opposed to liberal opinions, and yet, with a striking pliability, all unanimously followed the current, in the hope of retaining their benefices or other possessions, if the new order of things should ultimately be established;

which shews how little they listened to conscience, either as churchmen or citizens, but that they were swayed by motives of personal convenience.

The Pope, as was to be expected, sent from Gaeta a *Monitorio*, containing the greater excommunication, which he ordered to be fulminated against all who supported the *Costituente Italiana*. This formal protest on the part of the Head of the Church decided the question, by enlisting the Roman Catholic kingdoms to support his cause; and from this moment Roman liberty was doomed. Pius acted in perfect consistency; for as Pontiff he could not submit his sovereignty to the decision of a popular assembly, governed almost without exception by democratic principles; and folly alone would have permitted the hope that the Catholic powers would stand neutral to see a brother despot reduced virtually to obey a populace through its representatives. When he published the excommunication, the Pope did not reflect that this two-edged sword, which in former ages had proved irresistible, when wielded by a Hildebrand, had rusted in the scabbard during centuries of disuse, and could only break when uplifted by a Pope of the nineteenth century, and excite the derision of those he designed to terrify. But he availed himself of this weapon as the best means of dividing the people, and throwing them into a civil war, that even over the bodies of his children he

might remount the throne he had voluntarily abandoned. He relied on the priests and clergy in general, and urged them to sow discord and suspicion from the pulpit, and in the confessionals, among the people. But infallible as he calls himself, he mistook the character of the Romans, for both engines failed to produce any effect, though some of the people were moved by the excommunication, as affecting their spiritual privileges—thus sowing the seeds of distrust among the people.

But notwithstanding these efforts, the Pope and his base emissaries were disappointed in their expectations. For, instead of delivering up the heads of her brave defenders, as steps by which Pius might re-ascend his throne, the nation almost unanimously rose against the interdict, and trod it under foot, and thus broke down another barrier in the path of Italian regeneration, by an open rupture with the Papacy. On seeing this, the clergy, instead of supporting the authority of their chief by uniting against the people, formed two parties—one for the Pope, while the other declared for the people.

When the elections of members of the *Costituente* commenced, the enthusiasm of the populace broke all bounds ; and no wonder that the right of universal suffrage, so suddenly placed in their hands, should have excited men who had grown old under

an iron weight of tyranny. The streets, cafés, all places of assembly, resounded with cries, demonstrations, and even lectures, in favour of one candidate or another.

Pretensions were set up by men who had no pretence to offer of zeal or ability. Many boasted of principles they had never before avowed, till every house from the palace to the cottage, had its private debates carrying on continual discussions; but this only compels the avowal that no disorderly excesses occurred during all this scene of confusion.

The ballot at length was taken simultaneously in Rome and the provinces. The candidates nominated rarely met opposition, being accepted in various towns and villages, either on account of tried patriotism or a public impression in their favour; or sometimes, it must be confessed, because they bore down by sheer impudence all resistance while others were sure of return from private regard, or party spirit on the part of the voters.

It must be borne in mind that the greater excitement laid, not only the Government and Costituente, but all who in any way aided in spreading or upholding the principles professed by these bodies, under the Papal ban. But in the midst of this, a man of undoubted character, though considered too zealous in his attachment to the Italian cause—the Bishop of Rieti—not only determined to



the election in his diocese, by voting at the beginning, but, to encourage his clergy in going forward to vote, remained while the votes were taken ; but see how uncertain are the movements of the sons of the Papacy, for only two of the Bishop's clergy voted.

The Bishop of Terracina followed the example of the Bishop of Rieti, with more success, for all his diocesans gave their votes for members of the *Costituente*.

Cardinal Opizzoni issued a prohibition against the reading of the interdict by the clergy of his archbishopric of Bologna, saying that the Holy Father had not the power to excommunicate on account of political and secular affairs.

The boasted fidelity of the clergy of Rome to the Pope in regard to the excommunication was displayed by the liberals among them going in crowds to the colleges to give their votes, so that the doors were besieged by their numbers. Cardinal Cadorini of Ferrara, remarkable for his piety, and the Cardinal at Ancona, noted for sound doctrine, with many bishops, prelates, and priests, protested formally against reading the excommunication. But I am sorry to say, that, on the other hand, there were cardinals and bishops, priests and friars, who supported it with all their influence, and resisted the elections to the utmost. Cardinal Clarelli,

Bishop of Monte Fiascone and Corneto, sent dresses to all his clergy, urging them to hinder election of members of the *Costituente*, as the institution was itself contrary to the divine law,—perverting the Word of God into a means of discord, that the demon of civil dissension might exercise his baleful sway in families and parties.

the opponents were foiled for the time, though Cardinal Archbishop of Fermo proceeded to greater lengths, for he sent out his clergy as emissaries among the people, to teach submission to the indictment; thus reversing the command of Him in whose name he pretended to act, and sending wolves in sheep's clothing among the flocks committed to their care, that war and blood might follow in their track. This Cardinal addressed a circular to his vicars, directing them to excite the priests to embroil themselves and be ready to take up arms against the liberals, whom he denominated sacrilegious persons because they strove by pen and speech to bring about the downfall of the Pope's temporal power. Here is another instance of ignorance or malignity displayed by a Cardinal, who calls sacrilegious a simple and peaceful attempt to put down, by enlightening the public mind, an authority usurped by the Popes, in His name who has said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and thus has left a lasting test against the regal rights they lay claim to.

circular mentioned caused the war between priests and people ; none were admitted to partake the sacraments, or stand sponsors at baptisms, who voted for the *Costituente* ; no priest would receive their confessions, or bless their marriages ; and thus alarm and dismay were spread on every side. Now, I cannot but ask on which side lay the sin of sacrilege ?—with those who exercised, peacefully, a civil right, or with those who abused and perverted sacred things ?

The circular conveyed to all obedient priests the encouraging assurance, that the Pope was much comforted by their faithful adherence, and imparted to them, in reward of their zeal and fidelity, his apostolic benediction. Equally strong, but vain, were the efforts of the Bishop of Sinigaglia, against whose efforts the people rose in arms, and compelled him to take to flight. During the following night, an extensive robbery was committed on the *Monte Pieta*—gold and silver plate, and ornaments, with many precious things, were carried off. The people did not hesitate to ascribe the theft to the priests, who had wished by this vile act to throw discredit on the populace, to some of whom they imputed the guilt, in revenge for the expulsion of the Bishop.

The contradictory statements sent forth by the Church still further alienated the people. Convinced of the unity of truth, they were persuaded that she

could only be found on one side or the other, ~~when~~ men preached directly contrary doctrines in the ~~name~~ of the gospel. In Rome, the Jesuits used pretended miracles as a means of popular excitement in ~~their~~ own favour; but the absurd stories they invented only threw ridicule on themselves. They declared, that on certain crucifixes beards had grown; images shed hot tears, or the eyelids opened and shut; letters descended from heaven for the Jesuits to distribute in the city; prophecies were spread abroad, full of the gloomiest auguries, and a thousand base and puerile contrivances, worthy only of the middle ages, were set in action. The words of a journal in reference to these things are significant of public opinion:—"It seems hardly credible that, in our day, a party among the clergy should still exist weak or base enough thus to prostitute all that is august and holy to such ignoble ends, instead of inculcating peace and charity, brotherly love, and patriotism. Do these men not discern that the reign of superstition is finished? While the people become daily more truly religious, vital piety is almost dead among the clergy. On whom, then, do they expect to impose? Surely they no longer contemplate the possibility of misleading a people, instructed by reading, to think and reason; so that the motives of ambitious and unscrupulous men are clearly discerned and appreciated. The time has come when the people well

know that the desire of independence and hatred of tyranny are not sinful in the eyes of God ; but that, on the contrary, the love of country, and zeal for the good of fellow-citizens, are learned from the Bible as duties incumbent on Christians."

I must return once more to the excommunication ; for I wish the reader to understand, that, powerful as this engine of the middle ages proved itself in the hands of former Popes, it has lost all effect in our times, and become contemptible to the meanest of the people. The authors of Italy combine in marking the gradual progress of ideas on this subject ; and thence I deduce the development of the Italian mind, and ask if it be possible to govern any longer an enlightened people by an iniquity so monstrous ? In a letter from Naples, written on the 10th of January 1859, the writer says, that " the boys are selling the Pope's bull about the streets of the city, calling out, ' The bull of the Pope for a grano ! A grano for the bull ! ' " offering a spectacle quite new to us of the highest Pontifical act being treated as a good jest by the populace, who hiss the children, tearing the papers to pieces and burning them. When the bull was placarded on the walls of the market-place, it was immediately torn down amid popular clamour, which brought out a troop of soldiers to clear the square : not even the lazzaroni had any longer belief or reverence for excommunications.

In Rome, the government, against which the interdict was launched, with design to excite the people to remove it, was compelled to issue a proclamation, recalling the people to order, after a revolt had broken out in open resistance to the bull; and so violent and determined were the populace, that the proclamation, supported by a strong military force, hardly sufficed to suppress the demonstrations in favour of the provisional government.

Surely the scene I have described affords a striking comment on Papal influence in Rome: The Pope attempting by an interdict to rouse the people against the Liberals, but only bringing their fury on himself, while the Liberals repressed the tumult and maintained order. The parliament declared the excommunication null and void, on the plea of no reasonable motive existing for such an act,—a demand for constitutional liberty being no cause of excommunication. Pius VII. had settled that point, by decreeing that the Papacy could subsist under a Republic. The "Romagnolo," a journal published in Ravenna, demonstrated that the engrafting of the sceptre on the pastoral staff lay at the root of all the evils that devoured Italy. Indeed, the Italian press was nearly unanimous in expressing this opinion. Pius IX., in contradiction of Pius VII., excommunicated his subjects for demanding political rights, at the time when he bestowed

the communion with his own hands on the Bourbon, still reeking from the massacres of Palermo, Messina, and Naples, and that of Pizzo in Calabria—calling the tyrants of Europe his most beloved sons, while regarding his own people as a rebellious rabble.

During the struggle for the *Costituente Italiana*, the Roman Catholic Powers expressed great interest in the position of the Pope; and Austria, France, and Spain offered to send troops to his assistance. After the *Costituente* had met, some demagogues inspired the populace with the idea of a republic, and the question was brought before the assembly and warmly debated; but on the division, the majority was found to be in favour of the republic. On the 5th of February, one hundred and forty deputies being present in the assembly, Armellini inaugurated the sovereignty of the people by a long discourse, in which he detailed all the wrongs the Pope had done the country, and was warmly applauded by many members, while from the galleries broke loud *Evivas*, in which Prince Canino, in the body of the Assembly, joined eagerly, shouting, "Long live the Republic!" The enthusiasm of the galleries excited and encouraged the deputies, though some of them still felt and expressed great disapprobation of this new step. The democratic orators took the lead, with arguments in favour of the change, clothed in language full of fire, and the constitu-

tionalists dared no longer resist. Eloquent discourse were addressed to the Romans out of doors, inflaming them by all the charms of oratory, to recall the glories of two thousand years ago, as if two thousand years were not enough to change the character and necessities of a nation. However, the votes in the assembly had established the republic. Out of one hundred and forty-two members, only ten voted against it; twelve declined the vote, while the rest were unanimous in favour of the republic. After the vote had been taken, the president, Galletti, read the decision of the assembly.

Thus was decreed, in right and in fact, the deposition of the Pope from temporal power.

The whole audience cheered many times for the republic, and the sitting closed. The following day the deputies assembled in great pomp at the Campidoglio, and the enthusiasm with which they were greeted surpasses description. Bands of musics paraded the streets, and a general illumination, with lamps of the three national colours, took place in the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE overthrow of the Pope as a temporal prince being accomplished, the people seemed satisfied, and were persuaded that the temporal dominion usurped by the Popes was not only in itself wicked and unchristian, but had been exercised in a spirit of opposition to the law of God, and the rights and interests of mankind.

The Costituente expressed, almost with one voice, the resolute aversion of the people of Rome for the Papal Government, as the root and author of all the evils, civil and religious, which had lacerated Italy for ten centuries. The pacific arrangement and fulfilment of so great a revolution afforded good reason to hope, that the statesmen who conducted affairs were competent to sustain the herculean cares that still rested upon them. A revolution unexampled in history had been peacefully carried through by the representatives of the people, in obedience to the popular voice ; and though the movement had from the first been directed against the churchmen, and, of late, against their Head, no attempt against religion itself had been committed. The populace

restrained their just indignation, and profaned churches, maltreated no priests, that no false motives might be ascribed to throw discredit on their zeal for liberty.

The Pope was opposed only when he shewed himself determined again to rivet the chains his own hands had unlocked.

None rejoiced more sincerely than myself at the declaration, that the temporal power of the Pope had ceased, so that we might hope that he had left Rome for ever, and lost his supremacy; and I should have rejoiced in the prospect of a vigorous and stable government, established constitutionally, and doing away with the destructive uncertainty inherent to the Papal tyranny. This would have been consonant to my principles, and also to the aversion the Pope and the whole system of the Roman Church had inspired me with. But the evils I had all along dreaded seemed rapidly developing themselves. Foreign intervention became inevitable, and with all other true patriots I shuddered at the horrible struggle in which Italy must be plunged.

The government of Rome, during the brief existence of the republic, deserves particular mention and description, as the effort of a people to whom political rule had been a dead letter for ages. As was to be expected, a great mixture of motives and actions displayed themselves. Exalted virtues and

great vices, sublime traits of disinterestedness among individuals, unbounded love of liberty, were all in exercise, with an enthusiastic zeal, and ever-growing hatred to the priestly despotism. The statesmen at the head of affairs shewed themselves free from the stain of personal ambition; and contrasted with this was the violence of the demagogues, who succeeded in leading the populace into some excesses against the republic.

Another danger lay in the innovations introduced into the management of affairs, some only of which produced good effects, while others proved injurious.

A reaction, covert indeed, but still in some measure successful, had already commenced in favour of the Pope. Persons from the lowest positions in life rose suddenly to rank and power; while some, entitled by character and education, as well as birth, to lead, were depressed by the upstarts, who desired to gain money and influence for themselves; so that the wisest counsels were often set aside, and the most foolish adopted. In short, Rome at this epoch presented the most astonishing combination of motives and consequences—good and perverse, sublime and mean, magnanimous and egotistical, according to individual disposition; sincerity and disinterestedness on the part of the leaders, contrasting with the artifices and violence of those who sought power

only to gratify their ambition. All this belongs to the history of the period, and my office is to record my own story, connected with the great end of unmasking hypocrisy in Popery, by detailing events which occurred under my eyes.

As the safety of Rome appeared secure at this period, seeing the necessity of securing the liberty of the country on a firm basis, and urged by my profound love for Italy, I took the resolution of joining my brave compatriots, who were carrying on the war against the great upholder of the Papacy and enemy of Italian liberty—Austria. No sooner had the thought struck me, than I prepared for my departure, only pausing to consider the position of the parties engaged in the conflict, in order to decide my own movements. Venice and Piedmont were both engaged against Austria, but Venice stood on the defensive, while Piedmont made open offensive war on Austria ; so I resolved to attach myself to her army, as affording a larger field for exertion and exposure. Before leaving Rome, I imparted my purpose to several young men of good family, and they at once begged leave to join me. Twenty of us set off in company, and proceeded on our journey, filled with national ardour and hope ; but, alas ! our expectations were disappointed,—for at Rieti the disastrous intelligence reached us of the defeat of the forces of Piedmont, the abdication of Charles Albert,

and the triumph of the Austrian arms. In Italy, now only two altars to liberty maintained her sacred fire—Rome and Venice—and both were republics ; so that republicanism alone promised safety to Italy. Whether we could save her seemed very doubtful ; but at least I resolved to strike a good blow for freedom in battle, determined to die for Italy, if I might not serve her living. Many heroic men had sacrificed their lives during the struggle, and more were hurrying to the scenes of action.

I decided to return to Rome, where I was known. I had already taken part in the revolution. On reaching the capital, we found the government busily engaged in providing against an attack, in case the Emperor meditated making one ; but there was little risk that the Austrians would enter the Roman States at that moment, as Venice fully occupied their attention. And since we had nothing to apprehend from Austria, what other power could assail us ? Surely not republican France : and England, free and Protestant, only desires to see other nations happy in the same blessings ; so how could she take up arms to restore a despot, and the pretended Vicar of Christ ?

Thus being secure in the neutrality of France and England, and having little to apprehend at the moment from Austria, we were ready to engage any enemy who might appear ; so that, not yet regarding the cause of my country as desperate, and looking on

the republic as the only hope left for Rome, I *took* service in her army. Many battalions of *troops* were formed, and were joined by men distinguished both by rank and education, and among these I *en-*rolled myself.

With the other young men, citizens of Rome, I was indefatigable in acquiring military skill, and can truly say we were not slow in learning all the necessary exercises, that we might be good soldiers when Rome should need our arms ; and I may now say that we did no discredit to our training, when placed under the fire of the enemy. Rome had so long been protected by the armies of foreign tyrants, that the new government had great difficulty in collecting the muniments of war, and was obliged to despatch agents to England and France to collect arms of all sorts. Cannon for the defence of the walls, fire-arms, swords, sabres, as well as everything else, was deficient. What was to be done ? To provide cannon, the government ordered that the superfluous bells of the churches should be taken down and cast into cannon—always, however, leaving the bells untouched in the basilicas, cathedrals, and parish churches ; and this was the only outrage offered to churches during the revolution in Rome ; so that the infamous calumnies of the detractors of Roman character are unworthy of notice. These denounced the republic as the robber of churches,

as well as despotic in rule. When the bells of St Philippini were to be lowered in the church called Chiesa Nuova, the priests to whom this church belonged strove to excite a tumult, that the people might hinder the supposed insult to religion—for the religion of the brethren of the Oratoire had taken refuge in the spires—but the people remained quiet spectators of the scene, and when the bells came to the ground broke into shouts of "Long live the Republic!"—a strong proof that the influence of the priesthood was almost at an end in Rome. Though dedicated to a military life, I still lost no opportunity of warning against evils, or proposing plans likely to be beneficial to the country and society. One of my strongest wishes had always been to see destroyed the Sebastopol of Papal despotism, in the palace and dungeons of the Inquisition. Full of this thought I went to the Minister Sterbini, and among the subjects we discussed, the first was the destruction of the Inquisition. The good minister replied, "I had already thought of it, dear friend; have no fear that we shall sleep on it; be joyful, be united, and ready to defend your country, and be assured the measure shall be proposed to the assembly." I thanked him, and withdrew, rejoicing in the good news.

In other countries the palaces of the Inquisition were destroyed by a furious mob; but Rome, true to

herself, acted with the dignity which had characterised all the steps of the revolution, and left the government to overthrow the Holy Office by a legal measure.

On the 27th, the Minister Sterbini proposed the following decree in the Costituente:—"That the tribunal of the Holy Office be abolished for ever, the palace razed to the ground, and a column erected on the site to serve as a memorial to posterity." The Assembly passed the decree by acclamation, amidst the joyful applause of the people in the galleries, who rent the air with Evivas; marking the feeling of the country against an institution which seems founded on principle to oppose the command of our Lord, who says, "Let him who will, follow me;" but in strict accordance with Mohammed's rule of "Believe, or die!"

Scarcely was the decree published, when a deputation was sent by the government to examine the prison, and set at liberty those unhappy persons who might be found alive within the walls of the dreadful dungeons. The Archbishop Cashiur, who had been a prisoner for twenty years, was found so reduced and emaciated, that he could hardly walk. Thrown into the dungeon at the age of twenty-two, the long confinement in the mephitic air of that prison of the middle ages, had caused such intense suffering, that the health of the unhappy man was

utterly destroyed. Gregory XVI., tyrant as he was, had still moments when gleams of humanity influenced him, and he had occasionally permitted Cashiur the privilege of breathing the open air and taking some exercise, though always under a strong guard ; and during this period the health of the wretched man sensibly improved. But Pius IX., the Reformer of Italy, the Holy, the Envoy of God, in his generous clemency cut off even this little indulgence, and consigned the poor prisoner to the secret dungeons ; from whence, had the republicans not delivered him, he must ere long have fallen a victim to the tender mercies of the good Pope. Two nuns were found among the other prisoners, who were sent by the government to places where they might be secure from the vengeance of the devout sisterhood.

Here the shameless cruelty of the friars composing the tribunal may be noted, for they had full warning of the intentions of government, and yet had not released the prisoners,—as if determined that these unhappy creatures should drain the cup of Papal vengeance to the last drop. That prisoners were still found in the Inquisitions of Spain and Naples when the mob broke in, is not surprising, as the work of destruction was the result of a furious popular outbreak, leaving no time for preparation ; but in Rome all was done quietly and

systematically. I was present when the prisons were visited, and cannot think of the chambers allotted to the wretched prisoners—especially the subterranean dungeons—without horror. The immense iron rings fastened to the walls and in the pavement, in order to secure the prisoners by the body and the feet, must have produced indescribable torture. There were many inscriptions upon the walls, some almost entirely obliterated, while others might be read. One I deciphered with difficulty, which said, "The bigotry of man shall never separate me from Thee, my Saviour, my Redeemer, Jesus Christ." In one chamber, very wide and high in the roof, we found heaps of bones; and here were still to be seen two great furnaces filled with calcined bones. Passing through a vault to ascend to the second floor, we found a trap-door covering the entry to a pit, and by looking down discovered why accounts were never received of those who fell into the hands of the Inquisition. In the eighteenth century men were immured alive; in the nineteenth they were burned in furnaces.

The Holy Office always regards the accused as guilty from his first appearance at the bar; so that the whole procedure of justice consists in dragging the confession of a pretended crime from the mouth of the unhappy victim. In consequence of this rule, the advocates of the tribunal were permitted to use

such insinuations and false suggestions as were likely to entrap the accused. It was taken for granted that truth lay on the side of the Inquisition, while to the accused only obstinacy and falsehood were left; and hence arises that incredible mixture and contrast between gentleness in speech, and more than ferocious brutality displayed in action. And, as a little specimen of the effect of the laws of the Inquisition, never yet formally abolished, I must state that, simply as a form of examination, the accused might be subjected to the torture of the cord, and if he obstinately denied the guilt imputed to him, he was then to undergo the torture by fire. Two masked executioners stretched the patient upon a plank, binding him to it with cords in such a manner that it was impossible for him to stir, and bringing the plank close to a heated brazier, in such a position that the naked feet of the person almost touched the burning coals, and in this position his feet were anointed with lard. When the miserable wretch began to cry out, the executioners instantly tightened the cords with all their strength, and uttered all the time infernal yells to drown the shrieks of their victim. In support of my description, I give the words of the infamous code:—"Qui sic suppositus, nudatis pedibus, illisque lardo porcino inunctis, et in cippis juxta ignem validum retentis, cum stetisset per spatium," &c. "In dicto tormento tacitus, cœpit postea alta voce

vociferando, Oimè!" &c. . . . "Ministro fortiter premente, clamare cœpit alta voce," &c.—(*Arsenale Sacro*, pp. 272, 274.) If the accused did not confess under the torture of cord and fire, then followed the still more horrible torture by water, and barbarities more atrocious. The cruel wickedness of this infernal code is not to be described.

And the Dominican friars were the authors of these laws, and others also calling themselves the ministers of Christ, while the laws received the approving seal from the Vicars of Christ. The reader may ask if the tribunal really continue to act in this manner? I can only reply, I have given some of the laws of the Holy Office, which have never been abrogated, and may be called into action at any period under the Papacy.

In past centuries Jews and heretics were the subjects of persecution; but now the liberals take the place of the Jews, and all the care and vigilance of the reverend Fathers are directed to discover the sectarians, whose only crime lies in having striven to obtain liberty and independence for their country. There were two means of which they availed themselves—delation and confessions. I blush to write it, but many were found sufficiently vile to bear witness against their companions, at the instigation of their confessor. Among the names thus revealed were those of nearly all the liberals who have endured, and are enduring exile and imprisonment. Often

the confessors who revealed the accusations brought in the confession of the dying against others ; and in order to cover their own wickedness, declared that the penitents had authorised them to reveal their confessions. Thus a Capuchin friar, confessor to the fortress of Civita Castellana, in the Roman States, before 1848, repeated to the bishop a denunciation against nine persons made by a dying convict. The bishop transmitted the information to the Holy Office, which, according to rule, sent it to the Secretary of State ; and you, O reader, may picture to yourself the consequences which ensued !

The fear of eternal punishment is found a powerful engine on the minds of the timorous, when in confession they hesitate to give the names of their companions in avowing a conspiracy. The priest makes much use of this weapon at that supreme moment, when the mind yields readily to the influence of a man, who presents himself as endowed of the Most High with a right to open or shut the gates of heaven, and thus gains his object with the followers of a superstitious religion, who have never known the benefits of divine grace. For this reason, the law requires much investigation before pronouncing valid any testimony offered at the point of death in confession. But as priests are above all law, as servants of a religious despotism, the simple assertion of one of them suffices to render valid the accusation of

a dying man against another ; and too often such accusations accomplished the ruin of honest citizens and their families.

On the 25th of February, the republic issued a decree depriving the clergy of the supervision of public instruction, which was thenceforth to be confided to the civil power. The deplorable state into which public instruction had fallen in the Romish States was a subject for anger and grief. It was the business of the priests to know everything, and therefore no one must possess more knowledge than the priests ; and to attain this end, the use of reason must be laid aside ; and Gregory XVI. proceeded so far as to forbid the study of logic, which shews clearly what sort of instruction the priests bestowed on the people.

The government decreed that all church property in the Romish States should belong henceforth to the State ; this law arose not so much from the financial necessities of the country, as in the abuse existing in the distribution of this wealth : by which lazy, ignorant, and immoral churchmen rolled in wealth ; while the few good and worthy men, according to their own belief, laboured on in misery. The government bound itself to provide for all the ministers of religion, with a due regard to their position, and took rigorous measures nothing should be alienated from the convents and other religious

establishments. The liberty of the press was proclaimed, and thus a way was opened for the establishment of that most precious evidence of freedom, the liberty of conscience. A people so intelligent as the Romans could not fail to comprehend that the religious as well as the political censorship is the effect of tyranny. The political censorship is intended for the security of despotic authority ; while the religious censorship does not pretend to support religious purity, but only to maintain the abusive usurpation of the priests.

My dear readers, had the Romish priests, by their religious censorships, really purposed to maintain religion in its purity, and not the abuses introduced by the hierarchy, would they have forbidden the reading of the Bible ? Let all who may be curious On this subject read the fourth rule of the Index of Books prohibited in the Romish Church, and they will there see under what severe penalties the perusal of the Bible as translated by the Archbishop Martini is prohibited. To prohibit the reading of the Gospel is, then, a proof of zeal for religion ! May we not rather call it a sacrilegious frenzy for preserving abuses, against the clear commands of the sacred code ?

What evil to religion can arise from liberty ? The religion of Jesus Christ is alone true, and truth must triumph gloriously in free institutions. A free

press must tear the masks from the faces of hypocrites, and display them in their native deformity. A free press discovers the crimes and abuses of governments ; and for this reason, where despotism exists, no liberty of the press is to be found.

The government had ordered the execution of reforms, already authorised by the assembly, when the Minister of Foreign Affairs read to the Costituyente the protest of the Pope against the republic. The assembly and the people listened in silence ; but when the document was concluded, bursts of laughter resounded from every side, amid repeated shouts of "Long live the Republic !"—an answer which shewed that the people were thoroughly aware of their own rights, though new to their exercise, as the despotic power through an armed force had always governed the State. The minister moved that the protest of the Pope should be inscribed in the official records, in order that the vile falsehoods which it contained should be displayed to all. The president, the advocate Galletti, maintained that the unanimous and spontaneous shout of "Evviva la Republica !" was the only and most eloquent reply.

I desire fully to inform my readers of the real characters of Pius IX. and his Cardinals, who, in the pursuit of their own ends, allowed no scruples of conscience to stand in the way. Cardinal Gizzi er in the name of the Pope to Lieutenant

Cinelli, commanding a detachment of dragoons in Terracina, in which he urged him to desert with all his men, promising as a reward of his treason the rank of colonel. The gallant lieutenant, horror-struck at so infamous a proposal, did not even deign a reply to the missive, which he immediately despatched to his commanding-officer, by whom it was sent to the executive powers, in order that the paternal care of the good Pius for his subjects should be openly recognised. And yet, in the face of such facts, some continued to flatter themselves that the Pope could never be base enough to seek foreign aid for the recovery of his temporal power. Poor fools! not many months passed by before the armies of the stranger were at our gates, and our enemies shewed themselves. And who might they be? Those whom we had least expected, for our enemies were the republican French. And this treacherous nation has been, and shall ever be, the worst enemy of my beloved country. About the 20th of April we knew in Rome that the French Assembly had authorised government to send troops into the Romish States; but it was believed that their arrival might be delayed, or that they were to come as friends; but by the time the news reached Rome, the expedition had actually set forth, and the steam-frigate Panama had already reached Civita Vecchia, with a despatch from General Oudinot,

announcing the speedy coming of the French troops. The despatch was directed to Manucci, the President of Civita Vecchia, demanding that preparations should be made for the reception of the French army. The president at once reported the fact to the government at Rome; but before he could receive the answer, he was told that the object of the French was the restoration of the Pope, on which account the municipal council and the other authorities, in concert with the citizens, determined on resistance; but the French envoy protested against this, declaring that the French came with friendly intentions; on which the authorities resolved to admit them. In the meantime Rome was in disturbance, from the contradictory views prevalent in regard to the French. The government replied to the president and magistrates at Civita Vecchia, that the French must not be admitted, when they were already within the town, solely on the lying assurances of General Oudinot that they came as friends. Once within the walls, however, the General published an edict, which greatly disturbed the local magistracy, who joined the municipality in a protest, which enraged Oudinot to such a pitch that he ordered the printing-office to be closed; and this was the first demonstration of French friendship; and while they stayed in Civita Vecchia, they kept the citizens in doubt, by ostentatiously displaying the

most liberal principles, and asserting, in honied words, that they came in defence of the Romans against the Austrians and Neapolitans. General Oudinot caused the soldiers to spread these pretended views abroad, in order that these falsehoods might reach Rome, where the agitation was excessive. In the assembly it was put to the vote, whether the French should be admitted into Rome as friends, or resisted as enemies. The sitting was held with closed doors, but the assembly published the decision, which was, that force must be repelled by force. The universal cry of the indignant people was, "To arms, to arms!" and to arms they had recourse with a determined will. And we shall see how the Romans maintained their magnanimous purpose. Saffi asserted that, with the expected invasion of the Austrians and Neapolitans in view, it was necessary to maintain friendly terms with the French; but the indignant cries of "Force must be resisted by force," broke out anew, interrupting the progress of his speech. Effectual preparations were made for defence, as circumstances demanded; repairs were undertaken, and fortifications were constructed in the walls, to which parapets were added and barriers erected, in the best manner possible on so short a notice; a commission of barricades was formed, with the resolution of disputing every foot of ground; the pay of the soldiers was raised, and pensions given to the families of

those who might fall in battle. Father Gavazzi, as head chaplain, proceeded through all the streets and squares, exciting the people by rousing and eloquent discourses to defend their country with all their strength; and we must confess, that his zealous energy had much effect on the mind of the populace. During the preparations for the defence of the city, General Oudinot advanced towards the neighbourhood of Rome with all his forces, in the certainty of her falling into his hands on the first onset; so that when some of his officials spoke of resistance, he replied, with an insolence truly French, "The Romans will never fight;" but the persevering defence of the Romans covered the name of this vain boaster with opprobrium.

The day of the attack arrived. And how can I describe this scene without an aching heart! for on that day I lost the friend who, after God and my parents, filled the first place in my affections; he fell at the distance of only two or three paces from me, but the fire was so sharp at the moment, that we had no time even to shake hands. The Roman troops advanced with such impetuosity, that we covered much ground without perceiving it. The combat was obstinate, and maintained simultaneously at various points, and always to the loss of the French. Oudinot having been repulsed, abandoned his cannon, and sought safety in flight, his

whole force retreating on Civita Vecchia in great disorder. That day surely taught the haughty Oudinot that the Italians well knew how to fight. The battle lasted more than seven hours. The Romans had nearly two hundred killed and wounded. The French left several hundred dead on the field, and four hundred prisoners were taken. The rout was so complete, that it has always been said, that had the Romans pursued the enemy, they must have obtained a final victory. Garibaldi and the other chiefs of division wished to make a pursuit, but the government opposed them, saying—"This lesson is sufficient to prove to the French nation that the Romans are worthy of liberty." In a few days, even the prisoners were restored to the French, in the vain trust that this too generous deed might influence the French Republic in our favour; but instead, they only sent out a fresh and stronger expedition against us. The Romans used their victory with moderation. Feeling the spirit of their ancestors within them, they gave way to no vain demonstrations of joy, but thought of the approaching perils, and provided against them with promptitude. General Oudinot, after having gathered together his dispersed troops, and having withdrawn those he left at Civita Vecchia, attempted a second attack; but the Romans obtained for themselves new glory. The French being a second time re-

pulsed, were obliged to fly to the castle of San Guido with no small loss.

At this critical moment, the Neapolitans invaded the Romish States, while the Spaniards disembarked in considerable force at Fiumecino ; so that we had Austria, France, and Spain reacting the ancient scenes of history in response to the appeal of a Pope.

In the meantime, all the Roman provinces, the municipal bodies, and Circoli Popolari sent assurances of attachment to the new government, manifesting a growing hatred to the Pope and those foreign nations who had conspired together to reinstate him. The Neapolitan army was composed of nearly sixteen thousand men, who were encamped between Albano and Frascati, and were commanded by the King of Naples in person, who held his headquarters at Albano, with two Swiss regiments of foot, and three of cavalry, with several companies of artillery. General Garibaldi, with his usual courage, desiring to give a lesson to the King of Naples also, set out from Rome with a small body of troops, and this little band became the terror of the Neapolitans, who believed them devils in person, so dreadful was the name of Garibaldi in their ears. On the 9th of May, two companies of Garibaldi's received the attack of two regiments of the King's foot guards, supported by a division of cavalry, which, after a

battle of three hours' duration, were put to flight, with a loss of some hundred men. The Romans had only twelve dead and twenty wounded. The government recalled Garibaldi, because the security of the capital demanded his presence and his force, and on the 12th of May he returned to Rome.

The Roman government had taken courage on learning that Oudinot had received orders from his government not to form any conjunction with the Neapolitan army; so that the government still believed it possible that the French might respect the Roman Republic, their eyes not being opened by centuries of experience to the real nature of the French views upon Italy.

At this juncture Lesseps arrived as envoy-extraordinary from France, and informed the triumvirate that he had it in charge from his government to inquire carefully into the desires of the Roman people, and expressed the strongest wish on his own part for an alliance between the two Republics. The government complied with the apparent wishes of the French, by commencing the Treaty of Accommodation. Till the treaty should be definitely arranged, a truce was agreed upon, and on the 17th of May it was signed and published. Meanwhile, the government availed itself of the leisure the truce afforded, to send an expedition against the Neapolitans, composed of ten thousand men. The Pope,

much alarmed at the truce, sent letters to the king, entreating him to avoid the dangers of war by retiring to Naples. The king, who loved his own skin better than the throne of the Pope, retreated with his army within the fortified walls of Velletri. Garibaldi, with his usual energy, threw himself upon Velletri with only two thousand men. A formidable force of Neapolitans opposed us, but courage and ardour overcame numbers immensely superior. The Romans repulsed the cavalry of the enemy, and threatened to attack the walls of the city. The approach of night caused the cessation of hostilities; the enemy left many dead and wounded, and we had to lament the loss of a number of friends.

As we expected the arrival of General Rosselli at the head of reinforcements, we prepared for the assault on the following morning, when the flight of the King of Naples with his army left us in possession of the city without striking a blow. General Rosselli had not foreseen the flight of the king, so that his troops were not prepared for the pursuit, otherwise the king's retreat could have been cut off. Garibaldi wished to pursue him, and even invade the Neapolitan States; but as he disposed his troops for immediate departure, and held counsel with the other chiefs of division, an order arrived from the government, commanding the instant return of the whole force to Rome, as the negotiation with Lesseps had

failed. Meanwhile Lesseps, to gain time for the arrival of the expected reinforcements from France, pretended to favour the Roman Republic ; and the triumvirate, with the assembly, demanded that the French should recognise the authority of the republic, as a preliminary to their being received within the city, and proposed guarantees on both sides. To these terms the French would not agree. The treaty fell to the ground, and more enmity than ever existed between the two countries. The French government ordered Oudinot to declare open and decided war. The arrival of the reinforcement at this time accounted for the treaty, for while the Roman troops went against the Neapolitans, the French, under pretence of the treaty, had approached the city by degrees. The French army now amounted to 35,000 men, abundantly provided with artillery and engineers. Rome possessed only 18,000 soldiers, full of spirit and zeal, but very few indeed accustomed to a military life. Among them were 800 foreigners, and from this arose the base accusation that Rome was not defended by her own children, but by the stranger—one of the thousand base calumnies prevalent in Europe derogatory to Italy ; but history will do her justice, and future and not distant events shall shew the world that the Italians can conquer that liberty to which for so many centuries they have aspired, and against which the

whole world then stood in arms, either from natural enmity or from a regard to selfish interests.

General Oudinot had treacherously taken Monte Mario during the truce, and commenced offensive operations on the 23d of June, in breach of his promise to delay to the 24th. He seized upon the suburbs that day, and with the same infamous perfidy he made himself master of the Villas Pamfili, Corsini, Giranti, and Vascelo. But they were retaken; and, indeed, those positions were taken and retaken on both sides many times during the day. These posts were warmly contested by the French, that they might serve as points of attack while the siege lasted. The Roman loss was very great on this day, and in that desperate conflict three colonels and three majors, with nearly four hundred soldiers, were left dead on the field, and five hundred were wounded. We could not ascertain the loss of the enemy, as the evening saw him in possession of the field, but it must have been much greater than ours.

In this obstinate battle, the Italians forced General Oudinot to swallow his own insulting words, that "the Romans could not fight."

CHAPTER IX.

IN great political convulsions, the most powerful proofs of the determination of the people to vindicate their liberties are three—promptitude on the part of the majority in exposing their lives, diffused through every class; liberality in making pecuniary sacrifices for great objects; firmness on the part of women in encouraging those dearest to them to personal exposure in the service of their country. No one can deny, that in the revolution of 1848, this threefold principle was fully developed in the Peninsula; and if party spirit, national jealousy, or affection for the old system lead to the contrary opinion, contemporary history has already done the Italians justice, by shewing how bravely they fought, without distinction of condition or age.

Milan and Venice, after the affair of the barricades, which might, perhaps, have been interpreted as the outbreak of a feverish enthusiasm, gave proof of indomitable valour, in conjunction with the regular legions, in many encounters with immense numbers of well-disciplined Austrian regiments. The Piedmontese soldiers fought bravely; and if they had

the worst, it was from no defect of courage on the ~~the~~ part, but from want of skill in the generals commanding them, or from the aversion of these generals to the new principles of government—sometimes, indeed, from fortuitous calamity, all these disabling causes were united. The Florentines, at Montanara and Curtatone, gave proofs of heroic courage; the Sicilians presented a bold front to the Neapolitan force; and the remembrance of the siege of Messina, and all the atrocities perpetrated in the assault, is already consecrated in history. The Romans, to speak briefly, first in the other parts of Italy against the Austrians, and then in the defence of Rome against the French, shewed themselves worthy of their country. Pecuniary sacrifices on the part of the rich were made with unexampled liberality; and that millions of francs were contributed by each province, district, and town, is well known to the world. And surely this wide-spread patriotic devotion affords a strong proof of deep national feeling. The women redoubled the courage of the combatants by heroic forgetfulness of self. No woman dissuaded husband, son, brother, or lover, from going to battle for his country. How many wives prepared arms for their husbands, if not joyfully, at least with resignation, supporting with courage the bitterness of separation, though this parting might be the last! How many mothers, without a murmur, beheld their

Most beloved children hurry to that scene to which **t**he rumours of war summoned the youth of the **C**ountry, and infused into their breasts a portion of **t**heir own courage! In many instances four or five **s**ons were seen to tear themselves from the bosom **o**f a loving mother to rush into danger. It is need-**l**ess to say how many cockades the young women **p**repared, which with generous ardour they placed **o**n the breasts of the noble youths to whom they **w**ere betrothed, ready alike for their glorious return **o**r their gallant death. There is no lack of such **e**xalted souls in Italy, as shall be seen when the **h**our of the great contest arrives between liberty and **s**lavery.

A great example of such self-sacrifice happened in **L**ombardy, in the case of Manara and his wife. He **w**as young, of noble family, rich, and learned, the **d**elight of his family, and beloved by the beautiful **c**ompanion of his life. At his own expense, he **e**nrolled and maintained a whole battalion of volun-**t**ees, at whose head he fought valorously in **L**om-**b**ardy. Encouraged by the sacrifices of his wife, **a** strong-minded woman, and a magnanimous citizen, **M**anara tore himself from her arms and those of **h**is two sons, to fight for his country. During the **s**truggle in Lombardy, Manara and his battalion **w**ere everywhere distinguished by courage and zeal; **a**nd when his country fell again under the detested

yoke of Austria, he departed for Rome, where the fire of liberty still burned steadily. He was one of the gallant defenders when Rome was besieged by the French, and gave proofs of courage only to be equalled by his sacrifices, and at length received his death-blow, not from his old enemies the Austrians, but in arms against the French, beneath the walls of Rome. His noble wife had written to him from Milan, after the French laid siege to Rome, exhorting him, when the assault should be made, to forget her and her children, and let zeal for the liberty of Italy nerve his heart and arm in that hour. And his wife and children never saw him again. All honour to his memory; and blessings rest on the heads of his surviving family!

The defenders continued to sustain the siege with enthusiastic resolution, in which the unanimous feeling of all classes of citizens supported them. The assembly declared its sittings permanent, and the committee of the barricades used every means to keep up the spirits and influence the courage of the populace, which was exasperated beyond measure against the French. Seven thousand citizens embodied themselves with the regular troops, and this caused the army to be remodelled, and gave room for promotions, so that I and several other young men who had been distinguished in various encounters with the enemy, had the pleasure of

being raised to the rank of officers. I accepted the charge offered me, as encouragement to others ; for I had only enrolled myself among the volunteers for the defence of the city, and with no ambitious views ; but this change placed me under the command of the brave Manara—a privilege which I fully appreciated, as affording me an opportunity of closer intimacy with him. My ardour in doing my part in the great work of defence never failed me, new as such occupations were to me. Great destruction of life and property was caused by the balls of the enemy, which fell into the suburbs ; but the government devised means of sheltering the poor families whose homes were destroyed, by taking possession of some of the largest convents, and using them as hospitals and barracks for the poor, during the siege. These buildings are extremely large, and the nuns often do not amount to more than eight or nine, so that it was easy to bestow them suitably with some kindred sisterhood, while the houseless poor saw themselves, with unspeakable joy, transported from their ruined quarters into the splendid palaces the convents seemed to them, poor souls ! Perhaps in their first excitement they fancied Fortune's wheel had turned for them. To provide still further for the exigencies of the case, the triumvirate, with the concurrence of the assembly, revised the decree ordaining the destruction of the palace of the

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The defenders continued to sustain the same enthusiastic resolution, in which the unanimous feeling of all classes of citizens supported them. The assembly declared its sittings permanent, and the committee of the barricades used every effort to keep up the spirits and influence the courage of the populace, which was exasperated beyond measure against the French. Seven thousand volunteers embodied themselves with the regular troops, and this caused the army to be remodelled, and room for promotions, so that I and several other young men who had been distinguished in previous encounters with the enemy, had the pleasure

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Inquisition, and determined to convert the building into habitations for the poor. I could not fail to sympathise in the care of the government for the people committed to their charge. To destroy the edifice might have been considered an act *only* worthy of a barbarous age; but to convert an edifice, rendered infamous by so many cruelties practised within its walls, into a house of public beneficence, was surely the act of men civilised according to the teaching of the gospel! In looking on, with joyful emotion, one anxious thought made me tremble—the return of the Tyrant was yet possible; and once restored, he would renew the terrible tribunal, with all its ferocious horrors, deepened by personal vengeance. And who can forget that Pius, the Clement, did restore the Inquisition, as a thank-offering for his own safety and return?

Oudinot, having surrounded the city, on the 12th of June summoned the Romans to surrender, threatening the severest measures if they refused his terms. The assembly replied that Rome would resist to her last soldier. Mazzini, in common with many others, expected a counter-revolution in France, which would oblige Oudinot to go back to Paris, and thought by gaining time to secure the safety of Rome by this means. But these were visionary hopes and illusions, to which Mazzini is always liable. And what have his illusions not cost Italy!

France, in name a republic, had fallen into the hands of despotic power; she had shewn herself the enemy of Italy, even from a remote period in history, mingling with her hatred an obscure sentiment of inward jealousy,—probably because Italy, once free and mistress of herself, may take higher ground among the nations of Europe than France has ever done. Though seeing the French ever on the watch to attack them, the Italians never could believe in their intentions, or realised, before the war of independence, that France comes only to oppress. And, even now, the French mania still is powerful in Italy; and till this shall cease, Italy's hour of liberation must be postponed. In a moment of frenzy, some liberals, who had distinguished themselves as talkers, but without shewing any desire to fight for the country, brought forward a motion, that the public establishments should be undermined, as an insult to the Pope. Happily these were but words, for the destruction of the monuments of ancient Rome could not have overthrown the Papacy, and the numerous body of true patriots and courageous men were fully determined not to waste their energies in pulling down the remains of past greatness, but to maintain their position with such spirit as must convince the world, that if the Italians fell, they would at least fall with honour; leaving an undying memory of unexampled

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resistance, offered by an army composed of soldiers new to war and undisciplined volunteers, to a veteran force used to war under every form. But they have, indeed, convinced the world, that the Italians know how to die for freedom, or how to wait with the patience of wisdom the moment to secure it. The Romans prepared to resist to the last, not because they hoped to repulse the French effectually, but for the honour of Italy. And their deeds, in these solemn moments, did not belie their resolutions. While the citizens of Rome devoted themselves to the common defence, the Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests used every effort to disturb public order, and the government made many arrests. Among those seized was Cardinal De Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, who had laboured strenuously to excite civil war. How opposite did these men shew themselves to the spirit of the apostle, whose successors and followers they pretend to be! for Peter, in his First Epistle (ch. ii. 13-15), clearly says, "Submit yourselves to the powers that be." Paul, also, in his Epistle to the Romans (ch. xiii. 1), says, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." How, then, do the pretended successors of the apostles teach a doctrine directly opposed to theirs? To recall them to order became the imperative duty of government.

The voices of the partisans of the Papacy seem still to ring in my ears, declaring that the command of Peter is addressed to the Romans, in relation to the Pope. Fools! Who established the Pope? Not the people, surely; at least no history tells us that the Popes became Kings at the call of the people. No; we rather read that Pope Boniface purchased, by a sacrilege, the supremacy from the infamous Emperor Foca, which shews us whence these despots sprung; and from the moment Boniface usurped the royal authority, unhappy Rome has never known peace. In order to disgust the people with the new government, the priests incited various persons to become brigands in the provinces. In the province of Ascoli a band of robbers was organised in the Camarilla at Gaeta; the chief of this band was a person of distinction, (some declared him to be a bishop,) who always wore a large cross hung round his neck, and was attended by two friars and two priests, each bearing a cross in his hand. They lived by rapine, according to the doctrine the priests inculcated, that it was a meritorious deed to deprive the liberals of property and life. These ruffians came to a small town called Monte Gallo, and some of them proceeded at once to the house of the parish priest, Don Domenico Toliani, to whom they delivered a letter from Gaeta—worthy ambassadors of Pius IX.! Don Domenico put himself at once at the

head of the movement, causing the banner of the Republic to be lowered, and the standard of the Pope elevated in its place, while the alarm bells were rung; and this proved the signal for the arrival of another band of robbers, who proceeded to sack the place, threatening to set it on fire, to the terror of the inhabitants. In the evening the secretary of the commune read aloud the letter from Gaeta, in which this villany was not only authorised, but commanded, as a punishment to be inflicted because the inhabitants had voted for the Costituente. The following day the same party took possession of Arquato, and the little village experienced the same treatment as Monte Gallo. When these outrages reached the ears of government, a body of troops was despatched to extirpate the robbers, of whom many were arrested, but some found protection in the Neapolitan territories. Such were the methods adopted by the Holy Father to regain his throne. While he occupied himself in these criminal enterprises, and others of still darker dye, the Jesuits made a collection over all Europe for the poor Pope, which produced enormous sums of money. The contribution of France, in the first instance, amounted to 40,000 francs, and more was promised, after time had been given for the country to come forward generally.

After a collection instituted in the Catholic diocese

of London, Cardinal Wiseman sent 30,000 francs, always under promise of more, according to the "*Ere Nouvelle*." The same journal announced 150,000 francs as the contribution from Ireland. For what purpose did the Pope require these sums? What were his necessities? He was splendidly entertained by his Bourbon ally, and prodigally aided by the French court and by Catholic Spain; and Radetzky divided with him his Italian spoil, sending him 2000 scudi. On his departure from Rome, the Pope carried off everything precious from the pontifical chapel, robbing the State of untold wealth; for this property did not pertain to the Pope, but the State, and the value is enormous. The republican government denied him nothing, and even offered to secure him a splendid income, on the sole condition of abstaining from interference in temporal affairs. For what purpose, then, did he profit by public credulity, feigning poverty to touch the hearts of the generous? But we could pass this by, as covering some trick of priesthood yet unrevealed, and allow him quietly to take what England, France, and Spain can afford to give in alms. But how had he the heart to accept the oblations of the poor Irish?—a wretched population, often enduring the extreme of famine; and yet the priests wrung from these poor wretches 150,000 francs to bestow on the Pope. These are the true miracles of popular

fanaticism and superstition. But the most astonishing feature in the transaction is, that Pius, richly, nay, lavishly, provided in his voluntary exile with all pertaining to a sovereign, was not ashamed to avail himself of the fanatical credulity of these unhappy people, but extended greedy hands to grasp the prey. A new proof is here afforded of the disinterested charity of a Pope!

But we must return to the siege, which had now assumed the most serious aspect; for the French, losing all hope of accommodation, had commenced the bombardment of the city, in the face of a protest made by the consuls of foreign nations there resident. General Oudinot refused to pay attention to the document, declaring his purpose to restore the Pope, at the cost of Roman blood and the ruin of the city. Pius was to return as Adrian IV., who entered Rome surrounded by Germans, and passing over the corpses of his murdered subjects, traversed the smoking ruins of the most beautiful suburb that time and war had hitherto spared in memorial of ancient Rome; but Adrian and his myrmidons spared not, nor did Pius desire to spare, his people or their city!

Romans! regard these ruins, and the squalor reigning continually in that region of your city, and let them all speak to you of the love of your Popes. How long shall God, in His supreme wisdom, per-

mit the endurance of this evil? We can only bow our heads in unquestioning submission before His incomprehensible decrees; but hope is left to us—let us be virtuous and hope on, believing and still hopeful. Italians! turn from the Antichrist of Rome, and believe in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the human race; believe and hope always, not for time only but eternity. Faith in Christ is the great liberator; no nation true to Him pines in chains.

The French, in blind frenzy, made themselves the instruments of tyranny, and expended substance and blood in support of the Jesuits, their natural enemies, and the counsellors of Pius, and also the emissaries of Austria, the enemy of France. At Gaeta, the Pope and his advisers rejoiced to see the French charge themselves with the whole burden of the enterprise, secure that they would reap no fruit of their labours; the toil was theirs, but the benefits won were to be for others. The champions of the Pope gained only infamy, while the Pope and Cardinals stood ready to seize the solid advantages. The Piedmontese Minister, Massimo d'Azeglio, sent Count Balbo to the Pope, to urge his giving free institutions to Rome on his restoration. But the Pontiff and his Cardinals pronounced it impossible to act thus towards a people not prepared to make a good use of liberty; and also, that already there was produced an entire incompatibility between the

exercise of the spiritual power and the constitution. Count Balbo made the same propositions to the King of Naples, but the tyrant took offence. Balbo went also to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had restored despotism, but the Count had no success in his mission. And thus Piedmont remained in Italy the sole representative of constitutional freedom ; while at Gaeta all was joy in the anticipated restoration of the old system of tyranny. The French carried on the siege with great barbarities. Discord had entered Rome. Garibaldi, with no bad purpose, but from conviction, right or wrong, that the General-in-chief, Rosselli, was not competent to conduct the defence, opposed all his plans, considering himself free to order and to act as seemed best to himself. My own idea is, that he was not wrong, for being always on the walls he saw and heard everything that occurred ; but the disagreement proved fatal to the army.

Some bastions being lost on the 20th of June, the people became much excited and alarmed. Upon this Sterbini moved that Garibaldi should be appointed to the chief command, and created dictator, protesting against the triumvirate, the assembly, and all concerned, or any indeed who might refuse consent to the measure he proposed. The people gave their voice for Sterbini's motion, Garibaldi being much beloved. This rash step on the part of Sterbini

might have produced an alarming collision between the parties, had not some young men, prudent and well disposed, reproved Sterbini, rejecting his motion when brought before the assembly, which refused it without question.

We cannot wonder that contentions arose, when circumstances were so perilous that the last extremity seemed approaching, so that men's minds wavered between discouragement and excitement. As is often seen in families, when all is going on well, harmony prevails in the house ; but let affairs go wrong, and anxiety occasions disputes and quarrels : so in great popular outbursts, when all goes on prosperously, parties shew no ferocious heat in maintaining opinions, only calm debate and discussion take place ; but let some accidental occurrence disturb mutual confidence, or diminish the hope of success, and minds are embittered, and factions arise, and when desperation possesses the people, discord mounts to the utmost pitch. In the unhappy, but still great Revolution of '48, when Italy awoke full of exalted hopes, and the Revolution seemed hastening with happy strides to a desirable consummation, republicans were seen voting for the Costituente, or the constitution, and the constitutionalists for the republic, according to circumstances, always keeping in view the great end common to both, of securing ultimate independence. When parties

became irritated, there were no longer concessions made on either side ; quarrels ensued, and the divisions of former friends could not be healed ; and meanwhile the affairs of the country became more and more entangled, and the exasperation in the minds of all the actors brought matters at last into a desperate position.

The assault was carried on with great energy by the enemy, and at the critical moment a universal reconciliation seemed to take place ; all the leaders were animated with one spirit, and the defence was brave and determined—hopeless indeed, but still conducted with skill and indomitable courage. Before the fall of Rome, the Romagna was in the power of the Austrians, who traversed the province with fire and sword. Bologna held out for eight days with gallantry and perseverance, but in vain ; for the troops of her loving Father beat down even her determination—of her most Holy Father, Pius IX., who laboured in love for her as for all the cities of Italy ! The Croats, at the call of the Pope, entered Romagna, massacring his beloved children at his own command. The invader received his orders direct from the Camarilla at Gaeta :—First, to dismiss the national guard, (originally established by the free consent of the Pope,) which had done so much honour to the country ; secondly, to prevent more than two

or three persons walking together in the streets; thirdly, by ten at night all the inhabitants were to return to their houses, when the doors and windows were to be closed—(in the case of priests and physicians this rule might be relaxed); and fourthly, the liberty of the press was withdrawn. All who transgressed these paternal orders were at once to be shot. O generous Bologna! the exile sends thee his salutation in sign of gratitude for those great sacrifices thou hast made and still hast to make! But, O Italy! how sublime and glorious might thy mission have been! But thou hast failed to comprehend it. Had Popery and her principles been utterly destroyed, with her despotisms had disappeared; but in seeking to exercise moderation—which none of her enemies ever displayed towards Italy, excepting when they feared her—she has allowed the hydra-headed monster to resume her throne. Thou, from a mistaken sense of religion, wouldst respect and preserve the pretended Head of the Church, maintaining the tyrant and his ranny! Now, what remains to thee? Trust in the Lord alone, and He will assuredly save thee, if with one generous effort thou arousest thyself from thy religious lethargy, and, grasping the pure gospel, shake off for ever the religion of the Popes. Without this effort, my dear Italian brethren, you must

weep for long years under oppression, and we eat the bitter bread of exile.

The French commenced the breach, and took such a position that all attempts to dislodge them proved ineffectual. Colonel Manara, and the other brave defenders of Rome, already regarded her fall as certain; but still, with marvellous constancy, resisted the besiegers. With unflinching gallantry, all the youths who had taken up arms in defence of their country stood firmly to their standards, after the death of every hope, without regard to their peculiar opinions. No complaints arose from amid their ranks; they endured indescribable fatigues, suffered, and died, for honour and Italy.

On the 24th, the assault was repeated against the dismantled walls on the side of San Pancrazio more furiously than ever. No other bulwark was left but the breasts of the gallant defenders, many of whom daily fell, without abating the resolution of the survivors. The wounded who could walk left the hospital to line the walls. The night of St Peter, 29th June, was wet and stormy, and the roar of the artillery was confused with that of the elements. The French entered Rome that night. Garibaldi, with sword in hand, ran everywhere, encouraging the people both by voice and example; and a sanguinary conflict, in the gate of San Pancrazio, ensued, in which more than five hundred Italians fell; while on

the other points of attack the number of killed and wounded was still greater. Colonel Manara, whose memory is consecrated in contemporary history for future ages, breathed forth his great soul under the sword of the enemy. The officers' swords were broken or lost, but they fought on with the fire-arms of the soldiers who had fallen. Many of the artillery died attached to the guns which they refused to abandon. Reader, unite with me in grateful recollection of those who fell for Italy on that day! Here there existed neither party questions nor party spirit; the soil of Italy was trampled down by the stranger, and those who fell died in her defence. Peace and honour to their ashes!

In the assembly, ideas and projects the most desperate were proposed; but the members remained silent, and uncertain what part to take. Garibaldi, covered with blood and sweat, entered the assembly, and, like an honest man as he is, declared that the enemy had already crossed the Tiber, and that further resistance was useless. On which the assembly decreed as follows—"In the name of God and the people, the Costituente Assembly of Rome ceases her defence, which has become vain, but maintains her post." Garibaldi collected his soldiers in the Place San Giovanni, and proposed to quit Rome, to join the Venetians who still held out, and fight for his country to the last breath; adding, "My

children, I leave Rome; let him who will follow follow me;" and at once five thousand men responded to the appeal, and prepared to encounter new perils or achieve new glories.

The municipality, to whom was intrusted the heavy charge of treating with the French general on his entry, proposed as conditions that the French should not destroy the liberties of Rome, but leave the military service to be divided between the French and Romans; the maintenance of the civic guard and of the state affairs to be confided to the Romans themselves. The French general rejected haughtily the proposal of the municipality, and the authorities made no further effort in favour of the wretched city, but left the conqueror to exercise his right over her at his own caprice, and give such orders as best suited him, which certainly were not the most agreeable to the Italian heart.

A new triumvirate was elected by the assembly to meet these difficult circumstances; but their power lasted so short a time that only one act was carried into effect—that of sending Prince Canino to England and America, as ambassador from the Roman republic, to protest against the invasion of the French.

On the 3d of July, when the conquerors entered, a threatening murmur was heard throughout the city. The windows of the houses, as they passed, were

closed, and from time to time the citizens burst into cries of scorn. The troops advanced grave and silent, more with an air of suspicion than of triumph, as if more alive to their infamy than the joy of their shameful victory. Suddenly burst forth a desperate shout of "Long live the Republic!" on the part of the people, mingled with execrations against the Pope and Oudinot, and exclamations of contempt against the soldiers. Tricoloured banners were raised under the impetus of maddened passion; but when the French received orders to use their arms, the people became silent. Some insolent priests, who rejoiced on the entry of the French, threw their hats into the air, crying, "Long live the French army;" but the people did not allow them to shout a second time, before sacrificing them as victims to their fury, and the French soldiers saw and passed on. These are the victims on whose account Montalembert & Co., the partisans of the Pope, even to the present day, condemn the Roman Republic, as having caused the murder of so many priests and friars, while those who fell were the victims of their own imprudence, in shewing themselves renegades to their country, and insulting the people at this moment of excitement. Rome fell, and her fall gave to the world a double disappointment, revealing in her ruin the character of that nation which had added to her history a page of indelible infamy.

From Brennus down to Oudinot, the French government has never changed her conduct towards Italy. France has been judged; so many innocent victims, so much bloodshed, have cried, and shall for ever cry, for vengeance before the throne of God, that the divine vengeance shall sooner or later be fulfilled against her. The other disappointment which arose on the fall of Rome, is in the judgment of the world in regard to the Papacy.

The Romans have a vulgar saying, born of experience, viz., that a man, however good and wise he may be, has scarcely mounted the Papal throne till he becomes quite another man.

The Romans have never known the reason for this change, and have always attributed it to the bad counsels of the ministry—a false reasoning which does not explain why, in so many centuries of Papal dominion, a good minister has never arisen. The true reason is, that the terrible curse of God rests upon the Pope—a curse the weight of which falls heavily upon those who adore him, according to 2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

Pius IX., on 28th April 1848, sent an allocution, explaining that he was the Father of the Christian world, and would not permit a war against the Austrians, because the Bible forbade the shedding of Christian blood; but this reason was not valid for Rome, for after having thrown her into anarchy, to

excite a reaction in his own favour, and encouraging the brigands in the Romish states, he prostituted himself to France, Austria, and the Bourbon of Naples, and sent four armies against his beloved Rome, which only proves that the Pope has two gospels for his own use. When the question is of throwing a chain on the necks of men, he misinterprets the gospel of Christ into a law of oppression ; and when he treats of the liberty of a people, creates a new one suitable to the circumstances.

As soon as Oudinot had entered the city, he sent the keys to Gaeta. With what sensations must not Mastai have received these keys ? A Pope is said to have two characters—as a temporal sovereign, and as Pope. I pictured Mastai in the act of receiving the keys—as King, rushing with avidity upon the prey, not repelled by the Roman blood in which the keys were steeped, but plunging to the bottom of the cup, grasps them, and hugs them with rapture ! As Pope, with hypocritical compunction, feigning to abhor blood, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, “ My God, they have willed it ; the sin is not mine, I have only vindicated Thy Church.” Mastai, however, could not but feel remorse in his own heart, for he knew well that the guilt of all that blood rested on him ; he knew the just and terrible imprecations which rose from so many desolate mothers on his account—from so many widows, who presented

before the throne of God the blood of their husbands, fathers, and sons, shed for the holy cause of liberty. He recognised in himself the cause of the war, the foreign invasion, and the misery into which the Peninsula was plunged. Mastai knew himself to be perjured, when, in violation of his oath, he gave a simulated constitution, which he swore to uphold; and that oath also he had now broken.

In the character of King, Mastai is oppressed with remorse—the man becomes Pope, and his remorse ceases; as King, he is able to dictate new and more vigorous laws, while he largely recompenses the oppressors—as Pope, he blesses France, Austria, Spain, and the Bourbon, to all imparts indulgences, and promises Paradise as a reward for so many murders.

The fall of Rome revealed Mastai in his true colours to the eyes of Europe, by tearing from his face the mask of hypocrisy, worn so skilfully, that, up to this period, his defenders had considered him as misled by the Cardinals and Diplomats. But now, the siege of his capital by a foreign power, summoned by himself, shewed him as the prime mover, and indeed inventor, in the treasons practised against Italy. The prestige in his favour vanished, and he was recognised as the universal tyrant in all things, civil or religious, and a worthy successor

of Adrian IV., who, however, was no Italian ! On becoming Pope, Mastai gave the first impulse to the Italian movement ; he, with his own hands, fired the mine, which might have been undiscovered for many years, when the plans of the patriots, being matured, and they themselves organised, the explosion would have taken place, with great and beneficial results for the country, and less danger than the pretended friendship of Mastai led the gallant projectors of the scheme to encounter ; and thus he rendered abortive the brightest hopes that have yet dawned on Italy. As Pope, he sought the friendship of the liberals, only to betray and sacrifice them, while he was prostituting his power to all tyrants to enlist their aid against his people for the oppression and destruction of Rome ; and at his call four nations stood in arms on Italian soil. They came, not to restore him by force of arms to his city, but to suppress the just cry of the people for the liberty he had himself taught them to regard, not only as a right, but as within their reach. The strangers were not in Italy to re-conduct him to Rome ; for he had left Rome voluntarily, when no danger threatened him, and was free to return and exercise his episcopal rights, which had never been denied or even disputed. Freely he had departed, and freely could return ; and yet all the despots of Europe took up arms in his favour in the name of religion, as if

only they recognised religion, and she was utterly opposed to civil liberty.

My dear brothers in exile, we may draw a salutary inference from our misfortunes : let us be persuaded that oppression and persecution are necessary to the religion of the Popes, and that our cause is adjourned, but not lost ; for if we Italians have lost the divine faith in the Man-God, which constitutes the essence of the religion of the gospel, to the Popes belongs the responsibility—they whose deeds have perverted the religion of the gospel to their own profit. If in Italy no longer exists the sublime religion of Christ, which renders men blessed in this life, it is the work of the Popes ; they have robbed us of our nationality, and made us irreligious. But let us study the gospel, wherein the true code of liberty is to be found, and endeavour to restore to our country the truth of the Bible in its purity, and the decrepit Papacy shall fall, and the world be free, and free for ever.

On the entry of the French, they issued regulations such as are usual on gaining a city, but less severe than the Austrians declared in the provinces. The constitutionalists drew into the background, and Oudinot was surrounded by priests and friars, and men of other classes, who sought, by the most venomous calumnies against his late opponents, to flatter the General and his country ; some came as spies, having taken the pay of the republic, and

Oudinot received them with delight. No assemblages in the streets were permitted, and at an early hour in the evening the inhabitants were obliged to shut themselves up in their houses. In the evenings troops of soldiers, infantry and cavalry, patrolled the streets in great numbers, but no business or amusement brought out the Romans.

To keep the people as much as possible in the dark, the printing-presses were abolished; priests and friars were busy and meddlesome as usual. In the streets the French officers received only scornful looks from the citizens, and on entering the coffee-rooms or theatres, found them deserted at once by the natives who might be present, without any salutation or sign of greeting. Not even the Romans who avowed themselves in private as partisans of the Pope, dared in public acknowledge the French, from the fear of rousing popular fury. The French dared not resent the insulting expressions constantly used to them by the citizens, conscience adding stings to the reproaches cast on them, by reminding them of their infamous treachery in besieging and entering Rome in the name of a republic.

The return of the Pope's vicar, Cardinal Patrizi, was announced in Rome by two acts. The first consisted in the issue of an edict, commanding the people to assemble in the church of St Peter's, in order to unite with the French army in singing the "Te Deum,"

in public thanksgiving to God for restoring the Pope to power! A Pope, stained with blood, trod over the still palpitating bodies of his subjects, and then invited the parents, brothers and sisters, and betrothed of the slain, to join him in aiding their assassins to tread them into the earth, in hurrying to the church to thank the God of peace, in whose blasphemed name the massacre had been perpetrated! How insulting to the Divine Majesty were these prayers!

Like the prayer of the first fratricide, Cain, and of Judas in his treason, such prayers are crimes in him who offers them.

On the 15th of July, the Papal arms were replaced in the former positions throughout Rome, under a salute from the castle of St Angelo.

With the assistance of the Cardinal-Vicar and the French General, the parish priests had prepared the rabble to applaud the restoration, by bribes administered in the form of alms at their houses. The General and his troops, with the Papal standard displayed, proceeded to the Vatican. In some quarters of the city they were assailed by hisses and cries; in others, coldness and silent contempt marked their progress. When they had reached the middle of the suburb conducting to the Vatican, faint applauses began to be uttered, and flowers were thrown over the generals. But who applauded? What

friendly hands strove to offer flowers to General Oudinot? None other than about three hundred of the most debased portion of the inhabitants could be found sufficiently degraded to offer this ovation to the modern Brennus! A solemn mass was celebrated in St Peter's, in honour of General Oudinot and his staff, and after this the canons of the Church gave them a solemn banquet, and speeches worthy of Vandalic orgies were pronounced, insulting the fallen Romans, and exulting with execrable barbarity over enemies who were silent in the tomb, and had been already judged of God, whose judgment was surely mild for those who fell for their country's freedom, religious as well as civil. The guests were all either priests or Frenchmen. The priests were of the most distinguished rank in that deceitful Church, who had assembled in the name of the pretended Vicar of Christ: the other guests were of that nation which claims for itself the distinction of the most civilised people in the world.

To exhibit clearly to my reader the vindictive ferocity of the Pope and his adherents, I must write that, on the 24th of July, solemn obsequies were performed for the French who had fallen, by the priests of Rome, but none were celebrated for the Roman dead! Renegade Italian priests were found capable of thus insulting the mothers, wives, and families of those who had fallen in resisting a foreign

foe. The Papal policy offered an insult yet more gross, when the Pope decreed that all who came to the cemeteries or churches, to weep over the graves of members of their families who had fallen in the defence of the city, should be hindered from scattering flowers on the tombs, and compelled to retire. And the Romans, witnessing such acts of detestable and idle vengeance, boiled with rage, and suppressed within their indignant breasts treasures of wrath which shall bring forth fruit when the time shall be ripe.

On the 21st of July, the Papal standard was displayed in Civita Vecchia, at ten in the morning, to the sound of cannon; and the flags of France and the Pope were carried about the streets in triumph. A malefactor, who had passed twenty years in the galleys, bore the Papal banner. His name was Santarelli. Another convict, also released from the galleys, carried the tricoloured flag of France! He was called Segreti; and these two men were the directors of the festival on the restoration of the Holy Father. The applauding train consisted of thirty-two individuals of the same character as the illustrious leaders. The citizens looked on with smiles of contempt at so noble an inauguration. At eight in the evening, the bust of Pius IX. was paraded by the same criminals, attended by four ragged boys carrying torches; and forty-six equal

respectable youths were bribed to surround the cavalcade with shouts of joy and evivas for the Pope! One of the French officers asked who that ruffian could be who carried the bust, and on being told, exclaimed, "Voilà le Pape, qui a retrouvé son siège apostolique!" Truth is a fine, impressive thing, even when coming from the mouth of an enemy. I leave the reader to draw his own inferences, and come to a decision for himself from these facts, and now close the narrative of the siege of Rome by the traitorous French, and all the conspiracies in favour of that abhorred deed.

I must now withdraw attention from public calamities, and return to my personal griefs and history. The reader will kindly forgive my somewhat lengthened detail of public events; but as I was an actor in them, he could not comprehend my position or after career without this summary notice of matters demanding the hand of a careful historian. Many volumes have already been written and published on these events; but the reader will not object to receive the account of an eye-witness of the memorable acts, recorded as a preliminary to the following chapters, containing my individual story since my departure from Rome.

CHAPTER X.

To all the patriots the fall of Rome was disastrous, but to me it brought ruin, blighting every prospect in life. Most of my young companions in arms had still hope for the future, which supported them under present reverses, fallacious as it might prove.

Some were by profession soldiers. Two years of war and continual fighting had trained many others into soldiers, who had only at first taken up arms for liberty. Young, ardent, and adventurous, they had still a career open to them, and mitigated their grief for the overthrow of the Italian cause by picturing to themselves a new and happy life, full of brilliant promise for their country and them, which the vivacity of youth led them to regard as already in possession. Some among them possessed abundant fortunes, and all, in fine, could look forward to life with at least calm hope. They were not priests, subject to the restraints and prejudices of that exceptional class. Only a few of them were sufficiently matured in mind to dwell deeply on probable evils, or had family ties. But I was a priest. How then was I to commence my career of exile?

Could I wander through the world as a priest? or had I any remaining convictions stamping me as a Roman Catholic? And if I could still exercise my office, who would receive as a priest a man who had fought against the Pope? Reflection was useless. While I had no Roman Catholic belief or conviction, I knew not what other belief or conviction I possessed—only they were not according to Rome. I was ignorant of the great work of justification wrought by Jesus Christ, and recognised God the Father alone. This is the direct consequence of the teaching of the Roman Church, that her followers acquire only the doctrines and laws of men—the divine law, in its purity, being carefully kept from their knowledge. Besides, I must repeat, that nothing exercises so strong a sway over a man's character as the habits of sacerdotal life. The ideas and usages of his life, so full of decorum, and the continual respect from those around him which he receives, because his character and office inspire either fear or trust, are calculated to make him exaggerate his own claims; while his social position, and, I will even add, the artifices and cunning which become natural to the priests of Rome, impart a peculiarity to his whole character, isolating him in a certain manner from his fellow-men, and set him in an exceptional position in society. And if we consider, besides, that the habits of a class, full of

advantages to him, however great its inherent faults may be, form a strong tie in a man's mind, which grows into attachment, rendering him very unwilling to be persuaded that he must renounce it, even though he may have lost faith in the doctrines inculcated.

These sentiments and reflections weighed on my mind, and kept me in great disquiet for some days ; not that I was uncertain as to the course to be taken—upon the subject of remaining a priest my mind was made up—a Romish priest I could never more be ; not that I still hesitated whether to stay or go, for as a priest my stay was impossible, since, to free discourse and writing, the open fact of having borne arms against the Pope was now added. My anxieties regarded my future plans and destination ; and so great was my hesitation, that I remained in Rome for several days after the entry of the French. It is only fair to state that the French made no arrests on entering the city, and even published a sort of amnesty. Not wishing to act the part of the Pope's police, they left him to revenge himself on his return. But as General Oudinot had excluded the priests from the benefits of his decree, by saying no one, whether civil or military, was to be molested, but that each might arrange his family and private affairs, and then take whatever road suited him, priests were left exposed to the anger

of the prelates : upon them he let loose the blood-hounds of the Pope, to satisfy their venomous spite at their pleasure, as if the victims were not men, and as priests were unworthy of compassion. Unhappy they might be, but had no claim to sympathy or mercy,—as though in a priest love to his country constituted a crime, which became beyond naming when he had fought for her. And the odious exclusion was demanded by the Pope's envoy, and conceded by a Frenchman, a general, and a republican ! My position was thus extremely critical ; though as a soldier I enjoyed a right to protection, still, as a priest I lay open to condign punishment. My case was a doubtful one ; but having nothing to rely upon, I could gain no benefit from the doubt, and I found myself compelled to decide on seeking safety in flight.

Every day saw numerous arrests of priests who were known to be inimical to the Pope. We were suspected of disloyalty ; therefore I lived in continual expectation of arrest, when my destination must have been to the dungeons of the Holy Office, already restored, and ready to inflict on me, as a recusant priest, cruelties not inferior to those practised in the ages of torture, ending in untimely death or life-long imprisonment. These reasons made me resolve to leave Rome at length, painful as breaking all the ties of my life appeared. In

preparation for my departure I had changed my abode, and sought a more secure hiding-place where I might be concealed till my preparations were completed; and most fortunate was it for me that I had removed, as the Papal police visited the house I had left several times in search of me after my departure, and even offered a reward to induce the landlord to betray my present retreat.

The difficulty of procuring a passport detained me for some days in my new refuge; and finding the hunt for the priests become more keen, I saw no chance of safety but in seeking the protection of the English Consul. I accordingly proceeded to his house, and remained during two days, arranging my affairs as well as I could. On the third day the Consul gave me an English passport, and I prepared to set out. There was no restraint on our movements during the day. I had gone about the streets unharmed; but at night the arrests were sure to take place, as if the myrmidons of the Pope, like the wild beasts of the forest, waited for darkness to cover their bloody work of sacrificing their innocent victims to their natural ferocity. The triumvirate, and others who had signalised themselves in the defence of Rome, as well as a great crowd of the inhabitants, withdrew from Rome. People of all grades hurried on board the vessels—nobles, magistrates, and priests, with a mass of people, young and

old, women and soldiers, abandoned the wretched city, unable to sustain the sight of the abhorred conqueror. I had prepared three hundred scudi in paper money,—a very small sum in itself, but sufficient to enable me to face the first difficulties of exile, and I trusted Providence for the future. But soon I found myself robbed of all earthly resources, and thrown on the visible care of Providence; for on going to change the paper into coins, while in the street, I suddenly found, to my great surprise and distress, that my pocket-book was gone. How it had disappeared I know not, and can never know. In the pre-occupation of my faculties perhaps I had neglected to guard against the thieves who might be in the streets, and so the little fund prepared for my flight had fallen a prey to some clever scoundrel, or the book might have fallen without my perceiving it. It was quite enough for me that it was gone. My heart failed me, and it seemed as if all courage deserted me. I was strongly tempted to remain under the claws of the Papacy. But despair did not long confuse my mind, for on lifting my eyes to God, with a brief but fervent prayer, He restored my courage and presence of mind.

I possessed a good wardrobe, the sale of which, I hoped, might supply the sum necessary for my journey, if I could only negotiate with a Jew;

though considering how poorly an Israelite pays, my anticipations were not high. But a Hebrew was found, who hardly gave me enough for my expenses to Malta, for all my effects. I had long made up my mind as to my destination.

Behold me thus reduced to the same position with hundreds of other exiles, who, penniless and without protection, are obliged to throw themselves on a strange world, far from home, where they cannot make themselves understood, and with no trade to enable them to procure the first necessities of life! Happy he who in these circumstances has one! Without a profession to support me, I had still one unfailing comfort in my firm reliance on God: whatever might have been my uncertainties on dogmatic points, arising from the prejudices of my education, my faith in His divine power never wavered; and what treasures of comfort did I not draw from that source, when the sublime words of the Psalmist recurred to my mind, in Psalm cxxvi. 5—"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and those of Psalm civ. 27—"These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season." Never before had I sought divine consolations as I had done in this moment of desperation, and my soul was strengthened to meet any trials to which God might be pleased to subject me. I trusted Him, and my faith did not prove delusive.

I have passed through many anxieties and vicissitudes, and have had always occasion to recognise the supporting hand of Providence, which has bestowed on me the necessities of life, never leaving me to know hunger.

I bowed before the inscrutable wisdom and mercy of God, and saw in my position His immediate work. A mysterious agent had been permitted to deprive me of means of safety, that I might commit myself to God alone; and from Him only I looked for comfort and help. I hoped, and nothing failed me. Before embarking for Malta, at Civita Vecchia, I wrote to my family, bidding them send money to meet me at Malta. I relied on their attending to my request, as I had often formerly made the same application, and had no reason to doubt the arrival of the money, if the letter reached my home. For greater security, I despatched it by a private hand. The vicinity of Malta to Italy had decided me to retire thither. Where else, indeed, could I go? Not to France, after my recent experience of the French. Two reasons prevented my turning my steps to Piedmont—one, that I felt no great confidence in the stability of the constitution in Piedmont, after the triumphant reaction which had taken place in other States; and besides, emigrants from every quarter of Italy flocked thither in such numbers, that it was impossible for all to find occupation

and support: and as a priest, and yet no longer a priest, there was for me not the slightest prospect of employment. England seemed my only haven, but the journey thither was too expensive to be undertaken in such destitute circumstances. Besides, my ignorance of the language of the country, and want of any connexions or acquaintances there, put an end to any hope of maintaining myself in England out of the question. Thus in Malta I relied on the protection of English law, and hoped to find the climate of my own country, and reasonably enough expected to find employment in an island in which Italian is spoken. On board the same ship there were many exiles, all ready to commence the laborious and uncertain life of exile. We said adieu to our beloved country.—As the vessel withdrew from the shore, what suffering did I endure! I gazed on the shore, and could not withdraw my eyes; thousands of tender recollections crowded on me, filling my mind with painful thoughts—of my native land, and all the lovely and engaging scenes in which my childhood had passed—of home, my beloved parents, brothers and sisters, and a few friends, dear to me as my own family, all of whom for two years I had not seen, and whom I might never now behold again!

I thought of my clerical occupations, and my heart seemed to turn with earnest longing towards them; of all my friends, whose kindly faces might never

again rejoice my heart; of the smiling skies, about to disappear from my sight. Rome and her past greatness, manifested to our day in her stupendous monuments, rose before my mind, contrasted with her present degradation under the rule of the Priest-King. My thoughts dwelt on the bright hopes of liberty that had dawned on her—on the glory she had won in the struggle for freedom, not less exalted than that of ancient Rome—on the combats, the brave men whose blood had been freely given, the precious lives lost in fighting for their country—on the treasons committed against her, and her fall—on the restoration of the Pope, and his cruel tyranny, about to be renewed with tenfold ferocity on his return;—as all these thoughts rushed through my mind, while gazing on the receding shores of Italy, my heart seemed crushed with grief, and I wept.

On rousing myself from my reverie, I found we were on the open sea; and I began to think of the future, and lay plans for my proceedings, recommending myself to God, that He might bestow courage and strength on me; and the ship went on its way. Perhaps the reader pictures to himself my fellow-exiles as plunged in silent reflection—that they wandered about the deck pre-occupied with melancholy thoughts, that the few words uttered were full of sadness, and that their minds were swallowed up in the doom which had sealed the fate of their

country, so that no smile broke the gloom of their countenances, and the idea of a wandering, uncertain life, to be toilsomely spent under a distant sky, surrounded by strangers to their language and thoughts, must present itself under the gloomiest aspect, and overwhelm them. But no; woe to the man who after a reverse does not find new hopes awake within him; and in my companions, strong health, and a natural elasticity of character in some, or ardour and enterprise excited by circumstances to strong resolution, kept up the spirits of all. Hope, the only consoler of human misery, came to the aid of the present, by painting the future in rosy hues; alas! too often deceitfully. Misled by her, they did not see that the cause of Italy was lost, or foresee in their life of exile a desolating succession of calamities. They never thought that all prospect of a happier future was shut out from them. We must consider in excuse, that the love of country, though a moral affection, is of general, not individual character; so that if unfortunate reverses defeat the brightest hopes of patriots in some noble struggle, still the calamity, great as it must be, does not paralyse the faculties, as does a personal grief in which the heart is engaged from individual sentiment. In the case of the patriot, his understanding, his principles, are the exciting causes of action rather than his heart. So that failure does not

stab human sensibility on the side of affection, but causes only a slight and partial depression; and thus among youthful exiles for political causes, we seldom or never see the same sorrow displayed as for the solemn losses which wound the heart. And our society offered no exception to this rule; being talkative, if not gay, yet full of confidence; they held long political discussions, as if the arena of politics had been a habitual scene to them; the conversation was varied, full of unreflecting good humour, but noisy and lively, as if the past brought no sad pictures to memory, and they had shut out the desolate and uncertain future from their minds;—and the vessel went on its way always.

I alone took no part in the universal cheerfulness, not having the same confidence and buoyancy of character as my shipmates. Besides, one tormenting thought was continually present to me, What could I do? With only a scanty provision of bread and cheese and a few copper coins, how could I face the future? If I could only find some honest occupation! My melancholy did not escape the notice of the other exiles, many of whom were my friends; they came about me, encouraging me to take heart, and eagerly demanding what could be the matter; but I could not explain my difficulties to any one, and hid my secret carefully from their anxiety; and soon perceiving that nothing availed to rouse me, they left

me to my own thoughts. There was among ~~us~~ ^a Neapolitan named Piscicelli, with whom I had ~~formed~~ acquaintance; he was young, lively, highly educated, and rich. Since our embarkation, seeing my distress, he had done all in his power to cheer me, by lively speculations on the future, saying, "Doubt not our speedy return to Rome; we shall only wander a little about the world, acquire a few languages, observe the different customs and manners of other nations, and so learn many things which travelling alone can bring to our knowledge, and may at a future time be useful to our country; and to her we shall be more devoted after our long absence." Many other pleasant thoughts he poured into my ears, but my heart was closed; the heavy thought dwelling in my mind seemed like the solar worm eating into my brain, and I only replied in brief words broken by sighs. Still he importuned me, and pressed me with questions, till at last I yielded, partly to his urgency, but more easily because I felt how great a relief the confidence would afford my own mind, considering his sincere sympathy and friendship; so I told him the story of the lost money, and my destitute condition. My confidence was met; for scarcely had he heard me out, when his purse was in his hand, and he was urging me to take as much money as I wanted. Moved by his kind liberality, I agreed to accept such a sum as might suffice for my expenses until the

money I expected from my family should arrive. We reached the harbour of Malta without accident, where we expected to land at once and commence our career of exile. But it did not fall out so; for Malta, though subject to Protestant England, is often ruled by a Popish governor, sent out in mistaken tenderness to the feelings of the natives, and he who then held the office was largely endowed with the qualities of an adherent of Popery, being tyrannical in disposition and principle; so his horror, on hearing that a party of excommunicated rebels against the Pope were about to land, may be imagined, and he decided to forbid our landing. No remonstrances or representations could change his purpose. Our being furnished with regular passports, many of them English, made no difference. We proved that none of us were criminals or adventurers, but only unfortunate men who had fought for their country, and been obliged to seek English protection on the fall of liberty at home: but in vain. Many of my companions had letters to respectable, and even distinguished families in the island, and we all offered guarantees for good conduct; but nothing availed to soften his heart, bound with iron, and filled with Papistical ferocity. He regarded us as so many demons in human shape, and believed, that in permitting us to land, he would let loose a band of devils on the island. Perhaps he feared that we might

alienate from the Sovereign Pontiff a population peculiarly devoted to him. The Jesuitical arguments of those about him still further confirmed this wretched man against us. Those men were not merely Jesuits in principles and sympathies, of whom there are many in Malta, but actual members of the Society of Loyola,—Jesuits in flesh and blood, who were all-powerful with him. It is well known, that in the Revolution of '48, the Jesuits were dismissed from every part of Italy. A considerable number of them had taken refuge in Malta, their hearts burning with anger and hatred, and thirsting for vengeance. The conclusion of their devilish rule in the Peninsula seemed final, and they could not forgive the authors of the change which had taken place in public opinion with regard to them, but went about the world speaking evil of the revolutionary principles, and the new spirit which had inspired the people to reject them altogether. They had vowed a tremendous revenge, should occasion ever arise ; the opportunity had occurred of wreaking their malice on us, and they seized it. Besides the resident Jesuits, almost all the rest of the family of Loyola inhabited the island at that time ; and those who resided there habitually were no less bitter in their feelings than the banished Italian brethren, as the Protestant government of England was a continual irritation in their eyes. The governor loved them all with his whole heart,

and almost venerated as gods those whom Italy had expelled, on account of the insult and contumely heaped upon them, and the saint-like patience with which they endured them.

They laboured to inspire the governor with their feelings towards Italians, and especially towards those who had fought against the Pope, assuring him that our dismissal was his most sacred duty, as a band of desperadoes who might bring down a malediction on the island, already sufficiently infested by impious and heretical persons—liberals, and avowed enemies of the Roman Catholic Church; exciting in him dreadful fears of the punishments he might expect from the justice of God if he permitted the island to be polluted further by venomous serpents, sufficient to infect the whole land with pestilence. I did not hear their discourse assuredly, but the conduct of that Jesuit, the governor, sufficiently proved how he had been influenced, for he perverted and misinterpreted the sacred laws of constitutional liberty, of which he was the representative. While the question of disembarkation remained uncertain, we found our vessel the object of attention to crowds on the shores and in boats in the harbour, who all kept signing the cross, and calling us excommunicated wretches. These people must have learned their lesson in church and in the confessionals! Probably the governor, as an Irish Roman Catholic, had no

hesitation as to the course he was to pursue; at *all* events, he leant to the safer side for his own *soul*, (according to his creed,) and to please the *Jesuits* became a tyrant, and refused us permission to *land*. The mistaken policy of the English government in giving Roman Catholic governors to Malta has never worked well; with a few honourable exceptions, they have misinterpreted the laws of a liberal constitution to please the Jesuits, who, on their side, have largely promised indulgences, if the governor only favoured the Catholics in all their violent designs, and persecuted the Protestants, whom they designated as heretics. Thus England chose men to serve her who proved her worst enemies, and did all in their power to disgrace her name. Till England renounces her system of yielding to the prejudices of the Maltese in sending them a Roman Catholic governor, such cases of despotic breach of the laws, and religious persecution, must be of frequent occurrence. Direct injustice has been proved against several governors of Malta; and this is not to be wondered at,—their faith is in constant enmity to Protestant England. However well born and educated a man may be, let him possess the highest advantages, still all are lost in his Roman Catholicism, which makes him the slave of a system, compelling him to set aside the rights of his Protestant neighbours, and commit all sorts of injustice and tyranny.

Finding representations fail to move the obstinacy of this Irish bigot, we determined on proceeding to Athens. The previous bent of our minds made us long to realise the scenes of classic story, which fired our imaginations. We had long dwelt on Roman greatness, and were accustomed to those remains which, even in decay, testify so strongly to her ancient glory, and to the recollections which these memorials call forth, though degraded in the priestly ages into convents and churches, where now reign idleness alone. But in their utmost change, these superb monuments still have a sublime language to the intelligent, and we believed that we should find similar traces of antiquity, in greater abundance, in the possession of a people who combined the valour of ancient Greece with a nobleness of character worthy of those who had reconquered liberty at the price of superhuman sacrifices; so that in admiring the marvellous works of the ancients, we might recognise the perfect harmony existing between the glories of the past and present, and claim brotherhood with the heroes of old, through the gallant descendants who had proved themselves worthy successors of such ancestors. We were to find in the modern Greek a faithful image of the ancient, in national spirit, magnanimity, dignity, and devotion to his country, and did not doubt that we, who by every courageous effort had tried to win for Rome

the freedom they had won for Athens, would be received as brothers by men who had shaken off the Mohammedan yoke, with a constancy of purpose like our own. We shall quickly see how our expectations of hospitality were answered.

The Greek Consul came on board, to sign our passports, and make the final arrangements for us. He displayed much courtesy to us all, and was especially kind to me. On my explaining that money must arrive in Malta for me, he at once offered to send it to Athens, taking every precaution necessary to secure its safe arrival. He faithfully kept his word, I must add. We quitted the harbour of Malta with very mixed feelings, and departed to try our fortunes on the shores of Greece.

CHAPTER XI.

WE are all apt to form opinions concerning scenes we have not visited, especially where historical association has excited the imagination to dwell upon them. Our own picture has all the force of truth to us, till we behold the reality unveiled to our living eyes, and find, too often, that it presents a deplorable contrast to all our preconceived notions. A man, in this case, cannot fail to be astonished at the credulity his ignorance has betrayed him into, as well as the new aspect scenes he had fancied familiar assume when his travels bring him to the spot.

No study can impart the same knowledge of the character of a country, the people, their manners and customs, that may be easily and pleasantly acquired by the traveller. At a distance, for instance, people fancy that in Italy nature is always smiling, that her skies are serenely azure, while the inhabitants offer a sad contrast to their benign climate and beautiful country, being by no means good or trustworthy: while, in fact, Italy has regions where the land is sterile as Siberia, and the climate rivals in rigidity the bleak North; and the character of the

inhabitants of Italy equally disproves the prejudice of strangers,—being noble, generous, and frank. Foreigners find themselves often undeceived in visiting Italy, by discovering that the lack of the beauty they had been taught uniformly to expect, in some quarters heightens the charm of the scenery by a variety which often affords strong contrasts. So acquaintance with the natives destroys the prejudice conceived against them, and the traveller returns to his home to describe Italy as a land less uniformly lovely than he expected to see, it may be, but bestowing a higher character on the inhabitants. Many of the English, after living years in the country, on returning home, leave with regret Italian friends, to whom they have become warmly attached, and who, on their side, cherish the same recollection of them; and if to such persons the remembrance of Italy is full of pleasing impressions, much more do they dwell with pleasure on the people. In the same way I can say, as an Italian addressing the English, that when we leave home to come to this fortunate island, the shrine of liberty, we expect to see a desolate land, pervaded by gloom, from the absence of the sun leaving the sky dark, and creating a murky atmosphere; while among the inhabitants, cold manners and a total want of cordiality prevail. On arriving, to our agreeable surprise, we find the reverse. For the sun does shine

in England, though not very brightly ; the climate is not so severe as we imagined ; and the inhabitants are courteous and friendly, and often very amiable. These qualities are not merely the consequence of a superficial and hypocritical goodness, but have their root in the heart of the people, and are exhibited in actions.

Among the many facts corroborative of this which I have witnessed, I need only instance the cordial and generous welcome bestowed by all Britain, in the late month of March, on my unhappy compatriots, who had only been dismissed from the prisons of Naples to be banished to America. The sympathy shewn them should be recorded, that all may learn to honour hospitality, while they hate despotism. Devoted love for Italy and her true interests constituted the crime of all these men, and for this they had endured, for long years, imprisonment in the horrible dungeons of the Bourbon, from whence they were released only to be sent to a distant land, with no means of support. Ye, natives of Britain ! have shewn mercy to these unfortunates, who came to you weeping, enduring hunger, thirst, and nakedness ; for ye have dried their tears, and clothed them, refreshing them with food and drink ; and thus have shewn, that not only do ye know the true religion, but are ready to obey its precepts, and so belie the accusation brought against you by the

wild beast of Rome. Accept, then, O most generous nation! my warmest blessings for the sympathy and hospitality showered on my poor brethren and companions in exile. May God pour all His blessings upon you, and countervail any attempts against your liberty, civil or religious. Truth demands this testimony at my hands, and my whole story will prove that wherever I have gone, the English have been cordial and steady friends.

I had conceived the most exalted ideas of Athenian greatness, expecting to see a city full of rich remains, inhabited by heroes, who cherished art as a precious legacy of ancient grandeur; but in Athens I vainly sought for that which existed no more. I saw no trace of the magic beauty I had dreamed of. There are the streets, I said, trod by Socrates, Plato, and so many fathers in philosophy, in companionship with the learned and the renowned,—men whose names have descended to us encircled with a bright halo of glory. Here dwelt Themistocles, Aristotle, and Miltiades. I breathed the air they had breathed. We had sacrificed ourselves to the same patriotic zeal which had raised them in the eyes of the world. A sentiment of sublime reverence pervaded my soul. It seemed as if land and air, nay, the very buildings of Greece, addressed me in mystic language. But what did they say to me? They told of the evanescence of human glo-

ries, the mutations of fortune, and the inflexibility of time, which brings all things to decay, so absolute that no trace can be found where he has pressed his last light touch.

And this is Athens, once queen of the waters, and still seeming to hold the sceptre; but where are fled all thy marvellous deeds of arms, thy magnificence and graceful luxury? Alas! Athens presented to my eyes an impoverished city; irregular, unpaved streets, bordered by mean houses of wretched appearance, except the dwelling of the king, by courtesy styled the palace, which rises to something below mediocrity.

In vain I thought to see temples triumphing over time, for no temples were visible. I looked for the miracles of Greek architecture in houses and monuments of art, but there were none to see. An unutterable sadness struck my heart at the sight of the fallen city, once the seat of heroes, now the miserable wreck of Turkish barbarity. No consolation was left me but the hope of finding the inhabitants restored from their degenerate condition to a level with the ancients. The story of the struggle for independence had given me a reliance on Greek character—the Greeks had fought against the abhorred Turk, had sacrificed life and property, all they possessed, for liberty; and so I was convinced that in each son of the soil I was to behold a hero;

but, alas! this hope proved as illusory as the other. In walking through the city, I could not avoid remarking the costume of the people, which displeased me much, as a relic of abject slavery which they ought long ago to have rejected with disdain; but, instead, it seemed as if, in their personal vanity, they derived a sort of consequence from their wide and flowing garments, like the peacock when he spreads abroad his tail. With all their efforts, they could not look like heroes—one saw always the slaves of Turkey. It must be owned that some traces of the antique beauty still remained, but marred by an unmistakeable air of ignorant pride. They seemed to consider that their successful revolution had established for them an undoubted claim to regard themselves as superior to all other nations who might have fought, but without success, for their country. On meeting, we never received even a glance of sympathy and interest; on the contrary, their looks expressed, “How greatly superior must we be, who fought and gained, to you who have fought and lost!” and they went their way with an air of barbarous arrogance. This contemptuous indifference towards other nations they have learned from their Turkish masters. And yet how elevated above them we felt the Italian nation to be, as a civilised people, instructed in the arts, literature, and philosophy; and, in truth, the world has seen that

nations free, cultivated, and civilised, have sympathised in our struggle, and shewn us all the interest due to unfortunate brethren. But the Greeks did not do so—they who had been slaves, and worse than slaves, and but a few years before had seen themselves the scorn and puppets of the Turks. In our own country we had fought to be delivered from despotism, and after many combats, preferred exile to submission, but had never known, even under the rule of a Pope, slavery such as Turkey imposed upon Greece. These thoughts moved us to compassion, and made us heartily wish that with the progress of liberty they might also advance in humanity and civilisation; and I certainly hope this may have happened since I left them ten years ago. But at that time there existed only one miserable school in Athens; no system of public instruction was established. The following days I visited the ruins of ancient Athens, at more leisure than I had bestowed on them on my first arrival. Although the Turks have destroyed the ruins of the ancient city to reconstruct the walls of the town, and the modern Greeks, equally shameless, have used the time-honoured remains of ancient monuments as the materials for their wretched dwellings, still there remained much to interest the curious traveller. I looked on the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, on which were held the

debates of the first senates of antiquity in the open air, and on the ruins of ancient temples; but with a deeper sympathy I stood on the spot when Demosthenes poured his bursts of passionate eloquence, to rouse Athenian patriotism against the Macedonians, and entered the cave, cut in the solid rock, which tradition records as the prison of Socrates. The temples dedicated to Jupiter, to Olympus, and to Theseus, being still distinguished, I examined them attentively; then I went to the Acropolis, from whence the ruins of the temple of Minerva and the Parthenon may be viewed. My mind was filled with admiration; and I spent many days in a leisurely study of these and the other relics of past greatness still existing.

But a mightier interest and more important study called my attention from Athens and her antiquities; and I must now introduce to the reader the subject which since that time has been the object of my existence.

Some days after my arrival, Mr King, a missionary, paid me a visit at the inn, and with much kindness and courtesy entered into conversation; and naturally I replied with equal courtesy. I say it was natural, not only because I am less reserved with strangers than my countrymen in general, but also because a man, finding himself alone in a foreign land, with no friends or prospect of improving his

circumstances, is very ready to form an acquaintance, in the hope that from new friends new opportunities may arise of assisting him to enter on some career useful to himself. And I was most fortunate in attracting the notice of so excellent a man as Mr King, who sought the acquaintance of a poor exile in such a manner as turned my thoughts into a new channel, and enabled me to fix them upon objects worthy the deepest interest. While creating for himself new trains of thought, though consistent with those which his good heart and Christian character had already made familiar to his mind ; while his genuine recognition of the brotherhood of humanity led him willingly to connect himself with an unfortunate man ; the progress of the acquaintance clearly demonstrated the benevolent purpose with which it had been sought.

On his first visit, after a little preliminary conversation, he began to ask me about Rome. His questions were put, not only with the most delicate discretion, but were themselves so intelligent, that I became much interested, and readily entered into a description of the present condition of Rome, telling him of the miserable state to which the people were reduced under the abominable rule of the Priest-King, and narrating the deplorable facts of our revolution, and the atrocious acts of vengeance which had from the first restoration of the Papal authority

disgraced the government, and left no doubt as to the fate of the patriots who had not been able to effect their escape in time. Mr King heard, with great appearance of sympathy and interest, all I told him; and from the tone of his discourse, so full of feeling and deep piety, shewed that his anxiety did not spring from mere curiosity, but a real desire to know the actual condition and prospects of those who were so unfortunate as to be the toys and slaves of priestly imposture; and shewed much distress on learning that in Rome, as in all Catholic countries, the mass of the population is sunk in excessive superstition, or in utter indifference and unbelief. The first class, persuaded by false notions of religion, actually believes that piety consists in superstitious practices and blind submission to the will of the priests, and in accepting doctrines the most impious and absurd that can be conceived; so that to them religion has been transfigured into a tissue of childish practices, arising out of dogmas no less abominable than extravagant, forming a whole that differs in little but name from Paganism, excepting, indeed, in the acknowledgment of Jesus Christ. But how is He recognised? Simply as the second person in the Trinity; but not as sent of God to be our Saviour and Redeemer, or as discerning that through Him alone our transgressions are cancelled. All this I had seen for years, and could exactly describe

the effects of the soul-destroying doctrine. Of the class of unbelievers he heard with astonishment, that it seemed as if in their minds the abhorrence of Popery had led directly to abhorrence of Christianity itself, as if they were one; and yet, while these men had vowed enmity to the Pope and his system, they were not less ready to reject Protestantism with still greater decision, as containing less of the Christian religion than the Church of Rome preserves, firmly persuaded that Protestantism, having arisen from the perusal of the Scriptures, must therefore be a perversion of the gospel in itself. So that, according to them, the evils under which we labour do not proceed from Popery, but from the gospel. My excellent friend proved, by clear and earnest argument, how much we mistook in supposing the Papacy to be the necessary consequence of the gospel, as in reality it had sprung up in direct opposition,—that in Holy Writ the Pope was represented as Antichrist, and Rome as the modern Babylon, full of all sorts of abominations. And I, who detested the Pope and denied his doctrines, maintained the argument against Mr King with a warmth that seemed born of my detestation of the side I espoused; and this from no hypocrisy, but from the sectarian zeal so deeply rooted in the heart of a Roman Catholic priest, that it becomes a part of his very being. My obstinacy only seemed to

inspire Mr King with fervour; and from a pious zeal for my soul, he began to prove that all essentially Roman Catholic doctrines are in direct opposition to the gospel. I became warmer in my mistaken arguments, and he strove to enlighten me with added earnestness when he became aware I had been a priest. I went on to prove the Roman claim in favour of the Papacy, viz., antiquity and unbroken descent from the apostles, from historical facts, forgetting in my zeal that the histories I quoted were made by or for the Popes. And by this course of argument I found myself proving that which I knew to be false,—the infallibility of the Pope and his succession from St Peter, and the Roman Catholic Church as the very Church founded by the apostles.

Perhaps the reader may smile or shudder at my inconsistency, and yet it is true. A Roman priest is quite capable of falling back into such arguments, from the habit his thoughts have acquired from being trained into falsehood. Mr King, with Christian patience, answered me, by adducing facts not only derived from history, but from the Bible, of which till then I knew nothing, commencing his argument with the contested arrival of St Peter at Rome. He said he was willing to take for granted, for the sake of argument, that the Church of Rome took her rise in apostolic times; but even this does not establish her claim to the highest antiquity, be-

cause previous to the arrival of the Jewish family of Cornelius and of St Paul in Rome, Eastern Churches already existed. Admitting her claim to antiquity could not disprove the corruptions of the Church of Rome; is it not possible, on the contrary, that she herself may by degrees have departed from gospel truth and the spirit of her first institution? Does not history clearly demonstrate that very many dogmas taught by Rome were entirely unknown to the Christians of the first centuries? Were not the doctrines of the worship of the Madonna, and the virtue of relics, and transubstantiation, introduced in the course of succeeding centuries? And have not the inventions of purgatory, indulgences, confession, the celibacy of priests, come to be received as established doctrines, by descending, as it were, from hand to hand for ages? Surely the Protestant Church may claim an equal, if not a more remote antiquity than that of Rome, inasmuch as she takes root in the Bible itself, and goes back to the apostolic times, when the pure gospel was declared; and if we listen in our own day to the gospel preached in purity, as left us by these holy men of old, it must bring us salvation, if we receive it with faith. Does the Romish Church even pretend to deduce her doctrines from the Bible? No; for she sets her authority above that of Scripture, and no single dogma, coming directly from the Papacy, fails in

opposition to the Divine Word. Nowhere in the Bible is purgatory mentioned; and transubstantiation arose from a mere perversion of words, which causes the admission of that doctrine, and infallibility and confession. "Of what weight against these proofs is the much-boasted antiquity of the Romish Church?" said Mr King. "If the true religion of Christ were really one with the Papacy, infidels would have reason to curse her; but that religion is the strongest enemy of the Pope, as you will see conclusively proved when you come to read the Word of God for yourself." I knew no arguments for his refutation. Besides, a sense of my own ignorance of the Bible was forced on me by discerning how unable I was to judge arguments drawn from it.

The study of the Divine Book is so hindered, perverted, or neglected among us, that I could hardly see the extent of my deficiencies. Had I then known the Word of God, as by His mighty grace I now do know it, I had made no questioning, but should have seen and acknowledged my errors at once. Besides, I am bound to repeat my confession, that I defended a cause I knew to be lost, from the inveterate habit of priestly life, which teaches a man that he must inculcate certain dogmas, though he has already rejected them. So great was the shame I experienced at the idea of renouncing doctrines I had held and taught for years, even while abhorring

them, that my sectarian zeal seemed insurmountable, and I could not resist the old habit peculiar to a priest of Rome, and continued to fight for all I utterly disapproved. Thus, though convicted, I would not allow myself persuaded, but was true to my resolution of supporting my Church against all the evidence of reason, and even my own inclinations. This truly Christian teacher would not leave me to my blindness, but with nobleness of mind, softened by brotherly love, unveiled to my mind doctrines not as yet understood, or even suspected by me, without allowing my pertinacity to discourage him. He led me at last to doubt myself and the force of my reason, and persuaded me to look at the truth in humility of spirit, confiding no longer in myself, but in God—revealing to me sublime doctrines, unknown before, and corroborating them from the Bible which he had with him, and anew urged me to trust no longer in myself, but in God, and, above all, to implore of Him the gift of faith. It is true I recognised the being of Christ, but not as my Saviour; for never did I suspect my own deficiencies. But soon I began to perceive that salvation could not be wrought out by works, but only by a lively faith in Him who had already saved me. And how did I seek this sanctifying grace? By my own reflections, and by trying to force my sentiments into accordance with my convictions; by examining my

doubts and reasoning on them, always confiding in my own strength. I had not yet learned the great principle, that we can of ourselves do nothing for our own salvation, but that through the merits of Christ alone are we saved, if we believe in Him. This threw my mind into great conflict, and I knew not where to turn for a solution of my doubts—whether I should trust myself at once to the counsels of this true Christian, or rather to the impulses of my own mind, already filled with doubts. Mr King perceived the struggle going on in my mind during this first conversation, and had recourse to the infallible remedy. Putting the Bible into my hands, he urged me to read it with prayer and meditation, in a spirit of humility, and said that there I should find the light I needed. He easily saw that I relied too much on myself, and that my darkness had not so much arisen from indolence of mind, as from the prejudices imbibed in the course of my education, and rooted during the exercise of the sacerdotal office. He urged me to renounce all human pretences, and to acknowledge my own nothingness by giving myself wholly to Christ, and opened up to me the great doctrine of justification, which is gratuitous towards us for no merit of our own, but only through a firm faith in Christ. He then asked if I really thought I had performed meritorious actions? My answer was unhesitatingly in the affirmative,

He replied by proving how impossible it is for a man to do anything for himself, having no merit in himself; and he bade me look at all my actions, and see if even those I considered the most disinterested and pure were free from alloy of base, worldly, or profane motives, far removed from evangelical purity. For the first time, I impartially searched my conscience, and saw no purity existing there. It seemed tainted by the sin of a son of Adam. The deeds on which I had most relied as meritorious, I now discovered were involved in the murkiness of a corrupted humanity. If for love of my country I had sacrificed myself, within there was always the human motive. If I aided my brethren, it was from a mixture of pride and feeling that had no root in the gospel. Did I love my brother according to the flesh—was it not a selfish affection? and if I performed good works, the same veil of worldliness enshrouded them. I distinctly perceived that good actions, let them appear as pure and simple as possible, are never uncontaminated. The bandage fell from my eyes, and I saw my errors, and recognised myself a sinner. Mr King read me many passages, which proved me to have been dead in trespasses and sins, while believing myself far from them—that in the pride of my own imagination I had walked after the world, and had followed the prince of the powers of the air (Eph. ii. 1, 2). For

all the diverse works of the law are under a curse. I believed myself, guilty as I was, justified by the works of the law, when my own pride alone subjected me to the powers of the law, in order to gain merit through obedience, not considering that no man is justified of God by the law (Gal. iii.)

Though my faith was weak and hesitating, undetermined, and not yet living, I had boasted myself in my own works, and he asked if I had attained to a perfect love in the service of God? Willingly would I have replied in the affirmative, but was compelled to say No, though my corrupt nature still urged me to maintain my pride. My excellent friend said it was indeed impossible for us to be perfect in our own strength. "Then," said I, "we must be condemned to eternal punishment, if in our own strength we cannot love and serve God." But he exclaimed in a voice of thrilling emotion—"No ! He exercises mercy. We can do nothing of ourselves, and you now see it, though you have grown up in the contrary doctrine, and you believe, as you have learned and taught, that you possess much power in yourself ; but, in truth, God does all for us, and we must be brought to own our insufficiency, and His unspeakable bounty, which bestows all on us, without any merit in us. Because God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son, that all who believe on Him may be saved (John iii. 16) ;

and whoever believeth on Him shall be saved," he added, with eyes full of deep spiritual compassion. "Believe, is all He commands. He does not bid us try to save ourselves by our works—such as fasts and mortifications of the flesh; all you can do is full of corruption. All that is required of you is to believe in Christ, that through faith in Him you may be saved, without any help of your own; and thus your works shall be purified, not through your merit, but through Him who has made you a member of His body; and being dead in Him to sin, with Him you shall be alive through grace. Then you shall no longer live after the flesh, but according to the Spirit, for by faith you shall be united to Christ, and will conform all your ways to that Spirit that dwells in you through the merits of Christ, who by His death and resurrection has supplied all our deficiencies."

After opening my mind to receive the new and strange doctrines whose origin is in the Bible, and which are indeed different to those taught by Rome in her voluminous theology, this pious man would not leave me without comfort, in the lowly worldly position in which I found myself; and spoke of the ways of Providence leading us often through thorny paths to spiritual improvement, and that our hardest trials in His hands are made the means of our salvation. He bade me not sink under my afflictions,

but rejoice that God had made present circumstances subservient to my conversion ; for had I remained rich and prosperous as a priest in Rome, without having experienced the troubles I had suffered, nothing could have persuaded me, short of the immediate interposition of the Spirit, of the perverting power of the sons of Rome. I must have remained ignorant of the only way of salvation, and must still have had wrapped about me that net of error, superstition, and impiety, which must have made me unhappy both in this life and that which is to come ; whereas here, in this land of exile, the truth had been breathed into my ear in its purity, fresh and living from the fountains of the gospel, and I might rejoice in the great grace vouchsafed me, of having made a large advance towards regeneration, and thank God, who in His Word had given me an inexhaustible source of consolation under all the difficulties of life to which He might see fit to expose me. That instead of murmuring, I had reason to thank God for putting me to such tests before admitting me to the number of His elect ; and now I must cast myself on Him, with the fervent prayer of faith. And as a conclusion of this conversation, blessed of God as the first means of opening my eyes, and touching my heart, he read the first chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, as most appropriate to my circumstances, by teach-

ing us in all tribulations to have recourse to Christ Jesus for consolation, and bringing peace to the troubled conscience, and calming the passions of the soul; by shewing us that He is ever ready to comfort when through faith we seek Him; and that in Christ the only real evil of mankind is remitted and put away for ever, and the vivifying influences of the Holy Spirit descend, to succour man in his sorrows; the heart is restored to joy, and the weightiest burden of affliction becomes light to him who holds firm his faith in the Lord Christ.

We concluded the reading of the Epistle, with short but impressive meditations upon it, after which he took leave of me with a kindness that touched my heart, urging me strongly to pray and read the Bible, and not to confide in myself, but in God and His grace, and left me, with a promise of an early visit, much comforted by the hope his words held out of help from on high.

I remained lost in reflections on what had passed, clearly discerning the will of God in all that had befallen me—that He had sent me these vicissitudes to draw my feet out of the net in which they had been entangled. In my heart I experienced a new sentiment and confidence hitherto unknown. This was the first salutary effect of faith, which I had never before recognised or sought for; but the seeds had been slumbering in my heart, and, at the touch

of the Spirit, germinated, giving me the power to see the sublime and consoling views of divine truth presented to me.

I learned, in one moment, not to trust myself, or any men, who are only sinners like myself, but to trust in the Lord, and to hope from Him for life, peace, and joy; and I obtained all these blessings at His hands. Nevertheless, the change was not suddenly accomplished; that evening I experienced the first comforting influence of faith, but not yet had that grace been bestowed in all its fulness; doubt came to disturb my mind and agitate my heart, not in the Word of God, or concerning the truth which had been clearly revealed to me, but from the influence my old prejudices still exercised over me. I found my Roman Catholic convictions did not leave me, even though I had rejected them long before; now they exercised a baleful influence, and I endured a terrible conflict between them and the divine truth which was become my life. And in the moments of prayer or reading the Word, this temptation assailed me most strongly; but, by the grace of God, I was enabled to conquer them all this evening, and peace finally descended into my heart,—the peace of the Lord, that passeth all understanding.

CHAPTER XII.

IN life, languor is inseparable from inertion, and therefore movement becomes a necessity in human nature, to save from weariness of existence. As the whole physical world is subject to this law, we find it pervade with equal force the moral world. In the first, let motion cease, and in one moment dissolution commences under various forms. Water in perpetual movement will be found beautifully limpid, while stagnant waters fall into corruption and infect the air. If the air be agitated by currents, it becomes, in proportion, healthful to animal and vegetable life ; stillness is destruction, and suffocates every germ of vitality, which the former condition of things would excite into full action. Motion is the immutable law of the universe ; should the spheres pause in their courses, all nature must be disorganised.

The succession in the various kingdoms of nature is effected and maintained by this law of motion ; through its operation all the varieties of species, in each separate kingdom, are preserved and reproduced. Subject to the laws of the moral kingdom,

man finds a necessity for active exertion of *his* faculties. To whom is life most wearisome? *Not* to the man who is obliged to struggle against adverse fortune, or who finds himself tossed about by continual vicissitudes in his fate, which nerve the mind for action: such a man is never tired of life. But to him who does not know how to exercise his mental and bodily energies—who does not find contrasts and difficulties in his career, and passes his days in ease and idleness, until, feeling the necessity for exerting his physical and moral powers, in order to escape from inertia, he rushes into the excitements of dissipation; and hence gambling, and all other vices which hold human nature in perverted activity; and from these vitiated motives arise so many expedients of pleasure—theatres, balls, and all amusements which lead to vice. Thus, when men fail to find an effectual and profitable exercise for their faculties, they become occupied and absorbed in fictitious objects, in order to obey the universal law of motion.

Thus the sudden pause in my life of action caused my stay in Greece to become extremely tiresome to me; having no employment, nothing which roused my mind and excited me to exertion, after so many political struggles and agitations of war, I found myself reduced to an inertia which threatened to destroy me. Being unoccupied, I seemed to find

Continual annoyances, and the condition of the country contributed not a little to feed my ennui ; the people appeared in a state of stagnation, surprising in a country whose political condition was new, and which was supposed to be rapidly advancing in civilisation. The Greek character may have greatly improved since the period of my visit ; but at that time, Eastern apathy and indolence proved how entirely the whole being of the nation had been enslaved under the Turkish rule. The effeminate Oriental attire, and their unwillingness to move, or, if they did move, having no object in view, and seeking repose when no fatigue had prepared them for it ; smoking continually, and making no efforts to rouse or feed their minds by study, or their physical energies by exertion ; all I saw of them reminded me of the slavery of the Turkish ages, which rendered them even now incapable of an earnest life of action, worthy of the sons of freedom. Although already a free nation, the Greeks have long and painful labour before them ere they can succeed in eradicating the traces of the shameful degradation to which for long years they were subjected. Thus my companions and myself, though with different tendencies and aspirations, quickly became tired of that horrible sojourn ; the greater number sought elsewhere a more congenial mode of life, for those already possessed of fortune, and occupation for those who

required means of support. I remained a little longer in Athens, on account of my acquaintance with Mr King, and also to pursue the study of the Bible, to which I applied myself with much fervour, and from which I derived indescribable consolation; and the darkness seemed to roll from my mind day by day. The great mystery of the divine work of our redemption, wrought out by Jesus Christ, penetrated my heart with all its powers, no longer enveloped in error, and rendered me better, not that I believed myself so, but because I discovered that I had no reason to boast in myself or my good works, but only in our Lord Jesus Christ. In unlimited faith alone can we find strength enabling us to discern the fulness of our salvation. I found that the diligent use of the appointed means of prayerful study of the Bible, was rewarded by a rich effusion of grace. But, in some moments, the tempter became more active against me; he would not that my regeneration should be accomplished; in resisting his artful suggestions, I was subjected to terrible conflicts. To him the loss of a Roman Catholic priest is more afflicting than that of an infidel; inasmuch as the first is a more active instrument in diffusing darkness by means of his abominable doctrines, than the latter can be by the display of his infidelity. He took a special care to trouble me when in the perusal of the Bible. But how? By awakening in my

mind all the prejudices of my education, and causing them to struggle against the effects of that living faith which the divine grace had bestowed upon me as a consequence of studying the Scriptures.

While reading the Bible condemned by Rome, the pontifical bulls and the excommunication fulminated against those who read that sacred book were present to my mind, with all the accompanying maledictions which are poured upon the heads of such impious persons; it seemed that I could not forget the decree of eternal perdition issued by the Pope against all those who may disobey his laws. The descriptions of the torments prompted by the frenzied imaginations of the friars presented themselves to me in all their horrors. The temptation placed before me the bulls with all their dreadful consequences; and at times it appeared to me that Rome must be in the right, and that I was impious in rejecting her guidance to become heretical.

At length the dogmas I had long before cast off and renounced from my heart as repugnant to reason, came back to my mind with added force. I struggled with the temptation, and overcame it; but could not entirely conquer remorse, the fruit of superstitious prejudice. In all my mental disturbance I found Mr. King a great comfort; for he watched over me with the anxiety of a father or

brother, guiding my erring mind into the right path, and giving me strength when the spirit became feeble, and confirming my purposes when resolution seemed about to give way. He gave me light when the intellect seemed darkened; and, above all, edified and encouraged me by his holy example. He often prayed with me, and thus my consolations were redoubled. Assuredly, when a man is moved by that charity which is the purest effect of faith, he can do much, because he does all for the love of our second father, Jesus Christ, and nothing for himself or any worldly end, and all is in harmony with that love which warms his heart. Our conferences were changed; no longer intent on contradicting him, I stated my doubts as they arose, with an earnest desire to be enlightened; and his answers satisfied my mind, and filled my heart with greater charity.

By this time I had made some observations on the Greek Church. The Pope is quite justified in triumphing in her, while he deplores the schism which has rent her from him. For she is not whit behind Rome in error, superstition, and anti-christian practices; the only point in which the Greeks fail, as worthy followers of Rome, is in the denial of the Pope's supremacy. They have the same creed and dogmas, utterly removed from evangelical truth. The differences between them

exist only in the ceremonies, but the one is not less superstitious than the other. The Greek Church excels Rome in barbarous ignorance, and the people are equally enslaved to the priests by a system of imposture. And among them we do not find the crowds of unbelievers and scorners we have seen in the Church of Rome. Their belief in their Church is more blind, general, and superstitious. Prayers to images are poured forth sincerely; the difference in the devotees of the two Churches consists in this, that in Greece the images are not models of artistic skill, like many in Italy, but perfect monstrosities of art, giving only the idea of Oriental idols in form and proportions. Here the blindness is more profound, and the veil of superstition more opaque, than in Rome, while the practices are more puerile and unworthy of the Christian name. The priests are so ignorant that their ignorance has passed into a proverb. Uneducated, they know nothing, and go through the ceremonies mechanically, equalling their Roman brethren in hypocrisy and imposture, with perhaps a little more good faith—the good faith of ignorance. The priests who serve the churches on festival days could be seen labouring in the fields, cultivating their farms with their own hands. Many among them are really peasants, with all the ignorance of their class.

If I had detested the Romish Church before, my

abhorrence was deepened by seeing a baser reproduction of her in the Greek Church, which confirmed me in my dislike of all opposed to the gospel, and bound me yet more to the truth as they revealed.

When I considered the privations which the immense crowd of political exiles already suffered, and must expect to endure, I could not refrain from lifting my grateful soul to God, who had deigned always to open up a way for me, so that though I might be distressed, He did not leave me to perish. I witnessed the sufferings beyond description endured by men who had enjoyed at home wealth and honour, beloved by all around them; and many of these were accompanied by their wives and children—men of the highest reputation, distinguished by talent, who before '48 had held the highest posts in the country—men who merited the greatest respect, and had done nothing to forfeit the esteem of others, unless sacrificing riches, honour, and, hardest trial of all, family affection, on the shrine of their country, could be called a fault. I saw many of these real heroes who were dying of hunger and cold, without a shelter, without clothing, abase themselves willingly to the most abject offices to obtain a morsel of bread, which had often to be divided with their starving families, and they thought themselves too happy when these menial services procured this inadequate relief! **I**

thanked God, prostrated before Him, for His great mercy, which always spared me from such extremity ; and He has been pleased to give me the means of maintaining life, if not with ease, at least without suffering from want ; and in my most urgent necessities has sent me unexpected assistance. One proof of this I have given in the conduct of my most generous countryman, who shared his purse with me on the voyage to Malta. The Lord surely touched his heart in that moment, and he became His instrument that I might have succour. The Lord led the good Mr King to me in Athens, who besides inexpressible, and much more important spiritual benefits, shared with me, from his own large heart, his temporal good things also. Mr King, like a true gentleman, procured for me employment in correcting an Italian manuscript for publication ; this I willingly accepted, because, independently of the payment, I was glad to serve a true friend. But what should I have received from the small size of the manuscript ? Very little indeed. In a few days, when I carried back to him the finished work, my surprise and gratitude may be imagined when he put in my hands a sum greatly exceeding the recompence usual for such labour. Then I saw why he had given me such an employment ; he had wished to afford me substantial assistance without humiliation. I felt double gratitude—for the generous act, and for

the manner in which it was performed; and it shall remain sacred in my memory through life. Should this by any chance fall into the hands of Mr King, I trust he will forgive my indiscretion, for modest and simple as he always was, he would never have allowed me to divulge his generosity. In the recollection of the sufferings I have undergone, my mind finds most light and consolation in reflecting on the delicate traits of benevolence of which I have been the object, and among the English more than any other people. I have always found the English without ostentation, but full of generosity, and render thanks to the Divine goodness for placing me among those who could sympathise with me, while walking in the thorny path which God has been pleased to appoint to me. I may be permitted to say, that my gratitude for English sympathy shall only cease with life. May God bestow on all my friends ample returns, by pouring out on them His blessings in this life, and greater still in that which is to come for the good they did me was dictated by a pure and simple Christian spirit.

After passing some months in Athens, and finding no means of subsistence in teaching, from the indifference of the Greeks as to the education of their sons, and after many reflections and projects, I determined to leave Athens for Constantinople. I had not the least idea of my own views in going there,

use I did not know what I could find to do in capital of Turkey, but was encouraged by the that so many thousand Europeans congregated e. Mr King had there many friends of like d with himself, and his offer to introduce me to a decided my going to Constantinople. When the day of embarkation arrived, I did not e behind me beloved objects the separation from m afflicted me, as was the case when I quitted ie, to enter on a new and toilsome life. The ing from Mr King alone gave me a pang, but was not enough to render my departure from ns very grievous to me, because, though distant, bonds of friendship and affection must always e me to him. The uncertainties of my future occupied my mind; but gradually I became sured, and serenity and tranquillity were restored ie from the comfort I derived from reading the e and prayer, which had now become habitual ie. My mind recurred to my past life—to the ms through which my soul had passed—to the ietudes I had undergone in the search after the untages of the world, though without, indeed, g rapacious or avaricious, like so many of the an priests. My mind was full of passionate ed against the enemies of my country, it is true, yet my Christianity struggled to overcome the hly feelings too powerful in my heart. My

anxiety about worldly things, and impatience of contradiction, and defect in resignation to difficulties, all recurred to my mind, in thinking of the tribulations of my life. When I reflected how often my heart had been thrown into strong tempests in consequence, and the contrast afforded by my present feelings, I experienced an unaccustomed peace, and a tranquil resignation, with an unbounded confidence in God; and all this consolation came to me through the perusal of the Bible. I thought of the past as follows:—"At that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: but now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us" (Eph. ii. 12-14). And I derived great relief in my soul from applying those words to my own case, as also those refreshing words, addressed by Paul to the Romans:—"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge" (Rom. xv. 13, 14). And this was the blessed effect I experienced in myself, because I thought not of

the flesh but of the Spirit :—" For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Rom. viii. 14). And concluded with the Psalmist :—" Great peace have they which love thy law" (Ps. cxix. 165) ; and thus I shall have peace when justified by faith (Rom. v. 1). This was the basis which supported my present calm and peace, and thus I awaited tribulation with resignation and hope, repeating to myself the comfort which Christ had given to His disciples :—" These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33). I found my soul still further strengthened by that golden passage in Job v. 17-20—" Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth : therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty : for he maketh sore, and bindeth up ; he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles : yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine he shall redeem thee from death : and in war from the power of the sword." I had already had repeated instances of the unspeakable mercy of God, who had many times delivered me from danger and the sword, though I seldom had recourse to Him. How much more might I not hope for now that all my confidence rested in Him ! He who has learned to drink from the fountains -^c

living water, suffers no longer in the struggles of life, having found full assurance of peace and comfort. The reader will perceive that, with such reflections, I could have no anxiety about the future. So I proceeded in preparations for my journey with an undisturbed mind, though necessarily many projects occupied me.

After taking a cordial farewell of Mr King, I went on board a small vessel bound for Syra, at which port I expected to find another for Constantinople, Syra being a great resort for vessels from all quarters. I left Athens without any regret, except for my good friend King; yet an indistinct but exalted sentiment occupied my mind on leaving a city, still great from so many memories of antiquity, however insignificant she may now appear. As I left Greece, probably never more to return, all the memorials of ancient glory which I had seen seemed to flash across my mind, and presented a vivid picture of the old heroic poems of Homer, with their barbaric grandeur, and the scenes of ancient story still living. Though the hills and mountains, rivers and valleys, had lost their fabled divinities and lovely dryads, still they seemed to live in the verses which the excited imaginations of the Greek poets had poured out to them, actually deifying human passions under the form of those creations of man's delusions, from a remarkable

moral aberration, and the flights of a sensual poetic fancy.

Legislators, orators, philosophers, and magistrates, seemed to pass before me ; and to complete the panorama, I seemed to see the age of art in the highest period of refinement—the most curious subtleties of metaphysical science propounded, but never unveiled, because all knowledge of their use was lost—the times of ancient glory followed fast by ruin and decay, but still a great and noble decline, under the dominion of Rome, retaining the love of learning and the habit of cultivation which liberty had generated in Greece. The wand of an enchanter brought the whole past before me, age after age unrolling its volume of greatness, till, forgetting the utter debasement of the present, I felt as though leaving scenes beloved by me in quitting this classic land, rendered almost sacred by the universal veneration for the valour of the ancients, and the glory of their philosophy and art. It was with real pain I saw myself parting for ever from a country, I may say, I had known and loved from childhood ; the final separation hid from my heart all that had been so repellent and disgusting in actual experience, and Greece was again crowned with the sparkling coronet, and involved in the golden haze of renown bestowed by a youthful fancy to embellish the facts of history. But the golden dream vanished speedily before the

memory of the positive degeneration to which the Greeks of our day have sunk, and I departed contented, nay, happy to escape from them.

When we reached Syra, I was detained some days waiting for a vessel to transport me to Constantinople, and can only say, that there is nothing to interest in Syra, and that I was miserably tired of the sojourn. The hotel was almost a ruin, my bed bad, and the table even worse. The contrary winds prevented my departure even when the vessel had arrived; and I was enabled to judge of the violence of the gale, as the broken windows and innumerable rents in the walls admitted every breath to my room. After some melancholy days, without society or any sort of comfort, the wind abated, and I went on board a vessel bound for Smyrna. And now behold me within sight of Smyrna, which offers an aspect of surpassing beauty to our eyes, like almost all the cities seated on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The hills slope down to the edge of the water, the summit being crowned with cupolas and minarets, intermingled with cypresses, which rise above the buildings; and on the highest point of the hill stands a lonely castle. In the heat of curiosity, I disembarked as soon as possible, and was much struck with the bizarre effect produced by the mixture of European and Asiatic, which gives so strange an appearance to the cities of the East; and in Smyrna

I looked on such a scene for the first time, and the spectacle seemed curious and fantastic beyond description. Here the European consulates stand in a line, presenting a decently European air, each inhabited by a petty prince, for such is really the power of the consuls in Turkey. In this quarter all the elements of European life are to be found; the customs, appearance of the houses and shops, persons and clothing, are exactly what we see in our cities. Here, again, in the Greek quarter, Turkish customs and manners are mixed up with those of the Greeks: the men with turbaned heads, and long, flowing garments; the masquerading look of the women, with their faces wrapped up, passing among the Turkish houses, bazaars, and mosques, mingled with the effeminate costume of the Greek, and the elegant but fantastic attire of the Greek women, made up out of Eastern and European taste, while their unveiled faces contrast strongly with the appearance of the Turkish women, and most probably excite their envy. Then we have the miserable quarter, inhabited by the Jews, with an appearance of poverty and ruin externally, while within their dwellings the Jews indulge to excess in the luxury of the East—in furniture, dress, and accommodation. At last we come to the regular Armenian quarter, inhabited by a people combining a remarkable simplicity of manners with a patri-

archal dress, which seems to harmonise with the sober good sense they exhibit. The women have a naturally winning grace of manner, the fruit of a nature amiable, docile, simple, and virtuous. In them we find European refinement, the voluptuous splendour of Greek beauty, and the meekness of the Orientals, in a happy combination, derived only from nature, for though they have no mental culture, their character is deeply interesting. Indeed, a Christian spirit, which may shame those who hold purer doctrines, pervades this privileged race, which, unhappily, cherishes grave errors in faith, though not so copious or enormous, as those existing in the Church of Rome. The Armenian ladies are veiled when abroad, but at home are to be seen unveiled, in all the advantages of their beauty, enhanced by their picturesque Eastern dress, and still heightened by the modesty which forms so charming a feature in the character of Armenian women. The same jealousy of strangers is not exhibited by the Armenians as by the other Orientals, let them belong to what sect they may. Slow in making acquaintance, when a stranger is once admitted, he is received in all confidence. Fragrant tobacco and delicious coffee are the accustomed signs of welcome in the East, and the pipe is filled and the coffee prepared by the servant on the entrance of the stranger, who receives them from the hands

of some member of the family. The daughters wait on the family friends, while the wife presents the pipe and cup in succession to the more intimate male friends and relatives. And, in truth, this last privilege is a delicate sign of esteem and confidence towards those who enjoy it—as among us, friends partake bread and salt at our tables, in all confidence and mutual esteem. But how much oftener is this confidence betrayed among the civilised Western nations ! and how rare are instances of violated confidence among the Eastern Christians, and especially among the Armenians ! All praise, then, to the manliness of the men, and the graceful modesty and purity of Armenian women.

In Smyrna, as in almost all the cities of European Turkey, the shops and bazaars are open for only four days in the week—Friday being the Turkish festival, Saturday the Jewish Sabbath, and Sunday the Christian Sabbath. And besides these, there are the extraordinary festivals, which are of frequent occurrence during the year, especially among the Greeks. The festivals of these last often conclude with nocturnal orgies, which degrade the name of Christian in the eyes of the Turks.

At Smyrna, where prevails such a variety of nations and costumes, and where the amusements originate in the habits of thought and manners prevalent in such variety, we do not find so much

luxury and vanity in the houses of the numerous merchants as among the diplomatic corps. In a city enjoying the advantages of a fertile soil and soft climate, with much picturesque beauty of position, the traveller finds himself occupied in admiring and enjoying at first; but by and by, the strange diversities of manners and habits excite his observation. His attention is kept on the alert in studying what seems appropriate to each exclusive race, and then trying to realise the impression made by the combination of each into a whole, presenting a mixture, no less curious than agreeable, of Eastern and European life.

As there were no arts to study, I was glad to observe the various and striking characteristics of the inhabitants, and the results were very curious; though in my trying position, it was impossible for me to take so great an interest in them as an ordinary traveller might have done. At length, after some weeks' residence in Smyrna, I set off in the steamer for Constantinople.

CHAPTER XIII.

I CARRIED away from Smyrna many interesting and pleasant impressions of a city in which are blended so marvellously manners and customs that at first sight seem discordant.

The wind favoured us as we coasted along the island of Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, famous for the superb style of beauty distinguishing the inhabitants. Our vessel kept near the shore, and I obtained a good view of the promontory of ancient Letto, now Capo Baba ; and passing on our way, we saw the ruins of Alexandria Troas, one of the cities erected by Alexander on his conquest of Asia. Through all this region are still to be found, here and there, vestiges of the triumphant passage of this tremendous and renowned conqueror of antiquity, even after the lapse of such a course of ages. In our century, most probably, civilisation, and consequent refinement of habits, might have enervated Alexander, and reduced him to a more ordinary level ; but in his own times he was a hero, though of rapine and usurpation. And we must acknowledge, that his various conquests diffused the bene-

ficial results of Greek civilisation among the barbarous and savage nations he subdued. The footsteps of the Napoleon of antiquity are still to be traced in different quarters of the world, in vestiges that continually engage the mind in comparing him with his remote successor, Napoleon, to whom his character bears a strong resemblance, in military genius, love of power, and ferocious inflexibility, mingled with traits of astonishing magnanimity. Like his, also, the career of Napoleon was brief, though dazzling in its glory: but Alexander rushed on his path of victory uninterrupted, till a sudden death arrested him; while, for Napoleon, reverses of fortune, succeeding in the same rapid succession as his triumphs, were followed by a long and wearying imprisonment, ending in a painful and lingering death.

I gazed with eager eyes on Tenedos, as the island from which arose the siege of Troy, and which still lives in the descriptions of Homer, who tells us how Paris there betrayed his host Menelaus. In the harbour of the isle the Greek fleet lay concealed, when the Achæians withdrew on pretence of abandoning the siege of Troy, only to renew the attack more effectively by a surprise. As we sailed, we saw the promontory of Segius, and near it the Scamander pouring its waters into the sea. The Scamander excites admiration and profound emotion

in all who are familiar with Homer, in whose memories the battles fought of old on these classic banks still live. A little more distant, but still distinctly visible from the deck of the vessel, over the bright waters, I beheld that famous plain on which have been combined for us the great truths of history with fabled narratives, in the descriptions of the death of Achilles, when the heroes met in battle to encounter the fiery Greek.

The ten years' defence of the Donai, who fought for country and home, for their walls, temples, and gods, became a reality to me, and at length the fate of haughty Illium was sealed, and she fell to rise no more ! And in looking on this smiling plain, beautiful in the light of a splendid sky, my heart was stirred by recalling that catastrophe, so fresh in men's memories, despite the passage of three thousand years—years that have seen nations rise out of nothing, become famous, and fall ; kingdoms have been erected, flourished, and decayed ; the face of the world has changed repeatedly ; new nations, religions, and languages have come into being ; these, too, have died away, and yet newer have sprung from their ashes ; and, meanwhile, the great economy of redemption was prepared and accomplished, to change the whole world under the benign influence of the gospel.

These thoughts were suggested by the heartfelt

emotion caused by the sight of places so long familiar to my imagination, but on which I now gazed for the first time. In these places, from whence arose the magnificent Illione, and which recalled to me Hector—the great, the valorous, magnanimous, but gentle Hector—truly a typical personage, perhaps the most heroic conception that poets have created in their utmost exaltation of a sublime ideality. In everything Hector was great,—in his zeal for his country, his valour ; magnanimous in all his actions. He was good in every relation,—as a son, a father, a husband. His character recurred to my memory forcibly at this moment, and I dwelt with respect on all his noble qualities.

Further off towered Mount Ida, the scene of the famous judgment of Paris, when the three goddesses appealed to him—the source whence sprung all that tide of evil and of war, which poured a flood of calamity over these regions, closing in the fall of Troy, and costing Greece treasures untold in the blood and lives of her sons, besides the vast wealth expended in the war. Two little rivers flow from the sides of Mount Ida—the Scamander and the Simoenta. Formerly they bathed the walls of wealthy and sumptuous Troy, and they still flow on ; while of the strong city no sign, no vestige remains ;—and the traveller can hardly determine the

site, and say, "There stood Troy." The indolent and incurious Turk drives his plough through the sacred soil, and passes over, never once reflecting on the celebrity of the spot, or knowing, indeed, what soil he turns up.

And now we reach the point where the ancient Hellespont, now the Dardanelles, shrinks from a sea to a narrow channel, as if the ocean, delighting in the beauty of the shores, compressed itself to revel in the beauties of Asia and Europe at once. These shores abound in beauties, famous in song and story; and the fortifications which crown the banks are not less celebrated, as evidences of the former power of the Turkish Empire. At the mouth the Hellespont is three miles wide, but by degrees narrows to so mere a canal, that the Asiatic can easily send his voice across to the European. Hills adorned by towns, extensive gardens, and noble trees, add to the rich beauty nature spreads along these shores; and if possessed by Europeans, how splendid must cultivation render this beauty! Let these shores pass into the hands of English agriculturists, or rather of Scotch, and no pen could describe the rich and glowing loveliness the hand of the people most skilled in agriculture must produce, or the reward the abundant fruits of labour must pour into their laps. I could not but think of this on seeing these regions, and others still more

enchancing, abandoned to unworthy neglect by the Ottoman tyrants, instead of being made the sources of profit and enjoyment in the hands of civilised and Christian nations. We can only hope that Providence has a better fate reserved for them !

At the narrowest part of the Straits we passed the Castle of the Dardanelles, and here the amenities of nature are multiplied ; while the strong fortifications, guarded by enormous cannon, give this point a right to the title of the Key of Constantinople. Every movement in advance presents a new aspect of things to us—a fort, a village, or the ruins of some ancient cities. It was here that Xerxes, the voluptuous tyrant, enraged that the sea had broken and dispersed the bridge of boats prepared for the passage of his innumerable army—before returning a degraded fugitive from Greece, with the wreck of his boasted array—committed the absurdity, born, however, of wanton tyranny and revenge, of throwing chains upon the sea, in sign that she, too, was the slave of Xerxes ; as if, in his childish folly, he did not hear the mockery of the waves !

At length we reached the Sea of Marmora, and, after some hours of smooth sailing, were in sight of Constantinople. The first view of the city is enchantingly beautiful. Above all the other cities of the world, this charming town is the very queen of beauty. Surrounded by lovely hills, rising from the

blue waters to the azure skies, fanned perpetually by genial zephyrs that float deliciously around her ; her smiling heavens, charming climate, and the fruitfulness of the soil around her, should have rendered Stamboul the chosen city, occupied by a noble and generous race ; but now she is enslaved by the barbarous Mussulman !—not barbarous from being of abject race, or from ferocity of sentiment, or a savage nature ; but barbarous from the brutalising effects of a religion which directly teaches the encouragement of earthly appetites, instead of spiritual sentiments—by making low and base ends the centre of every desire and aspiration ; by exciting mean and deceitful inclinations, and tendencies of fancy ; and by promising rewards only suited to a low and earthly nature, and not spiritual joys, as the blessings to be found in paradise. Not only is abhorrence of idolatry inculcated as most wicked, but Christianity itself is held in detestation. The Mohammedan, who possesses in his own moral and physical being conditions and powers fitting him to enjoy and profit by the cultivation and refinement dependent on civilisation, under the influence of a purely sensual religion, is sunk into intolerance and barbarism. The Koran lies at the root of Mohammedan corruptions. Would the Mohammedan practise cruelty against the followers of another faith, had he not learned this cruel hatred from the precepts of the

Koran? The ignorance of the Turks exists in obedience to the immutable law of the prophet; they must be kept in ignorance, that they may believe and practise the superstitions of the Koran, and have their minds thoroughly imbued with its spirit of detestation for intellectual effort and all progress. Their system of fatalism results in an utter inertion of mind and body, till to teach the doctrines of the Koran, by tranquil idleness, becomes the scope and object of existence. But can we wonder that false religion should produce these miserable effects? Very often those who call themselves Christians are cruel, and impede the progress of light by perverting the truths of Christianity, so that it appears as the very origin of errors which have their root in the wicked imaginations of men. Has not Rome been cruel in the cause of religious fanaticism? Has she not offered a barrier to all progress, from a corrupt and degraded form of Christianity, Christian as she calls herself? But she is truly Antichristian—opposed to all gospel truth. Was not Galileo imprisoned in consequence of this susceptibility in the cause of falsehood, which led the Church to condemn his astronomical discoveries, though certainly in no way contrary to the teaching of the Bible, as was proved by Christian men, who maintained this doctrine in opposition to the superstitions of Rome, which pretended to condemn Galileo on the ground


of advancing false interpretations of the Scriptures? The Bible never has been, and never can be, in opposition to scientific truths, being the Word of God, who cannot teach error, and assuredly has not authorised it on any subject.

Have not the religious persecutions and massacres executed by the Roman Catholics, rivalled, if not exceeded, similar atrocities committed by the Turks? Have they not kindled fires on which living men have been consumed, as trophies of the Holy Inquisition? And this arose from an ill-conceived and false interpretation of the Bible, which had corrupted religious truth at its source, from the dark and fanatical spirit in which the Holy Book had been studied. The cruel satellites of Rome, great and small—priests, friars, princes, or private persons—may have been naturally meek, gentle, compassionate; but superstition has made them ferocious, sanguinary, and inflexible executioners of their fellow-creatures, thirsting for the blood of their victims, and insatiable in destruction. And yet they have been, and are called, Christians, and the spirit of their tyranny still lives, and loves exercise when bold enough to brave the voice of humanity.

Thus the gospel is first misinterpreted, and then made the pretext of atrocious wickedness by those who seek to teach their own blinding fanaticism under cover of its doctrines; while the pure gospel

is the law of meekness, charity, and love, even commanding that we pardon our very enemies. What wonder that superstition, in her blind ferocity, should reach the point of deducing her errors from the Bible, and that the Pope, impiously claiming superiority over the divine law, should cut down and add to it at his own pleasure? What wonder that the Turks, in their ignorance of truth, should distort the doctrines of the Bible, by mistaken transformations, into a religion monstrous and sensual in faith and practice? for they surround religion with a tissue of absurd and childish observances, which are strictly maintained. It is no wonder that they are cruel and savage, in obedience to the law of the Koran, which has for ages influenced the whole nation. Their natural character is not cruel; therefore the acts which have rendered Mohammedanism a byword, must be traced to a false religion. I speak from personal observation of the Turkish character, which appeared to me humane, and I will even add, frank and generous in natural impulses.

Enlightened by the gospel, the Turks would be a great people; under the teaching of the Koran, they remain debased and sanguinary. What a blessing to humanity were the gospel propagated in simplicity! then would cease the odious application of the name of infidel, which sets man against his fellows.



But after this digression, I must return to my voyage, which draws near a close. Our vessel approaches the walls of the city, which appear close to us, and the Seven Towers and Gate of Death are before us; their mysteries few can disclose, for the sea reveals no secrets. The palace rises near, with its trellised windows and magnificent gardens, inclosed by a triple circle of walls. This is the famous seraglio, where beauty lingers in splendid but monotonous imprisonment. The ship passed around these walls, and we entered a harbour, from whence the Golden Horn, the minarets, and town of Constantinople were revealed to our eyes, styled by the Romans the proud Byzantium, now called by the Turks, Stamboul. The sight of this city excites various and powerful emotions. Built by a Christian emperor, she once divided the empire of the world with Rome, but now is fallen into the hands of a set of fanatical barbarians; a city that, in former ages, sent forth great armies to spread terror and desolation over the greater part of Europe, but now lies like a fallen giant, writhing in a slow death-agony, ready to become the prey of the first invader, or to drag out an ignoble and precarious existence by the indulgence of the great Christian powers.

On disembarking and entering this new world, I was overpowered by an indescribable feeling of disgust, mingled with curiosity, on seeing the streets

filled with people so indolent in every movement, and unmistakeably idle. One could fancy some natural cause prevented their moving like other people; but laziness alone possesses this turbaned crowd, whose flowing and fantastic costume adds to their languor. Paupers stand motionless, exposed to the blazing sun, in every street; thousands and thousands of dogs, thin and frightfully ugly, prowl about the filthy streets, which are only cleaned by the wind and rain; dead dogs, fowls, and all manner of animals, lie in the streets till consumed by the air. In the midst of the city, and also beyond its bounds, one is always surrounded by cemeteries, unprotected by walls; and at the ends of the streets there often stand stone tombs. This impressed me with the idea that the continual presence of death exercised a powerfully-depressing influence over this inert people, as if the sepulchre was always gaping for the multitude. I felt as though I had reached the kingdom of the plague, the minister and vicegerent of Death, who sacrifices hosts of victims to his unyielding, but subtle influence.

I selected the European quarter, Pera, for my residence. The aspect of this place is almost entirely European. The palaces of the various ambassadors, the houses of the consuls, and of all the European aristocracy, Greek and Armenian, are in Pera. The houses are handsomely built, and present

a good appearance, being well kept and cared for ; and the streets are more regular in this quarter. Here are to be found not only the customs of Europe in manners and modes of life, but also traffic conducted on principles familiar to us. The shops are in the same style as our own, splendid and elegant ; and the merchandise is displayed in the same manner, in a rich and fantastic disarray, nicely calculated to win the eye of the probable purchaser.

One hardly thinks of Pera as a Turkish city. An Italian opera company performs every season in a fine theatre, to crowded houses, including Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, with the Europeans. The traveller sees, with surprise and amusement, each man issue from the theatre, with a small lighted lantern in his hand to light him through the dark streets.

A little way from the houses there is a delightful promenade. The magnificent barrack, erected by order of Napoleon I., stands on this walk. There is before it a very large piece of ground set apart for the troops to manœuvre upon. There are three other barracks in the city, smaller than this, but very handsome.

The Turkish government has introduced many reforms and changes ; some of the most remarkable are, that the troops are armed and exercised after the

European mode, and war is conducted on the principles observed in Europe. Another not less important reform consists in the fact that heads are no longer cut off in obedience to the whim of a moment. Not only the Sultan, but his viziers and pashas, formerly ordered such summary executions, not only to punish crime, but to revenge a mere mistake or act of forgetfulness, and sometimes to gratify an aversion, or out of mere caprice. The Europeans benefit by the spirit of reform, for the government has taken us under protection, and Europeans are no longer called or treated as dogs, as the Turks were used in the palmy days of their power to treat them, regarding themselves as elect of a sublime and privileged race. At present also, Europeans are permitted to wear their ordinary dress. Formerly, to appear in the dress of his country exposed a man to the utmost peril in any part of Turkey. It may be said of the Turks generally, that not only in manners and dress, but in the rigorous observance of their religion, they are losing their distinctive Turkish type.

No Turk would have dared openly, in former times, even to put the wine-cup to his lips; as merely to wet his lips with wine exposed him to the penalty of losing his paradise of Ari; but now, not only do Turks drink wine, but get heartily drunk. Once the word of a Turk was sacred;

now they not merely tell lies on all occasions, but cheat in traffic in the most shameless manner. And we are led to ask, Whence come these changes in character and action? And the answer seems to me, simply, that, no longer Mohammedan in faith, they despise their own law, and set it at naught where it is possible to do so, and are only Mohammedan in name, no longer in practice,—not from any tendency towards a purer religion, for it is rare to see a Turk profess Christianity. We may regard all this as a sign of decay, and the prelude of ruin. And for my part, I hope the Turkish Empire may not long endure, to the disgrace of Christian Europe, among our great powers.

In the European quarter of Constantinople there are many convents, both of men and women, of all the orders in the Romish calendar,—Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, and Jesuits; and these are the missionaries of the Roman Church, who are to be seen during the day wearing the dress of their orders, but in the evening they are to be found at the theatres and all public entertainments, disguised as laymen. Protected by France, the Jesuits have gained much influence in the Levant, as a slight compensation for the power they have lost at home. In the Levant, European women are devoted adherents of this order, as they have always been in the mother countries. The European residents in the

Levant are chiefly the children of French, Genoese, and Maltese parents, who, in addition to the superstition their parents brought with them, are educated in an atmosphere of Oriental fanaticism and in the apathetic ignorance peculiar to Eastern women; while the climate and the usages prevailing around them act upon excitable fancies, and dispose them to yield to the influence of Eastern manners, and to add the sensual and fantastic Christianity of the native Churches to their own slavish dependence on the Jesuits, whose dominion over them is become absolute. The fact is certain that the women, European by descent, born in the Levant, have a stronger disposition to credulity than others; and with this great field of action laid open to their power, it is evident, from the well-known astuteness of the order, that the Jesuits are likely to establish a firmly-seated and wide-spread authority in the Levant. Already they are rich, powerful, and respected, and have a large convent in the city, and a college at a short distance, called Bebec. The old Jesuitical arts have been successfully renewed here; they have managed to get the education of youth almost entirely into their own hands, and thus continually increase the excessive influence which enables them to swarm off in such numbers to new hives. The means of education to be found without their aid are scanty and rare. Families like the sacer-

dotal authority of the Jesuits, or like them as the preceptors of their sons, and never ask whether the instruction they afford is sound or false. But the position of tutors gives them a value and influence in many families, who, apart from this, would have no desire to place themselves under their rule. In Greek, Armenian, and even Jewish houses, Jesuits insinuate themselves as instructors of youth.

I could say a great deal of the astonishing mixture of Asiatic and European in the modes of life in Constantinople; how the different races live with one another; how much they associate, and yet how widely they differ and live apart; and the multitude of costumes worn by people from almost every nation under heaven. Then the buildings, so completely Oriental; the mosques and minarets, and the houses, too, built of wood, which are constantly taking fire, and spreading destruction around them. The pictures of Turkish life and manners which came before me I might describe; the magnificent and odoriferous bazaars; and the progress the nation is making towards European civilisation;—all these are interesting, but have been so fully made known to the public by many travellers, that it is useless to enlarge upon them. But I cannot pass by the beautiful mosque of St Sophia, a venerable monument of the piety of the Emperor Justinian, who built and dedicated it to the Divine Wisdom in the sixth

century; and this church was for ages degraded into the principal mosque of Constantinople,—and who was the cause? The Pope! Let the reader remember the answer; for the Popes, from thirst of power, rent in pieces the Church, as I have demonstrated in former chapters.

Every one remembers the expedition of Peter the Hermit, and how a horde of rude barbarians, led by the Pope's Legate, descended on the Christians of the East to destroy their empire, and suppress their nationality, when, as a fatal consequence of the dogmatical disputes excited by the Popes, the oppression of the Crusaders, and the ruin consequent on their passage, with the discords roused by the Florentine synods, these poor Greeks, humbled, abased, and divided, after some ineffectual struggles, fell into the power of the Turks, and the beautiful capital of the Eastern Christian Empire became the seat of Islamism. Church of the Popes! if the name of Christ is heard no more in St Sophia, and the East is nearly reduced to the faith of Mohammed, thou only art to be accused of all the crimes of this unhappy people. Had the Church, led by her Popes, not made wars to support her image-worship, and sown discord among the Greeks—making wars only from selfish policy to destroy a rival Church—the Mussulman had never been the ruler of the East. Thou, who hast called thyself the Vicar of Christ, hast clearly

revealed thyself as Antichrist ; for thou hast sought only thine own interests, and not the glory of the Master whose name thou hast blasphemed. Hadst thou wielded thy immense power to defend and encourage the Eastern Christians, instead of aiding their oppressors, the victories of the Mussulman had not been so decisive and universal, and the slavery of the Christians in the East had been impossible. I leave the reader to judge the Popes, who for their own aggrandisement consented to the overthrow of Christianity in the East !

The interior of the church of St Sophia is most beautiful ; filled with columns of the most exquisite marbles ; here the bright red marble of Phrygia contrasts with the green marble from Sparta ; there the beautiful blood-red and white marble of Cairo, and the fine African marble of a rich saffron colour, are mingled in the greatest profusion with other specimens, the most precious that can be imagined. When I looked on all the magnificence of this temple, and recalled the design of the founder, the Christian worship once performed within the walls, and considered its present degraded condition, I could not help weeping over the contrast.

After some weeks spent in getting acquainted with the town—not a very easy task, as the streets are excessively irregular—I went to deliver my letters of introduction, and found my beloved friend, Mr King,

had recommended me to his friends so forcibly, that these excellent men received me with the utmost kindness and courtesy. The English and American missionaries, Mr Combe and his friends, shewed me great sympathy, and immediately set about procuring me some suitable employment; and their Christian friendship was successfully exerted, for I was soon invited to give lessons in the houses of several of their friends, as well as in their own; so that daily bread, at least, was secured to me.

But I must return to the study which engaged my mind, and in which these true ministers of Christ aided to enlighten me with unwearied zeal and charity. From frequent conversations, I derived much edification, no longer proposing questions with the purpose of refuting them, but from a sincere desire of instruction. My doubts were not entirely cleared away, and I still inquired after a fuller explanation; and my friends met me with brotherly kindness and charity, replying without severity to all my difficulties, and always referring to that Divine Code, which it is the privilege of believers thoroughly to know. What need of long discussions with those who are at home in the sacred volume, and can adduce the evidence, "Thus saith the Lord," which must be unanswerable to a truly awakened soul?

Treatises are for those who maintain sophistical

arguments, in order to adulterate the gospel; and thus they abound in the Romish Church, whose folio volumes of theology compose the libraries of the Roman Catholic world.

I attended the meetings for Protestant worship, but, to say truth, found something almost repellent in the simplicity of the service, habituated as I was to the gorgeous magnificence of the Romish ritual. I found it difficult, at first, to concentrate my mind entirely on abstract truths, where no appeal was made to the senses, but the moral and intellectual faculties alone were addressed. And, indeed, this religious concentration, required in the Protestant worship, demands great perseverance to enable the mind to turn inward, and silence the senses, so as to permit the soul to rise to the contemplation of divine truth. It is impossible that those who have been accustomed to the engaging spectacle of Catholic worship, should be able in a moment to worship God in the depth of the soul, unaided by those theatrical representations that have hitherto engrossed their eyes. The gorgeous vestments and ceremonies charm the sight, while to the ear are brought the most exquisite musical sounds of the human voice, accompanied by all manner of instruments, in the most delicious and varied harmonies. Often the great singers from the theatres come to the churches, and sing, perhaps, the very airs they

performed the evening before on the stage, only adapting them to different words. Then, too, in the Romish service, the profusion of incenses excites and intoxicates the senses, so that the mind floats on a sea of delights, from the bright and dazzling objects presented to view,—damasks, flowers, and the most splendid ornaments, all illuminated by such a blaze of wax-lights, that day seems rivalled. There, too, the gorgeous show of richly-robed priests assembled in the choir, excite to thoughts of worldly splendour, gold, silver, and fine linen being used to enhance the impression. And then the magnificent processions, through which sweep with solemn step these gorgeous figures, followed by a revering crowd. In the Catholic worship all is material, lively, addressing the senses directly, so it is no wonder, that women especially, with their finely-strung organisation, are captivated by so many incentives to excitement, which rouse them into a perfect frenzy of devotion, purely physical in its source. And no one can be surprised, that, after being for so many years not merely a spectator, but an actor on the Roman scene, I should have had much difficulty in reconciling myself to a more unobtrusive mode of worship, in which the moral faculties and spiritual nature of man alone are active, and the senses have no part. In Romish worship, it matters nothing that the moral being may be impure, nay, dead, and that the

pirit may be expending itself in idle exterior acts ; or the spirit is not the charge of the Church—she takes cognisance only of the body. To all this I had become habituated, and from mere force of custom could not easily dispense with any part of it, however earnest in my endeavours to join in the simple worship of my new friends. I did not hide this want of religious warmth from the ministers, who assured me, that if in earnest faith I took part in the worship of God, my spirit would give a more spontaneous consent, and attach itself to the Christian simplicity, which led to God, instead of losing itself in the vanities, and even immoralities, dignified by the Church of Rome as worship. And by degrees I have come to love an almost severe simplicity in modes of worship, and the tranquillity and self-concentration to which it invites. I found, in short, that I did not attend divine service as a pastime, but for edification ; that the soul became deeply engaged and satisfied. I perceived, at length, that in such worship alone is God honoured ; and by meditating deeply on the divine wisdom and mercy, I became animated by a union of holy reverence and brotherly love towards our second Father and Regenerator, Jesus Christ, and so ended by loving the Reformed Church, which does not address herself to the senses, but to the spirit and the heart ; and no longer left a church, after service,

excited by physical causes, but with the heart empty; but, on the contrary, calm and contented, and having my heart filled with holy zeal. I recognised all these mercies as coming from God, not from anything in myself, and thanked Him for bestowing on me the blessings of His grace.

A year passed over in Constantinople with tolerable comfort as to outward circumstances, and with dear friends around me, whose society was most useful; but subsistence was very precarious, as dependent on teaching, for which there might be soon no call. My good friends were desirous to find some position which I might occupy permanently, and so be relieved from anxiety for the future; one of them, Mr Combe, wrote to the President of the English College at Malta, to obtain for me a vacant professorship, with the double object of establishing me in comfort and enabling me to procure instruction in the Sacred Scriptures. A favourable reply quickly arrived, accepting my services in the college. The kindness of the English Consul at Rome had provided me with a regular passport, empowering me to travel in Greece and the East, and to this Mr Combe procured the signature of the English ambassador at Constantinople, for my landing at Malta. I enter into these particulars that the reader may clearly understand the unreasonable difficulties I afterwards encountered; but we must not anticipate events.

A year spent at Constantinople in the society of zealous Christians had almost sufficed to dispel my doubts; so that I departed for Malta in much peace and contentment. My friends bade me farewell, with earnest good wishes for my success and prosperity, and still more fervently did they wish me spiritual light and joy. They overpowered me with offers of service in case I should ever need their assistance, and gave me much valuable advice; and I took leave of them with a deep sense of gratitude, and real regret at losing their society; they, too, suffered in the separation, but rejoiced at the bright prospects opening before me. A fair wind hove us without accident to Malta, and this time I anticipated no difficulty in landing at once. My passport was regular, and signed at Constantinople by the English minister. I came no longer as a fugitive from Rome, but as a free man—with no cause of exception in myself, known to and warmly recommended by respectable English residents at Constantinople. But I deceived myself; Sir John Ferrol was still governor of the isle, and he at once sent me orders forbidding my landing, and commanding me to go on with the steamer. In vain I protested that I was going to the Protestant college in Malta, where I was expected, and would give no cause of offence to the authorities during my stay in the island, as I had no intention of mixing in politics. I explained that my passport was English,

strictly in rule, and guaranteed my right to land; that by the laws of England, I had a perfect right to take up my residence on English soil, which Malta, as an English possession, must be considered.

But the governor was inflexible. His own bad heart dictated my repulsion, and the Jesuits poured forth entreaties that he would grant no access to an apostate (as they call all those who abandon faith in the Pope for the living faith of the Lord Jesus Christ)—to a rebel against the Pope and the faith of God—to a lost soul, which might bring calamity to the land; that since at my former coming I had been refused as a fugitive insurgent, still less could I now be received, when to this I had added the deeper stain of apostasy. Thus was I rejected a second time from the island by Sir J. Ferrol, whom I cannot call the representative of England, but of the Pope, the King of Naples, and the Austrian. In his fear that I should land, and, having once touched a soil famous as affording a sacred asylum, I should claim the right England guarantees to all men, of freedom, this man sent two men on board the vessel to guard me; and had I made any movement to effect a landing, they would have employed force to prevent me. While still at sea—on the sea—the governor had it in his power to reject me; had my foot touched the land, he could not, without a gross violation of the laws,

have sent me back, and this act would have been severely visited by the home government. Therefore, he took measures to prevent my coming on shore.

Destiny had decided against me. I was ordered to pursue my voyage, and the voyage must be accomplished without regard to my intended destination. The reason alleged was the more monstrously absurd that I was the only political refugee in the vessel, so that there was no risk, as in the former case, of a band of patriots exciting sedition in Malta, as they might have pretended we came with evil intentions when my companions and myself fled thither from Rome. But this time I was alone, under the protection of England, from possessing a regular passport, and carrying letters from well-known English gentlemen, and sent to take my place in a college recognised and protected by the government of Protestant England. But Sir John Ferrol disregarded everything, in his rabid Papistical zeal. Now, I would ask, if it is not a pity that the English government does not boldly send to Malta, instead of an English gentleman, a Papal satellite, a member of the Holy Office, a Dominican friar, who might, in such a case, have lent still more effective aid to Rome?

Let the free and generous English nation learn from my case, which has been no solitary instance

of the oppression and injustice wrought by governors of Malta, to select with a careful eye to the national honour the governors for the colonies. The law of England is the most just and liberal in the world, but the colonial governments venture to abuse and pervert it. They are irresponsible, except to the home authorities, whose ears are seldom reached, and so may be arbitrary tyrants with impunity. By a system of despotism utterly abhorrent to English feeling, these colonial ministers often render the name of England hateful, and instead of gaining sympathy, set her at variance with strangers. Let England, then, study the men she chooses to govern her colonies, for the good of society at large, and the stability of her own rule.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER losing sight of Malta, a prosperous voyage brought us in a few days to Marseilles. A feeling of joy took possession of me on setting foot on land, even while the memory of the wrongs done by France to my country were fresh in my mind. Though I had seen so many strange and curious things in my Eastern pilgrimage, and had so many acts of kindness shewn me by true friends to remember, and deeply felt that I had every reason to bless Providence for the help afforded me on all occasions, still, to be again in a European city, surrounded by the habits of civilised life, with no trace of barbarism apparent, delighted my heart. But if barbarism did not appear outwardly, I was soon to experience its presence and influence.

I believed that if the French had shewn themselves unworthy the title of a free people, by sending an army against Rome to suppress her struggles for liberty, the misconduct of the officials and soldiers, after their entry into the city, might be traced to ill-directed zeal, or to mistaken political reasons, or even to some supposed necessity of mili-

tary discipline, rather than to hatred of the Italians. This is the old prejudiced belief, which no treachery on the part of France has sufficed to destroy in Italian breasts, though they have received bitter lessons.

I do not say that the times may not have changed, and that the two nations may not now be ready to approximate ; but even now, this apparent tendency to union arises from political causes. But I have no wish to mix up present and past facts, or to revive discordant feelings ; so let me put aside the political theories and combinations of the day, and pursue my simple personal narrative. It is a history, and nothing more.

In Marseilles I expected to enjoy the amenities of life among a refined people ; and, in truth, French manners might lead a stranger to suppose himself in the midst of the most courteous men in the world. But let him come in collision with any of them, and he will quickly discover his mistake, at least if I may judge by my own experience. The second day after landing I was summoned to the police ; and be it remembered, the police court was under a republican government. I obeyed the call at once, fancying that some slight form was to be gone through connected with the passport system, and that I should afterwards be left in peace.

At the police-office I was ushered into the pre-

sence of the prefect, whose reception of me was uncourteous enough. To my civil salutation neither the great man nor his satellites made any return. I had before me a man of severe aspect, whose heavy frown rendered his countenance absolutely repulsive. The gravity of his official duties might have stamped him unpleasantly. His subalterns reminded me so strongly of the rigid faces of the Papal police, that I could not divest myself of the idea that I was in the inquisitorial office of that famous Roman force.

The prefect addressed me abruptly, in a rough voice, which might be natural, or dictated by hostility to an Italian, heightened by dislike of liberty, extending to one who had lost all in fighting for her. Whatever his motive, his tone in questioning me was bitter and provoking. He began by asking what right I had to be in Marseilles when my passport was signed for Malta? I told him the simple truth, that I had not been permitted to land at Malta, and so had no choice, but was obliged to come on to Marseilles. "You ought not to have come to this city when your passport is not good for France," said he, insolently. "We have orders to send all to Africa who come here unprovided with sufficient passports, so you must go to Algiers." I was naturally indignant at this excess of tyranny, but suppressed all show of anger, and replied in an

easy tone, that he had no right to require this of me, as I was no vagabond, had brought with me means of support, and asked nothing from him.

I hope the reader may agree with me that my answer was moderate and discreet, but to the prefect it had no such appearance; on the contrary, it seemed to sound as a provocation in his ear, as an open declaration of rebellion against authority; so, frowning still more heavily, he said in a voice harsher than before, "I will send you, I will send you," repeating his threat several times. I quietly replied, as I would not go voluntarily, he must resort to violence to fulfil his intention; and this I believed the law forbade, as I was not convicted of crime deserving banishment, and which might have brought me under his jurisdiction. When he saw my firmness, or perhaps because he remembered that he had no authority to send me out of the country, he suddenly altered the direction of his rude interrogatory, and said, "Since you are so bold, you are surely provided with the means of living—prove it to me!" I drew out my purse, and shewed it to him, rather contemptuously saying, "Well, since you are not only minister for the regulation of passports, but of purses, you can look at mine."

I must be permitted to remark on the necessity of prudent foresight to men in my position. If those who live by daily industry only knew how to

profit by the happy chances which fortune throws in their way, and make some little saving for the days when employment may fail them, or sickness disable them from exertion, what misery might not be avoided in the world? And if this principle be wholesome for the generality of people, how much more necessary for exiles, who find themselves in a strange land, without relatives or friends! We must perceive in the world that the poorest have had periods of successful industry, when something might have been laid aside to guard against future failures, and that a little prudence would prevent much of that deplorable wretchedness which we see around us. My own case affords an example: had I not exercised economy in Constantinople, when I had opportunities of making a little money, how could I have paid my passage to Marseilles when sent away from Malta, and by what means could I have satisfied the prefect, when he insisted on seeing the amount of my store? The reader must draw his own conclusions, but I am thankful, for my part, to God who has bestowed this prudence on me.

Let us go back to the prefect. Having ascertained that I could pay my expenses, he ceased his contentious discussion, and dismissed me roughly, with the order that every day at noon I was to present myself at his bureau. I said I would come at eleven o'clock also, if he liked, and went away.

Each day saw me arrive at the prefecture, punctual to the hour. But why was this vexatious rule imposed on me? Either I was considered a dangerous man, likely to disturb the country, in which case I should have undergone a searching examination; or I was a harmless person, and the prefect's conduct proved that he did not suspect me: for what effect could my going once in the day to the prefecture have on my proceedings, when I had the rest of my time at my disposal? If such conduct is not despotic, I know no other name for it. If the authorities suspected me of plots—supposing I had a fancy for conspiracies—for what was I to plot? I knew not. For, as a man who had compromised himself in the cause of liberty, there was no chance of my conspiring to overthrow the French republic; and, certainly, I was not mad enough to plot, at that moment, a revolution in Italy, already filled and surrounded by native and foreign bayonets in hundreds on hundreds. But had I been disposed to plot the ruin of the world, by conspiracies against France and the tyrants of Italy, shewing myself daily for a few minutes at the prefecture had proved no hindrance. Perhaps the prefect only wished to be assured, at least once in a day, that I was in the city; or, more likely still, he acted from mere caprice, and the desire to impress me duly with a sense of the mighty power of the French police.

His troublesome regulation certainly did make me regard the prefect and his system as most vexatious and tyrannical.

It seems right to acknowledge that these annoyances, which a year and a half earlier would have driven me to desperation, now made no impression on my spirits, as I was able to take them as salutary trials of faith and patience ; and I accepted them with Christian resignation, and without discouragement.

Some days passed without my seeing any person, or being called into action. I occupied myself during part of the day in traversing the gay streets of the populous and busy city, and observing the habits of the people. The rest of my time was devoted to reading, or laying plans for the future.

At last, one day I told the prefect that I was going to Paris. He and his dependents laughed in my face for all reply, as if I had said something preposterous and supremely ridiculous. Finding that I could not get my passport visé for Paris, or obtain a new one, I determined not to delay longer, but without more ado left this inhospitable city, and reached Paris without accident or impediment.

I cannot omit to notice the impression Paris made on me at first sight. The gigantic buildings that line the principal streets, and the great width of these thoroughfares, present an imposing spectacle

to the eye of a stranger. The continual noise of vehicles, from the carriage of the prince to the meanest cart—the immense number of richly-dressed men and women who paraded the streets in absolute idleness, yet full of restless vivacity, excited wonder, but not interest; and the splendid display of every sort of merchandise in the shops, arranged with sumptuous taste, while the unquiet, yet apparently gay population, poured along the ways, astonished me, so that I felt disturbed, and my head became giddy from the perpetual whirl and flutter of what seemed to me a true Pandemonium. The memory of my dear country, and the abiding sense of all the vicissitudes occurring at the time I became an exile, combined, with my preference for solitude and stillness, to prevent my feeling happy in a city ruled by thoughtless idleness and a perfect mania for diversion.

Only a few hours' stay in Paris is required to acquaint one with these external characteristics of the French,—very uncongenial to a mind so oppressed by care as mine was at that time.

Following my usual practice, I had during my journey asked a fellow-traveller to direct me to an hotel adapted to the finances of an emigrant, in which I might live quietly at little expense; so that I knew where to go on my arrival. At the little hotel to which I had been directed, the landlord met

me with infinite politeness, though his countenance bore ignorance stamped on every line. He conducted me to my chamber, carrying the baggage himself. On laying down my things, he demanded my passport at once, pleading strict orders, the neglect of which must involve him in serious responsibility, as his apology. I could only say I had none, as my English passport was useless without an official French signature, and, besides, the protection of England could not extend to me, a stranger to her and her authority; so that there was no dishonesty in saying I had no passport, which exposed me less to the suspicions of the vigilant police than shewing them an unsigned passport must have done. The landlord then asked my name, that he might inscribe it in his book, and I told my real name in Italian—Luigi Bianchi.

Frenchmen believe that no names or languages exist out of France, as they also consider themselves of more refined frame, and possessed of higher intelligence, than other nations, and that altogether their humanity is of a nobler type, enabling them to perform deeds more glorious and heroic than any other people can boast. It is impossible to shake this persuasion, though they know that other nations do not recognise their claim to superiority; and it makes no difference to them that the pages of history may be filled

with their follies, incoherencies, and errors. It mattered not that we Italians had had a recent proof of utter want of principle in the minds of Frenchmen in the expedition sent against Rome, of which perversion I was a victim. The French of every degree believe their nation not only the greatest, but the only nation worthy to be named among men, and expect the world to receive them everywhere as superiors. But with all this, I do not deny that the French have done much to elevate the human race, nor that they are capable of generous, nay, even of heroic impulses, to support some high principle, or procure the freedom of other people, or defend their own; but these are momentary and passing impulses, that die as quickly as they arise; and on a contrary impetus being received, the French proceed readily to destroy their own work, either among other nations or their own.

But I have no wish to speak with severity of the French at this moment, when their politics lead them against another enemy of Italy—Austria. It may be that God, in His great designs, purposes the punishment of one of the inveterate enemies of that unhappy land by means of a former enemy, now acting as a friend.

My desire to account for the conduct of my little landlord has led me into a digression unreasonable in length, but my host fully illustrated my preconceived

notions of French presumption ; for by way of exalting me, he gave me the French name of Louis Blanc, without my knowledge. The surprise of the police may be imagined when they found Louis Blanc in Paris, and lodged in such a quarter. I can picture to myself the hubbub and confusion of tongues that ensued. Louis Blanc in Paris, throwing himself into the hands of his enemies ! come as an easy prey to the police ! The reader must recollect, that during the republic, Louis Blanc was obliged to emigrate, and orders were now issued for his instant arrest. A number of gens-d'armes came to the inn, hoping to take me by surprise. A few guarded the door, and two or three mounted to my chamber, entering without warning, and proceeded at once to open the window-shutters, and admit the daylight. This unexpected vision greeted my half-opened eyes as I lay in bed, hardly able to decide whether it was all a dream or not, for a minute. When convinced of the material nature of my visitors, I hastily questioned myself as to whether my actions could have compromised me with the police, but happily found nothing to accuse myself of. Then the idea occurred to me that the prefect at Marseilles might have notified my arrival to the police in Paris ; but it was not at all probable that so much trouble would be taken about the doings of an obscure foreigner. Then the events at Rome occurred to me,

and I wondered if the French authorities were base enough to imprison a man for defending his own country. Had we been in Austria, this solution would have been certain: decapitation or perpetual imprisonment must have awaited me, according to the invariable policy of Austria towards Italians; but much as I despised the French government, I could not imagine this. My having entered Paris without a passport might have subjected me to a summons before the prefect, or even to instant dismissal from Paris by a peremptory order; but no show of violence would have attended either. These thoughts darted across my mind as I lay quietly awaiting the finale.

After opening the windows, the gens-d'armes came to the bed, from whence I admired their proceedings. They gazed at me with devouring eyes, and one said, "You are Louis Blanc?" I could not help smiling, as I detected the comical equivoque which had misled them. Another exclaimed, "No; I know Louis Blanc, and this is not he;" when the third asked, "Did the landlord not give that name?" So I answered, "My name is not Louis Blanc, but Luigi Bianchi, and I am an Italian; go away, and leave me to sleep." The gens-d'armes were disconcerted at this simple explanation of their blunder, as well as puzzled with the novelty of the case—to say nothing of their natural disappointment at missing their important prey; still the absurdity of their own

position made them laugh. I fancied the affair ended, as it was impossible for any two men to differ more widely in appearance than Louis Blanc and myself. The scrupulous gens-d'armes, however, were not satisfied ; they had been ordered to arrest the man designated Louis Blanc, and must obey. So they told me civilly that I must go with them to the prefecture and explain the affair, and then all bad consequences would be prevented. I rose and dressed myself at my leisure, and prepared coolly to go to the bureau, but found myself encircled by four gens-d'armes, who, to my surprise, intended to conduct me thus through the streets to the prefecture, surrounded by an admiring crowd, and introduce me as a malefactor.

I had expected to find a carriage at the door, but there was none ; still I resolved not to make my debut in the city of Paris as a criminal guarded by gens-d'armes. What could the people in the streets say ? Not that I was a political criminal ; because political arrests never take place with so much display,—usually they occur under cover of night, and are conducted with jealous mystery. But as human nature is prone to harsh judgments, I felt sure of being taken for a thief or sharper, or one of the vilest of malefactors. These pleasant thoughts passed through my mind as I saw the gens-d'armes prepare to march me off, and I protested against the incon-

sistency of making an innocent man a public spectacle in this manner ; so at my expense a carriage was called, in which I was conveyed decently to the police.

The prefect was very civil when he heard my explanation ; but a Frenchman has the power of being polite according to circumstances, so marvelously, that it is to me a continually-recurring, unsolved physiognomical problem, whether French courtesy is sincere or assumed, from the contrast a Frenchman's actions often afford to his excessive demonstrations of politeness.

Such a profusion of polite excuses were made me, that it was impossible to shew resentment, especially because the event rather amused me as an odd little adventure—and we all love adventure, when not hurtful to us. The affair promised an agreeable, and, on my side, good-humoured termination, though I am not sure that the gens-d'armes shared my feelings, as they had missed making a great prize in Louis Blanc, and had committed a stupid mistake publicly, thus doing no honour to their “*sçavoir faire*” or their vigilance.

I thought all set right, but the prefect undeceived me by asking for my passport, after apologising for the mistake in name. There was no purpose to be served by exhibiting a passport which was not visé for France, so I said I had none. The prefect shewed

no harshness, but rather expressed regret at being compelled to intimate, that if I could not find a guarantee, I must depart from France immediately, excusing himself by mentioning the strict orders under which he acted. I asked for time to find a guarantee, and he gave me fifteen days; adding that, if in this time a guarantee was not found, I must depart. This was very embarrassing. Having no intention of going to France when I left Constantinople, I had not provided myself with letters of introduction, so that I knew no one who could assist me in this dilemma. Perhaps some Italian exiles of my acquaintance might be in Paris, but they, as compromised persons, could not be accepted. I knew no living soul in Paris who could be my surety.

The same Providence which had carried me unharmed through the perils of war, and of travelling in the East in circumstances so unpromising, and had always smoothed difficulties and made my way plain, now again led me into the way to conquer this difficulty. Here I must call the attention of the reader to what appears to me remarkable in my experience,—that in all my trying vicissitudes, it has pleased God to make use of the English as His instruments to help me. In the East the English proved my steady friends, and in Paris also Englishmen were to protect me. I have every

reason to bless the English name, as the kindness of that people has been uniform and effective.

My usual good fortune made an English gentleman my companion in the journey from Marseilles as far as Lyons. His name, I am sorry to say, has escaped me, as it would otherwise have given me pleasure to let him know the good he did me. We had much conversation, and I did not conceal from him my name and situation. He was greatly interested, and became very indignant at the infamous conduct of the governor of Malta; and, indeed, so indignant was he, that it is likely he was one of those who not long after insisted on his recall. This gentleman expressed regret that he was not going direct to Paris, where he would have done all he could to assist my views. He gave me his name, and desired me to go to Mr Chamier, the English clergyman, who was a friend of his.

I was rather unwilling to go to Mr Chamier with no more specific introduction. Though the name might be of weight with him, it seemed to me a manner of introduction liable to abuse, as impostors might gain access to gentlemen by using a friend's name, if that was enough to secure assistance. Much against my will, but constrained by the embarrassment of my position, I sought Mr Chamier at length, with only his friend's name as my apology.

The result of my application far exceeded any hope

I had entertained in making it. Either because he greatly esteemed the friend who sent me, or because his knowledge of men convinced him I at least was no impostor, he received me with the utmost courtesy and kindness, shewing in this first interview the Christian benevolence and natural warmth of heart which I found his characteristics afterwards. I described my circumstances, and the disagreeable predicament in which I found myself,—the prefect insisting on a surety, while I knew no one who could become my guarantee. The account of the occurrence at Malta produced the same impression on him as on all who had previously heard it. The intolerance and tyranny of the proceeding were thrown into stronger relief, by the letter of my excellent English friends at Constantinople to the Principal of the College at Malta. This letter increased his interest, as a strong testimony in my favour, and he lost no time in recommending me to the secretary of the English Embassy; and by him I was not less agreeably received. On hearing my story, he gave me a letter to the prefect, which procured me permission to remain in Paris, and put an end to my present difficulty.

The first few days had been spent in visiting the remarkable buildings and scenes of great events in Paris. This capital certainly had not the interest for me many others find in it; but the burden of

anxiety which oppressed my mind had affected my spirits, so that perhaps I was not just to the gay city. I had very little money left, only enough for some days, though careful economy might make it last a week or two. Besides, I did not like the French, partly on account of their frivolity and excessive liveliness of manner; and more, perhaps, that the crowd of soldiers in the streets reminded me of the events which had driven me from home, and of the condition to which France had reduced my country. Added to this, I experienced no real sympathy from the French, who, under cover of a superficial politeness, strove to hide distaste to the Italian name. The zeal of the whole population for diversion displeased me. The evenings were passed in going from one place of amusement to another. Nor did it please me to see the women of the middle class manage the shops and warehouses, keep the books, and, in fact, act the part left to men in other countries; while the men are idle, and indulge in luxury, and every possible form of dissipation and amusement. I could not but think domestic happiness must be at a low ebb in a country where the women conducted business, and men seemed only intent on airing themselves in the sun, or in diverting themselves in the cafés, which were filled with idleness. Idleness trod down the pavements in the shape of men, many of whom doubtless were fathers,

who preferred living thus in public to taking dinner within the walls of their houses, and spending the evening with their wives and children. All these remarks did not give me a high idea of the morality of the nation. My judgment might be severe or mistaken, but this is really the impression the Parisians made on me, and there is no reason why I should conceal it.

I was quickly tired of perambulating the city, and resolved to withdraw into myself, while meditating projects for obtaining an honourable subsistence,—a very difficult thing to accomplish without any recommendations. But here, again, God wrought for me, as He had shewn me mercy in all the events of my exile.

Mr Chamier, to whom I had explained my pressing necessities, had lost no time in procuring me pupils, to whom I was to give lessons in Italian. They were the children of English families residing in Paris. Mr C. also presented me to many of his friends, at whose houses I was cordially received. Among them was the Rev. James G. G. Fussell, for whom I must ever retain an unabated regard. He treated me as a friend—nay, a brother; opened his house to me, and bestowed the utmost sympathy and friendship on me. He advised me in all my difficulties, and always with wisdom; his enlightened views and vast knowledge of Christianity, not merely

as a science, but in the highest sense, were most useful to me. He laboured earnestly for my temporal advantage; and through his exertions and Mr Chamier's, I found myself well provided for, by having a sufficient number of pupils.

To my great regret and misfortune, Mr Fussell left Paris to return to London after a few months. I was much distressed at his departure, as his society and Christian conversation had afforded me much consolation. Up to the moment of his departure he neglected no opportunity of serving me, and left me fully occupied. I felt very sorrowful at the loss of a friend whose society had been so instructive and agreeable, but trusted the future calmly to Providence.

Thus I lived quietly in Paris. My time was passed in a variety of occupations. I attended the services of the church, and visited Mr Chamier, always finding my intercourse with him most agreeable; and imagined myself settled, unless happier times arose for Italy. But I was still the sport of fortune; the famous coup d'etat of Napoleon was at hand. I shall say nothing of it, as politics are not one of the objects of my little book.

One of the preparatory steps taken by Napoleon, was dismissing all political exiles; and though I lived retired, and belonged to no political society, I was not exempted. Perhaps my Roman antecedents were against me; but the police notified the neces-

sity of leaving Paris without delay. I might, perhaps, have procured leave to remain, by means of the English ambassador; but was rather glad to quit Paris, for several reasons. My means of support had become precarious, as fear of a revolution had driven away a number of English families. So I determined to try my fortune in London. Mr Chamier accompanied me to the railway. He had been like a brother to me, and our parting was very painful on both sides; he gave me letters to many friends in London, who received me kindly. I must rejoice in the trials God has sent me, as through them I have learned to know the brotherly love of my fellow-men, especially among the followers of Christ.

CHAPTER XV.

THE impression London makes on a stranger, on his first arrival, is one of astonishment and respect—especially on a man who has just left Paris. In that city there is all the activity of idleness and human folly; while in London reigns the activity of industry, human prudence, and moderation.

The wide and regular principal streets, through which alone the foreigner passes at his first coming; the sober look of all the houses, combined with the riches in the shops, where, without studied pretension, substantial proofs are given that abundance of goods may always be found within; after the dangerous and somewhat reckless driving I had been accustomed to in Paris, I was much struck with the regular movement of the carriages, and every kind of vehicle, which, from the width of the streets and the ability of the drivers, though innumerable, do not produce the slightest confusion; the aspect of the people—serious, composed, and so wrapt in thought, that no one observes what is passing around him;—all conspire to give the most favourable opinion possible, to the newly-arrived traveller, of the English

nation. I was extremely well contented with my new sojourn. As a political exile, it may well be imagined I was delighted to find myself in the metropolis of Great Britain. No longer suspected by the police—no longer summoned—no more a slave; but, at last, a free man! I found myself for the first time, in a land truly free; the air to me was balsamic, however doubtful its atmospheric conditions might be. To the eye of the exile, the sky of England smiles in genial serenity; to him the breeze is balsamic, because it sweeps over a free land; the sense of liberty reconciles him to an apparent coldness of manner among the people, who leave you to the full enjoyment of the sweets of freedom, so long as you do not abuse them. My happiness was as great as if I had found a most delicious climate and serene sky. Wherever liberty reigns, that country is blessed, whatever the climate may be.

Very soon after my arrival I called on Mr Fussell, who received me with the utmost kindness; and the anxiety he shewed to procure me employment naturally inspired me with hope and confidence for the future. And here I must give expression to admiration for the good English heart, and gratitude for the protection England invariably affords to those who suffer for their country. The English are accused of coldness, perhaps because they do not make vehement demonstrations and proffers of

friendship on first meeting you. May not the smile of welcome from an Englishman assure you of his good-will, and prove the promise of assistance, of which you enjoy the realisation more fully because your expectations have not been too highly raised? Once admitted to the friendship of an Englishman, no time loosens the bond ;—you can only lose his regard from your own fault. And is this the indication of a cold nature? Surely not! But you find the coldness of ice wrapped up in the most flattering words, in a land to which you are welcomed by the most eager demonstrations of friendship, whose people pretend to the intimacy of years after the acquaintance of a few hours ; and after all this show of good-will, scarcely have you turned aside, than your recent enthusiastic friends forget, or perhaps speak of you with contempt. This is truly coldness,—something more, for it amounts to cruelty. But this is not like the English, who promise less than they perform. If an Englishman tells you he feels for you, you may rely on it he feels more than he says. He never boasts of what he is to do for you, and you only learn his efforts in your favour by their success. This is my experience of the English, and from simple gratitude, I proclaim it here, as the only sign of grateful feeling which I in my humble condition can manifest for the great good which they have done me during my whole exile.

As I did not understand English, Mr Fussell, seeing that this would prove an impediment in my path, proposed that I should go to Birkenhead as a pupil of Dr Bailey, at the college there. I accepted very gladly, and went to this establishment, which proved to me a great blessing. I passed eight happy months there, and in the most profitable manner. Dr Bailey, full of Christian zeal and evangelical charity, did much for the souls entrusted to him. The young men were enlightened intellectually by his care, while their hearts were formed and grew in the fear of God and the knowledge of their duties. It is certain that they will carry through life a strong and affectionate recollection of him ; and many of his students, in consequence of his instructions, have become devoted Christians. His labours and example tended to this end, and he ascribed to God the praise of his success. His private virtues were in accordance with his public conduct, for he united the most severe virtue with a charitable spirit and extremely courteous manners. We had many conversations on the Bible, which contributed always to the increase of my knowledge and faith, and I carried away with me a deep sense of gratitude to Dr Bailey.

I had intended to go to Piedmont, as the only free country in Italy, to preach the gospel, but found it impossible to procure a passport, as not being a

subject of Sardinia. As I already knew enough of English to give Italian lessons, I remained quietly in London, hoping to find employment as a teacher, and always confiding in Divine aid. Mr Fussell's friendship did not fail me, and at this time he quickly procured me enough of teaching for my support, and received me at his house with the same frank kindness he always had shewn me.

My mind at this period was disenthralled from all Roman Catholic errors, and the glorious work of regeneration accomplished in my heart. I experienced no coldness now, and saw the whole truth of the gospel unfolding before my mind.

I could not refrain from labouring for the good of others as occasions arose; and since the Lord had of His grace bestowed on me the gift of faith through the merits of our Saviour, I felt a great need of proclaiming the truth to others by His aid. In London the field is large for a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, as the number of poor Italians living there is great.

They call themselves Roman Catholics, and have no Christian virtue or rule, being utterly ignorant of the gospel. I found them too often living in vice and misery, with no hope for this world, or that which is to come, from absolute ignorance of the Word of God.

I went among them, and boldly tried to instruct

them, though in doing this I was exposed to insult and injurious treatment. In some few, admonition produced effect, and by the grace of God my labours were not thrown away.

Here, also, the Lord cared for me, as He had done elsewhere, and I could live decently on the produce of the hours of teaching procured for me by Mr Fussell and his friends.

I may not omit this occasion of expressing deep and lively gratitude to the Divine goodness which has so carefully protected me. In London I saw many of my countrymen, who had certainly done no less than myself, and many who had sacrificed more for our beloved country than I had done, and were now sinking beneath the strokes of adverse fortune, after brave but useless struggles to gain a livelihood—some of the worthiest among us often had not a morsel of bread. So that I had reason to thank God in much humility, and take courage for the future, since daily bread was provided for me. But my position was still uncertain, for the crowd of Italian masters, and of those who, without being Italians, attempt to teach the language, is so great in London, that the profession of Italian teacher is almost fallen into disrepute in that city; and ere long I found it impossible to exist on the produce of the few hours of teaching I still had, even with the most rigorous economy. Still, though suffering

privations, I was not discouraged, and persevered for several seasons. But fearing at last that my resource should fail me altogether, I resolved to leave London before things came to the last extremity, and seek better fortune elsewhere. After many reflections, and in consequence of the advice of friends, I established myself in Edinburgh as an Italian master. The literary character of the place pleased me, and I was glad to find Italian studied more with a view to mental cultivation than from the caprice of fashion. As I brought letters of introduction, I was kindly received by many, and though the lessons were not numerous, there were a few to begin with; so I went on hopefully, and soon found that time and an increasing acquaintance augmented the number of my pupils.

Here I was fortunate enough to meet with some persons who interested themselves in the poor Italians, and visited them at their houses. It certainly is very benevolent in the ladies of this country, both north and south of the Tweed, to exert themselves so much for the poor, whether natives or foreigners. No silly pride or ultra refinement prevents their frequenting the most miserable dwellings, full of dirt and confusion, if they have any hope of doing good. They do not shrink from the most abject, but delight in relieving poverty and suffering wherever they exist, and try to enlighten the darkened mind

by means of the Bible, and a knowledge of the truths delivered to all by the great Founder of our religion.

From this mode of acting much good resulted to my poor countrymen in Edinburgh, as their destitution, both spiritual and temporal, was brought to light. The poor Italians who visit Great Britain are chiefly organists, who are often in great straits, so that Christian charity finds a large field of exercise among them. They are generally bigoted Roman Catholics; but methods have been devised for conveying gospel truth to them, and some of them have made progress towards a higher condition of being.

One of these plans was to institute a meeting for divine worship in the Italian language, on Sunday afternoon; and here the ladies joyfully lent their aid, by going to the houses where the Italians live, and explaining the object; and I was rejoiced to have an opportunity of preaching the gospel simply and clearly to those who still believed in the Roman imposture. Thus I accepted with gratitude the proposal that I should minister to their spiritual necessities, by the help of God. The office was acceptable to me, as bringing me more easily into contact with my countrymen, who are equally dear to me, whether rich or poor, and enabled me also to assist them in their little affairs, through the aid of kind friends. I determined to do my utmost for the success of the

mission, and think I may truly say that my efforts have not slackened since I entered on my office. But what happened to our good work? The serpent who in the beginning of time insidiously tempted man, endeavoured to hinder me. The favourite and active ministers of the enemy, the Jesuits, in the guise of laymen, spread their nets for me, exciting doubts in the minds of the people against my work, by representing me to these ignorant persons as an apostate. They assured them I had renounced my religion from interested motives, and was an enemy to all good—as, according to them, only Roman Catholics can be good, and all others are heretics, condemned to eternal perdition. It is easy to imagine the effect such speeches, cunningly applied, wrought on the minds of the poor Italians, who looked on me as an emissary of Satan, and considered me in their superstition a lost creature, because the avowed enemy of the Pope. To these inexperienced souls, to be at enmity with the Pope involves rebellion against God. They imagined I was dragging them down to perdition. What was not said against me? is the shortest way of putting the question; but the upshot was, that most of my countrymen held me in horror, while I was labouring for their benefit. But still a small congregation assembled to hear the Word of God read and explained. When the Jesuits saw this, they incited

the bigots to threaten the preacher and congregation, by sending about a dozen men to beat them! And this in Protestant Edinburgh!

These people call themselves Christians, because they are Roman Catholics, and have renounced the pure faith of their fathers as an abomination. They are in reality infidels, denying Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and the inspiration of the Bible, and disbelieve not only all that is catholic, but all that is Christian.

But here I must be permitted, before bringing my history to a conclusion, to make some observations on those who are Papists, and wish at the same time to be considered Christians and patriots.

- They can be neither one nor other. To Christianity they have no right to pretend, so great are the adulterations made in the Word of God by Popery, so impious and abominable are the dogmas taught by her, and so utterly are her precepts distinct from Christian purity and simplicity. She wraps evangelical truth in such a network of horrible sophisms and absurdities, that none of those who pertain to the Church of the Pope can call themselves Christians. I shall not enter into all the particulars of the differences existing between Catholicism and Protestantism, or shew how the one must be in absolute contradiction to the other—as opposite as light to darkness—as I have already, here and

there in the course of my narrative, given my opinion on this subject. Many wise and learned men, also, have already written sufficiently to enlighten those who are willing to see. I shall content myself by repeating my assertion, that to be Papist and Christian is impossible. The other boast, of patriotism, falls of itself with the name Papist. Can a Papist be a patriot? Never! The Papacy is the quintessence of tyranny and despotism, both of which we see incarnate in the person of the Pope. From distant ages Popery has been the fountainhead of the calamities of Italy. Popery condemns all patriotic zeal as impious in itself, and insulting to God; asserting, with solemn and infamous blasphemy, that God is the author of evil. Popery exercises a certain brutalising effect on the mind; Popery reduces men to be the slaves of the Jesuits; and what more? Popery ever takes the side of tyrants, and makes bloody treaties with all the despots of the earth, proclaiming the people who aspire to liberty lost for ever, and condemned to eternal perdition. The Pope sustains himself by the bayonets of tyrants; he proclaims as his defenders and the beloved sons of the Church the most lying despots; he makes them protect him, and without them his fall would be speedy! He demands obedience to himself as an imperative rule; and how, then, can a man be a patriot who supports and

defends the Pope? When a man is a Papist, he can neither be a Christian nor a patriot.

God has been pleased to bless my labours in my little congregation, and those pious persons who have attended the meetings, and co-operated with me, are ready to testify to the change wrought among the people. The number who attended increased by degrees, and a great amelioration was observable in the habits of the poor, who became cleanly in their houses and persons, while with many the mighty grace of God has operated to the regeneration of the soul, and these have gone forward, keeping to the truth through good and evil report. Those who had been dirty and dissipated—those who had been superstitious in their attachment to Rome, were almost all changed in a truly marvellous manner. Cleanliness, unknown to them before, has become a necessity; decency and morality have become a second nature to them. With the renunciation of superstition, from the influence of the gospel, they shewed themselves altered men, becoming quiet and patient, and did not shrink from acknowledging Christ, but openly rejoiced in His name. Among Roman Catholics the name of heretic is little better than that of evil spirit; those who are considered heretics are condemned as lost souls, enemies of God, and subject to His utmost wrath; and these heretics are the Protestants. With this preconceived idea,

what an aversion must not Catholics have to being called heretics! And this was the idea entertained by these poor people before they heard the truth from my lips; and I thank God who has made me, however unworthy, His instrument in bringing them to the knowledge of our Saviour, and the regeneration of their souls, through faith in Him.

Soon they no longer shrunk even from the name of heretic, but rather gloried in it, being convinced that heresy does not belong to those who love the gospel, as do the Protestants, but to those who live far from it, like the Roman Catholics. And by faith they learned to confess Christ boldly, and walk in joy and peace, and to announce the glad tidings of salvation to their neglected brethren.

If my conversion to the true faith, in addition to all the blessings it has brought myself, is also the means of converting some of my poor Italian brethren in Edinburgh, I shall have every reason to thank the Lord, and to declare aloud the charity of the kind individuals who have aided me to carry on this work. God will take account of their deeds, and they shall receive their reward in heaven.

My instructions have not been confined to the most important of all subjects—the true religion of Christ; but I have explained to them the errors which I myself had held in common with them for so many years. It seemed, too, right to teach them

to read, in order that they might read the Bible, and to write, that they might be able to improve their condition in life ; so that I have endeavoured to give them such elements of education as might be useful to them.

In this manner nearly two years have passed away in Edinburgh. I have found my friends uniformly kind, and have had pleasure in my labours among the poor. I have studied to gain more knowledge of the Word of God, in order to render my faith more living, that I might better communicate of the things of God to others.

Thus my present life is very satisfactory to me; and I await the future with resignation—let my fate be what it may—in the firm resolution of serving the cause of the gospel during my life.

Here my narrative closes: not remarkable in itself in the eyes of the world, if its value were not enhanced by the circumstances which have surrounded me, and by my having partaken in the struggles of 1848, which has enabled me to place some events in a just light. It seems to me that my relation acquires no slight importance, both religiously and morally, from displaying the ways of Providence, when He wills the salvation of a man ; and how everything is turned to advance his regeneration, if God has given him, out of His unspeakable mercy, and for no merit of his own, the blessing

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of faith. My whole story tends to prove, that for him who has faith in the Divine protection, there are no difficulties in life which he may not overcome ; and if a man possesses faith, the greatest trials, apparently unbearable, turn to his spiritual and temporal good.

Thus, whatever may be the literary merit of these pages, I shall hold myself rewarded if these two truths be better understood, and acted upon, in consequence—that by faith alone is man made blessed ; and that Divine Providence protects those who in simple faith rely on His care. Clearly they have been placed before the eyes of the reader ; and if he is edified by them, to the good of his own soul, let thanks be rendered to the Lord, our Creator and Redeemer !

THE END.

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